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“The beloved.”

"THE BELOVED."

An Iowa Boy In the Jungles of Africa.

CHARLES WARNER McCLEARY,

His Life, Letters and Work.

LOVING TRIBUTES BY

DR. A. W. HALSEY, New York,

DR. ORVILLE REED, New Jersey,

REV. MELVIN FRASER, West Africa.

EDITED BY

John Frederick Hinkhouse, M. A., D. D.,

Of Parsons College, Former Moderator of Synod of Iowa,
Author of Presbyterian Iowa.

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1909.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

"Of the making of many books there is no end." The only apology that we offer for the issuing of this book is the merit of its subject matter. The world has seen too few heroes of the type of Charles Warner McCleary. When one does appear on the scene of action, it is well to call the attention of the world to what he was and did. The world will be made better by knowing him. This book will show the heart of this man of God in a very realistic way. Its contents is largely the words of McCleary himself, written with little or no thought that they would ever appear in printed form. Mostly it is letters written to the Godly Father and Saintly Mother in the modest home in the little village of Crawfordsville, Iowa. Nothing could be more charmingly written. He who begins to read and does not finish must be a dullard indeed. He who reads and does not find himself humbled before the humility and consecration and zeal of this servant of God must certainly be exalted in his own mind.

J. F. H.

Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, March, 1909.

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"THE BELOVED."

Rev. A. W. Halsey, D. D.

The African drum is a unique feature of African life. Every town and every village in West Africa, that it was my privilege to visit, had a drum. The "War Drum" or "Call Drum" as it is called, is a very rude instrument made of a block of wood hollowed out, with two short slits cut in the top. It varies in length from one to three feet or more. The wood is often red and has a clear sound when struck by the two wooden sticks. Only a log of wood hollowed inside with two openings at the top and closed at the ends, yet with it the African can talk to his friends many miles away, as easily as we can send news by telegraph. The drum calls people to war, to church, to feasts; it announces a wedding, it tells of a death.

Not the least remarkable feature of the drum is the drum-name given to each man. This name often embodies the most prominent characteristic of the individual. No one thing in Africa produced a more profound impression on me than the psychological accuracy with which the Africans had given drum-names to missionaries. The drum-name of the late Charles W. McCleary, the one by which he was known from Batanga to Elat, was "The Beloved." When this saintly man, whose untiring labors had touched all the missions in the Kamerun District of the West Africa Mission of the Presbyterian Church, died at Elat, the news was conveyed to the coast, 120 miles distant, through the medium of the drum. From village to village and town to town the mournful news was drummed, "The Beloved is dead." No greater testimony to the value and efficiency and fruitfulness of the labors of this servant of God could be given than this simple fact, conveyed by drum beats to hundreds of loving and devoted friends, that the one whom they loved had gone "to be forever with the Lord."

The African has limited opportunities for education; he is far behind his white brother in all that makes for civilization, but he is very quick to discern the finer traits of character, and it was no haphazard guess but a true analysis of character which induced him to give to Charles McCleary the drum-name of "The Beloved." Missionary and native Christian and adherent alike all spoke of him as one who in his life closely resembled "The disciple whom Jesus loved."

Could any servant of Christ desire higher praise?

THE MISSIONARY ON THE FIELD.

Rev. Melvin Fraser.

The writer means simply to tell some things which he knew of this missionary of the cross by daily association with him as yoke-fellow in the lights and shades of missionary experience, during his entire stay of six years on the field.

In Mr. McCleary the man was behind the missionary and the missionary was the easy expression of the noble manhood. He came to the field in the Fall of 1895, equipped by acquirement and heritage, and evidently authorized by divine selection as well as human appointment, for the great work which was to unfold before him. Missionary experts, who know the stuff soldiers of the cross are made of, made no mistake when they wrote out to the field in advance, saying that Rev. Charles W. McCleary, of Crawfordsville, Iowa, lately graduated from Princeton Seminary and an alumnus of Parsons College, would sail in the Fall. When with others he landed from the steamer at Batanga, we looked upon a determined and modest man of medium size, physically strong, intellectually keen, spiritually fervent, eminently practical. His abiding worth was about to be demonstrated.

At the annual meeting held soon after his arrival, the Mission was looking for another unmarried man to help open up a new station farther interior-ward, and seasoned missionaries seemed at once to be thinking alike of his adaptation to pioneer work and conditions and were ready to assign him to the hinterland—to be one of three men who should inaugurate the station which was to become known as Elat. When asked if he was tough enough for the roughing of the pioneer enterprise, he smiled and said, "Try me." He went directly to help start Elat, upon which the impress of his personality abides, and with the founding and fortunes of which his name must ever be associated.

Youthful as he always was, the missionary historian will always write him as an early father of the Kamerun Interior work—to all of which he literally gave his life. Time rolled on, mountains of difficulties and possibilities rolled up, but the man who had come to the kingdom for such a time as this was in the midst. He soon became known as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, able and willing to "fight the Lord's battles," as he used to say in his humble, earnest prayers as three men knelt together each evening to ask God for help in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

If it be asked, What were the personal characteristics or qual-

ities which made him the missionary that he was, answers rush to the pen and yet will fail to express all when committed to paper. One knowing his personal habits and tastes, and looking for a secret of his power, would be impressed that he lived in close fellowship with his Lord and Saviour. His steadfast habit was to be out of bed at break of day, be seated quietly in his room while there was no stir or noise but the singing of many birds. There in the secret place he pored over his well worn Bible, and held communion with Him who heareth in secret. There he gathered strength for the day, food for the soul, and came out to our frugal breakfast with shining in his countenance. Dealing with present facts, he yet lived with the unseen and the eternal, and in the thick of the battle, where he liked to be, he fought the good fight with the cross between him and the world. Mr. McCleary walked with God and God blessed him with His best blessings, to do and endure.

He was very human, too, and loved the natives—had nothing too good for them—and they loved and trusted him, old men and women looking up to him as to a father and the boys gathering around him as children to an elder brother. In the blessing before meals he would sometimes ask that we might "show forth Thy love." To him, love was the fulfilling of the law. To a fellow missionary whom he heard speaking harshly once he said, "Let the law of love be in your lips." So he was gentle with the erring, and had great compassion upon the multitude in the midst of which he lived. He knew how and when to administer a sharp rebuke, and was as firm as Gibraltar, but back of the native depravity and dirt, he saw as did our Master, the image—marred image—of our common Maker, and he had a way of dealing with the natives after the manner of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. By temperament and grace there was in him that indefinable and irresistible something which we call personal magnetism which disarmed suspicion and prejudice, drew friends and held them as with hooks of steel. To the natives, who had great difficulty in pronouncing his name, his life was an open book, and they loved him because he first loved them.

He had a rare combination of that initiative and tact with which things are brought to pass. The battle was never won, so long as there was something else to be done, and in dealing with men and matters he read human nature as a book, and forged ahead, so far as possible avoiding friction and according to the "eternal fitness of things." This tactful aggressiveness led him forth to conquer new worlds and to wait where conditions were stubborn and the wheels necessarily slow-moving. Thus by push and patience he was the master of situations, quickly adjusted to and fitted to deal with pioneer conditions and with people who move slowly, but need to be moved.

In the daily rounds of toil and trial, he was always full of good

cheer, to which the natives are very susceptible, and which smoothed out many ugly wrinkles from troubled hearts. The contagion of his optimism and humor was an every day blessing to those associated with him, and was a distinct element of power in a country and environment of depressing influences. Mr. McCleary was cheerfully in dead earnest.

Of refined instincts and unselfish soul, he was ever thoughtful of others, considerate of their interests and wishes, and exceedingly slow to speak evil of another; was chary, too, of praise, but deeply appreciative of any real merit or latent possibility for good. He carried an atmosphere of delightful altruism and winsome self abnegation. Modest and cautious he gained ground by inches—then held it. As a new missionary, he was on the inquiring side as to methods of work and principles of procedure. He wanted to get the benefits of the experience and counsel of older missionaries, for sure footing. Thus he built carefully from the bottom, and by a normal growth took his place among the strong, with long vision and firm grip. In after years he was a good leader because at first he was a good learner. His altruistic self abnegation went before him and made him great. Something is expected of a man thus in love with God and men, possessed of initiative and tact, enriched by the cheer of a good conscience and eager to spend and be spent for the other man.

As to the work which Mr. McCleary did in Africa: His time on the field was but six brief years, closing with less than four months, in wedded life, after his first furlough. But usefulness is not measured by years alone. "That life is long that answers life's great end." The writer heard him say, "I would rather live one year in Africa than ten at home." Such was his estimate of the premium on the service to which he had come, thinking of the comparative numbers to be reached and the scarcity of workers. From first to last he did not fail to redeem the time.

There are outstanding points in which his service in Africa was and is conspicuous. As already intimated, he helped plant Elat station. He who has part in founding a station in the midst of a numerous pagan people puts himself into a unique and enduring monument. The old soldiers are not forgotten, for to their courage and endurance future generations owe blessings. This man of early days planted trees and built houses, grubbed stumps and rolled rocks, blazed paths through the jungle under a blazing sun, and brought order out of chaos, helped to reduce a pagan dialect to writing and to produce in it a literature, to clear away the rubbish of an abject heathenism and to teach the people the alphabet of civilization. He magnified the importance of these details as one acting for eternity, laid deep and well the foundations upon which an holy temple of human character was to be reared and to reach into the heavens. Down in the foundations of Elat, visible

and invisible, are the soul, body and spirit of this pioneering servant of God. Like him of the "voice in the wilderness," he came to prepare the way, to pull down mountains and fill up valleys. And he was at it with spade and pick.

He preached the Gospel with persuasion and power. He had the art of making the eternal verities simple and real. He did not omit to enforce the law that came by Moses, where the people needed the bolts of Sinai to arouse them to a sense of their sin, but he seemed most at home in telling of the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. The skillfully woven cord of broadside warnings and tender appeals stirred deeply and drew mightily. There was, too, a charm of manner and winsome form of presentation to which hearts cold and hard as stone could not remain indifferent; now and then a spontaneous flash of humor, at which the hearers would laugh. Then was his time to drive his truth or drop his seed into prepared soil. Another element which gave his preaching power was the knowledge on the part of the people, of the man behind the preacher. His correct walk and personal friendship with the people six days in the week commanded their attention to his message on the seventh day. Their believing in him and liking him, as all the people did, made them believe in and welcome his message. The good man, the winsome manner, the Christ-filled message—all baptised of the Holy Spirit, made him the persuasive preacher, and the common people heard him gladly.

He helped translate the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. To this tedious task he brought a keen mind and a spiritual discernment and a knowledge of the vernacular which were invaluable to the undertaking. And to this day there are many forms of expression and shades of thought and a certain symmetry of product due in no small measure to the translating skill, the exegetic bias and the linguistic knowledge of this careful student. And these forms and shades and this symmetry are shaping the thought and making the character of multitudes of natives who read and hear the Word. In the Bulu hymn book are about a dozen hymns which Mr. McCleary translated, most of which are among the best in thought and in the difficult fitting of words to music, and have already put on immortality. To hear a thousand voices in church singing, "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken," "Come to the Saviour, Make No Delay," "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," or "Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White," calls up the departed, and suggests a debt of gratitude to him who put such hymns into form for use.

He was a large factor in the life of the people. He knew what was going on in general and was a ubiquitous check to evil doers. He was a natural detective and delighted in finding and following a clue to mischief. Wrong doers often learned with dismay that they had been taken in their craftiness, and failed to cover their tracks, from this

quiet, effective pursuer. But in season and out, not less instant was he to enlighten and plead with the transgressor than to pursue him. He carried the natives upon his heart. His relation to them was not unlike that of Moses to Israel, where he prayed God for their deliverance and pardon, and rebuked and pleaded with them to repent and return. He went about doing good, carrying a "light to their path and a lamp to their feet." In 1898 when the German Government was making a punitive expedition against the Bulu for their persistent lawlessness, a certain "big chief" was summoned by the Commander-in-Chief of the invading army to appear within a certain time. Time passed until the eleventh hour, and still this great head-man had not come. The opinion was that he would not come, not because he was not in the habit of being ordered about, but because he feared. Mr. McCleary knowing that in those days of martial law and summary executions, this man would probably be stood up by a stump and shot if he failed to report within the specified time, first went to the Commander and obtained a promise that the summoned man would not be killed if he appeared within time, then walked hurriedly five miles to his village and told the man of the officer's pledge, and that he had better make haste to come. He greatly feared and hesitated, for he was not accustomed to thinking that a man would keep a promise in such circumstances, but being assured that the white man would keep his word, but would send soldiers to bring him to very probable death if he did not come, he yielded to the entreaty and returned with Mr. McCleary, and at this writing, ten years later, he still lives and doubtless owes his life to that kindly intervention at a critical moment by the solicitous missionary. In this missionary watchman the people knew that they had a friend, and in their perplexities and goings astray found in him a wise counsellor and a faithful helper.

Much more might be said in which it would further appear that Mr. McCleary was an all 'round man for the vicissitudes of missionary life. His work was manifold, in which we see the preacher, teacher, watchman upon Zion's wall, peace-maker, carpenter as the Man of Nazareth, explorer, translator, evangelist, in all of which capacities he laid his goodly gifts upon the altar for service and sacrifice.

Not only so. He died for the people, as he had lived for them. After preaching one Sabbath morning in June he went to his room and came not out again until his spirit took its flight the twentieth of that month. When he knew that the time remaining would be short, he called for some of the church members, who came to his bed side. He gave them a message of cheer and a parting exhortation to hold fast the profession of their faith. At length he longed for release from pain, and added, "I cannot stand it any longer," "Dear Jesus, come and take me." He took his place among the martyrs, a martyr not to violence of mob, but to encroaching disease, induced in the days of

pioneer living, and aggravated by an unfriendly climate and an extended term of service—a progressive martyrdom for the cause which was dearer than life to him.

His taking away made a deep impression upon a large community of natives, and the little mound of earth at Elat under which he sleeps is vocal to a daily procession of passersby who knew him, and associate him with deeds of love and words of eternal life. He is lovingly remembered by fellow missionaries and natives alike. He was a "beloved disciple" among us, his name is written high on the scroll, for he toiled and triumphed in the service and in the spirit of Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life as a ransom for many."

When he realized that his place was soon to be vacant, among his last words he left a message to be carried to the homeland, that there should be sent "fifty more men to Africa." More of such missionaries as he was are still needed, and this little sketch fails in so far as it does not help to make more characters like his, and to answer his dying prayer for Africa.

EXTRACTS FROM MEMORIAL SERMON.

Rev. Orville Reed, Ph. D.

2 Timothy, 1: 12, (last part). "For I know whom I have believed (trusted) and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

These are among the last words of our foreign missionary, as, far away in the darknesses of Africa, he was entering and passing through the "Valley" and up into the eternal Sunshine of the Holy City above. He certainly knew Him whom he trusted! And he trusted that Master with all that he had—life, strength, love; absolute dedication and pure devotion; all was unreservedly his Lord's, whenever and wherever that Lord should call! He spent six years of the most trying and intense service in the Dark Continent, as the Foreign Missionary of this Church, and then came the call to the sinless, unhindered and glorious service on High.

During this week I have been reading over all of his letters to us as a Church, from that first glad note written at Princeton Seminary, thanking us so heartily for sending him to Africa, down to the last words, written a month before he died. All are full of his work, of grateful appreciation, (with here and there a gleam of his wonted humor) and with the same hopeful, trustful spirit as of old, although the burdens were heavy and the mortal frame was beginning to totter

to its fall. By these vivid word pictures, which he sent to us so faithfully, I have been carried away in imagination to Africa; up through the jungle to that interior station, and have been living at Elat, on the beautiful African hill among the villages of Bulu-land. And I have been impressed more deeply than ever before, with this fact: Our missionary lived a most intense life, a life that must burn out the vital powers quickly. We think of our friends over in Africa as living more slowly and moderately than we here in America. But the record of Mr. McCleary's life shows unmistakably that the pressure was intense; the days were long and filled with unceasing care and toil; every bit of strength was used up to the limit, and sometimes beyond the limit, of reasonable safety.

And now that the work here below is finished and the life gone on before us for a little while, until we, too, "enter in through the gates," we wish to think upon it all ; to get new inspiration from his character; and to consider anew God's call to us as it sounds forth from the interior of that darkened and sin cursed land.

Thirty-six years ago our missionary was born in the little town of Crawfordsville, Iowa. He was a farmer's boy, helping on the farm and going to the country school. The simple and healthful life of the farm did much to fit him for his missionary work. The all round development of country life prepared him for the varied calls that are made upon those who undertake pioneer missionary service in Africa. To cook a meal, to build a house, to cultivate a garden, to handle a rifle, for all of these and more, he was most practically equipped by the farm life of his boyhood days. And his life in the interior of Africa called out all the practical gifts and resources of this early training.

He was the youngest of four sons, the others are all living. His father writes: "He was always a very obedient child, loving and kind, especially to his parents; always ready to help his mother, and he took delight in doing deeds of kindness whenever he could, and he could always see something to do when others could not. He was never idle, and very persevering; what he undertook he generally carried through, but always had respect for the feelings of others. He was of Presbyterian stock, for several generations, at least."

After leaving the country school he entered the Academy at Washington, Iowa, from which he graduated in 1890. He graduated from Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, in 1892, and entered Princeton Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1895.

While at the Seminary he made his decision for Foreign Missions, and that decision is significant. Good old Dr. Paton was at Princeton, addressing the students. He made an appeal for volunteers. In that appeal he spoke of Dr. Good and his death in Africa. Mr. McCleary's father writes: "It was such a wonderful appeal that Charles

promised, there and then, that, with the help of the Lord, he would give his life for Foreign Mission work and go anywhere the Lord seemed to direct. I heard him speak of that appeal as the greatest talk on Foreign Missions he had ever heard, and I think that was his first decided idea of Foreign Mission work."

Trinity Church was looking for another representative to carry forward the work so recently laid down by Dr. Good. Mr. McCleary's letter of application to the Board pleased us. He was "ready to go anywhere." We thought it had the true ring. Upon that letter we made our choice and wrote him accordingly. "I cannot tell you," he writes, "with what great joy I read your letter yesterday afternoon. I had feared the way was barred for the present, but the Lord has opened it again." (The Board felt that they could not commission any more men at that time for lack of funds). "I am very grateful, first to God, second to you and your Church. It is indeed a hard place you ask me to fill and I can never hope to fill it. I can only be a follower of that great and good man, Dr. Good. I recognize the great honor you have conferred upon me in asking me to be your representative on the foreign field. I wish to thank you and ask you to thank your congregation for me for this offer of my support." Thus is indicated his spirit and purpose at the outset—will go anywhere: esteems it an honor to be sent as follower of Dr. Good; humbly feels himself unworthy of such an honor; rejoices that he can go immediately to the Dark Continent!

There is no doubt that Dr. Good exerted a great influence upon Mr. McCleary; the latter asked for Dr. Good's letters and read them with deepest interest; and in his own letters to us there is now and then a sentence which reveals the fact that Dr. Good's life was ever before him, an inspiration and a guide.

He began work immediately, preaching or talking Foreign Missions every Sabbath after leaving the Seminary until he sailed for Africa. On November 12, 1895, some of us had the privilege of bidding him good-bye as he sailed, full of earnest expectation and hope, to take up his life work. His father writes: "He is the first Foreign Missionary that has left our Church and community, and all manifest great anxiety in his safety and future prosperity, and he goes with the prayers, not only of his personal friends, but of the whole community. May God also bless the people of the Montclair Church for their generosity in providing means to send a missionary to Africa. May it bring a blessing upon the church and be the means of bringing many benighted souls into the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Our missionary's first letter from Africa, December 10, 1895, begins: "Praise the Lord for His goodness to us! He has brought us safely on our way in perfect health and strength, and all our goods in good condition. We are once more in the hands of kind friends.

It does not seem like Africa at all, so far. We have had many pleasant surprises in finding things better than we had anticipated." It is characteristic of his spirit and temper of mind—ready to see the good side, looking for God's hand in his life.

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On December 14th he writes: "Yesterday, you will remember, was the anniversary of Dr. Good's death. It so happened—not planned by man, but what a happy coincidence—that just one year, to a day, after his death, five new missionaries were assigned to their definite fields of labor in the same mission where he fell. All are satisfied and happy. I go to the new field. It will take a great deal of strength, courage, and grace to go to this wild place, but not as much as it must have taken to explore for our going. That was done by one we loved, and whose memory will always be dear to us. We should not falter nor shrink from following. Nothing as yet has been done except that the ground for the Mission premises is secured. We will have to clear the ground, cut and saw the lumber and build all necessary buildings. The dear Lord only knows what the result will be."

On December 31st, 1895, they left the coast, bade farewell to their kind friends and fellow travelers, and the three white men (Mr. Frazer, Mr. Kerr and Mr. McCleary), with their caravan of carriers, each bearing sixty pounds of goods upon his head, plunged into the bush and were lost to sight as they entered the darkness of the African forest and pushed on toward the interior. "There were towns nearly all the way and the people were hostile. The carriers would be robbed if the white man were not along. We cannot trust even the mail, without one of us, so we may get mail four or five times a year. It did not rain and the road was good as compared with what it usually is. Still we were in mud and water half way to the knee every day. Sometimes we would follow the bed of a stream for 20 rods at a time. In the morning we always got wet to the thigh from the grass. We always stopped in a town at night and had a good fire to dry our clothes. All along, the people of the towns would come out in crowds and follow us like children after an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" parade. It got very tiresome. They were even insulting at times."

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The missionary has reached his field of labor, Elat. For six years, with intermissions here and there, he is to spend his life upon this hill, giving all that he has, and that life itself, to Christ, his Lord, through these benighted Bulu lives.

From the poor, simple African hut as a beginning and a base of operations, the missionaries steadily change conditions, bringing in by arduous labor, some of the appearance and necessities, and

comforts of civilization. The land is cleared; a larger house is built; and what the natives call the Sunday house, a rude shed open at one end, where services may be held. They must make their own saw pit, cut, saw and plane their lumber, and erect their buildings.

They have their trials: four times during this year they are driven from their homes by the Driver Ants. "Three times they came at night and we had to flee, losing our rest. They come in such vast numbers that we can do nothing. They will not stop for fire or water. They fight unto death. But they cleared our house of roaches!" He is always looking for the blessing in the hardship. "We got tired of the thing and vowed revenge. It came, and oh, so sweet! We discovered their home and burned them out."

There were trials also with the natives. The selfish, grasping character of old Mvondo, the chief, showed itself. He cut the trees to change the boundary line of their premises, and encroach upon their territory. After selling them the property, he now purposes to steal it back! But the missionary is a match for him, and soon brings him to terms. He and his people are nothing more than big children who must be treated as such.

And then, with the building and planting, our missionary must keep steadily before him the great object of his living here, viz.: to get the Word of Life to these darkened souls. He is at work every spare moment upon the language, and begins as fast as he can command it to use it to convey the stream of the Water of Life.

After being in the interior four months, Mr. McCleary was called to go forth alone upon a dangerous journey. Hostile natives had attacked one of the missionaries while he was coming up from the coast with mail and supplies, and had stolen three loads and Dr. Good's old rifle. The rifle in the hands of the chief, was cocked at the head of the missionary. "It was decided," he writes, "that we must inform the officials of the government, and I was the one sent on that mission. I did not want to undertake such a trip, but it seemed best that I should and I was ready. I am here for service wherever the Lord may call." And thus, the only white man, he starts off with his company of native carriers, through country all unknown to him, trusting to native guides, making his way through the forest by compass. At last he reaches the first Ngumba town.

* * * * *

The thankful and the hopeful spirit were combined in rare degree in our missionary. And how necessary this was in a work such as his! In his "Personal Report" at the end of the second year, he says: "Before beginning to magnify what little I have done, I wish to tell a little of what God has done for me. Every day of the year He has revealed Himself to me in some new light. Some new manifestation

of His Divine Attributes has been given. He has given direct answers to prayers, and so established my faith more firmly. He has made me to feel the power of His Spirit working within me. He has made me feel more and more how He, and He alone, can satisfy, yea, more than satisfy every desire. He has wonderfully kept me from every fear and has been more to me than I asked. Many a victory He has given. Many a burden has He lifted. Few have been the sorrows, and many the joys. His love has been so great. Communion with Him has been so sweet and refreshing. I cannot say enough in praise of Him, or use words strong enough to express my gratitude for His goodness."

Ten thousand miles away from home and friends; sometimes not hearing for a hundred days from home; up in the interior of the Dark Continent, in the thick moral darkness of heathenism; living a rude life with improper food and with attacks of fever; seeing fellow missionaries dying or forced by severe illness to leave the already needy force; yet thus our missionary can thank God for untold mercies, and take courage to go forward.

The work of a missionary in Africa is many-sided.

First—Land clearing, house building and manual training.

Second—Language learning.

Third—School teaching.

Fourth—Regular preaching.

Fifth—Itinerating and pioneering into new and heretofore unexplored territory.

Sixth—Translating of the Scriptures.

Seventh—Medical work.

Our missionary did all of this and did it thoroughly and well during those six precious years. In the work of itinerating, he took two long and most interesting journeys farther inland; one of twenty days among the Bulu, and one of thirteen days among other tribes to the south of Elat.

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A scene in the forest is brought vividly before us. He writes: "We had evening prayers in Bulu. As we sat there in that great dark forest, with our flickering little candle, how small it seemed, and how immense the darkness! Those dim little rays did not penetrate very far. I could not help but compare the candle to myself; dim is my light and unavailing my efforts to lighten up the great mass of darkness around me. But praise God, it does not depend upon the size of my light. Wait till the morning and watch that darkness disappear as the sun mounts on high! So when the Son of Righteousness comes, all lights will be lost in the one Light, and all darkness will be dispelled. God help us to labor and to wait."

Among the most important of all missionary work is the trans-

lation of the Scriptures. To this difficult undertaking Mr. McCleary was assigned by his fellow missionaries, as being especially adapted for it. Dr. Good had caught the language from the lips of the natives and reduced it to writing. He had also written a primer in Bulu, and had translated, roughly, the Gospels. This work Mr. McCleary continued, translating also the Acts in company with Mr. Fraser.

* * * * *

And now we must draw swiftly to a close this rapid survey of that intensely earnest, self-sacrificing service of six years. We see how varied it is, calling forth every latent power and resource. We see how limitless was the opportunity and consequently must feel something of the awful pressure put upon that tender, sensitive, loving heart, as he looked out upon these thousands and hundreds of thousands crying out for the Gospel, and going down into the darkness before his eyes, because there is not strength nor time to reach them.

When his five years are up he longs to return to America for needed rest and recuperation, but there is no one else to leave out in this lonely picket line and he cannot desert these dying souls. Fevers warn him that the African climate is gaining in power over him, but still he feels upon his soul "the power of the endless life" and the dire need of perishing men. He sees fellow laborers who came out with him fall by the way and obliged to return to America. Still he keeps on, hoping and praying that his strength may hold out until reinforcements arrive.

And the work is growing. God's Spirit is evidently moving upon the hearts of these Bulu people. Where, at first, a hundred attended the Sabbath service, now four and five hundred are present. And he cannot leave them uncared for. But at length the fever speaks in no uncertain tones, and the soldier on the firing line is forced to the rear. Scarcely able to travel to the coast, and at one time fearing that he might never reach it alive, he is at length put upon the homeward bound steamer.

Well we remember that thin, emaciated form, too weak to speak to us, when first he returned and stood in this pulpit. But the homecoming revived him; finding the woman he had loved all these years still true to him, gave new joy and life to his heart. And when, after a year of much labor and speaking here at home, he joyfully turned his footsteps once more toward Africa, with his bride, he had high hopes of future service, although we could not but feel apprehensive of what that dread climate might have in store for him.

After a safe and fairly comfortable voyage they reach the coast. With the donkey, which our Bible School girls provided, Mrs. McCleary is carried quickly and comfortably into the interior. Their return to

Elat is like a triumphal procession, the natives are so rejoiced to receive him back again. But immediately that great burden of labor falls heavily upon his shoulders—too heavy to be borne. In a few hasty letters the story is told. And then the end came.

We have all read Mrs. McCleary's letter over and over again, and in imagination we have gathered in that little mission house around that struggling, yet triumphant form. The soldier has fought his fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. And we know that he has received the crown of life.

Humble of mind, gentle of spirit, with a keen sense of humor, utterly devoted to his Master, with an iron determination of will, yet with a rare sweetness of disposition, we shall not soon see his like again. A striking contrast to Dr. Good, yet he was wonderfully like him in many ways.

Africa is costing us dear. Its price is great. Yet there is but one thing to do—go forward. The silent, lonely grave at Efulen, this new-made mound at Elat; they do but call us ever more pleadingly to carry the Bread of Life quickly to those perishing millions.

Just before Mr. McCleary left us this last time, he said significantly, "You know how it is in building a large bridge. Many foundation stones must be buried down deep out of sight before the bridge can be erected. If God wants me to be one of the foundation stones buried in darkest Africa, I am content. I would be glad to go, even if I knew that I would not live six months, if, by my death, I might inspire others to carry on the work of opening up Africa for Christ." "Those poor people are like a great flock of sheep, with wolves on every side. They are seeking rest and peace, but find none. They need shepherds to protect them from the wolves, to lead them into pleasant pastures and beside still waters where they can find rest and peace."

May that lonely grave ever speak to them hope that there are lives still in America ready to be laid down for their salvation. May it ever call us to prayer and sacrifice, and to a deeper devotion, as we see how little we have given when compared with what he gave.

CHARLES W. McCLEARY IN PARSONS COLLEGE.

Rev. H. W. Reherd, Waterloo, Iowa.

I first knew Charles McCleary in the fall of 1890 when he entered the Junior class of Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa. He had made good preparation at the Academy at Washington, Iowa, and was able to complete the college classical course in two years, graduating with the splendid class of 1892.

As a student McCleary made no claims to originality or great scholarship and yet, perhaps, no man of his class was more conscientious in the preparation of his college work. It was his careful attention to the matter in hand, coupled with his inquiring disposition which made it possible for his fellow missionaries, after his death, to say that his ability to learn a new language directly from the natives and to converse with them, was remarkable.

His simple early life gave him a splendid physique, which he preserved through all his student days. He had no sympathy with those extremes of fun which border on riotous conduct and chose always the straight path of virtue and royal manhood. I never knew him to engage in any questionable action nor to indulge himself in any so called "bad habits." He maintained a strong physique by living a clean, noble life, and of him it could be said that he never dissipated an hour in his life. Such strength of body was valuable capital during those long marches over hills and through the fever laden swamps of equatorial Africa.

McCleary was a member of the Aldine Literary Society during the entire period of his college course and the last year sang tenor in the society quartette. He took a definite interest in the religious life of the college and town as represented by the Young Men's Christian Association of the college and the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church. No one who knew him at all intimately could have questioned that his religious life was very definite and important to him. It held him true to what he considered best in life.

It is with great pleasure that I write these few words in memory of him whom I knew as a true man in college, learned to love as a close friend for a year in Princeton Seminary, admired as a volunteer willing to plunge into the forests of Africa, honored as a tried soldier who returned to tell of his victories on the field, mourned as a

—dying hero who summoned his friends to send others to take his place—the place of a man whose grave in western Africa is a silent testimony to his devotion to the cause of a needy people.

McCLeARY AS I KNEW HIM IN PRINCETON.

Rev. Mott R. Sawyers, Davenport, Iowa.

I knew McCleary well in Princeton. Very few fellows in the institution knew him better. I was not among his most intimate associates, we did not belong to the same club, nor room in the same dormitory, and our diversions outside of working hours took us in different directions—all this rendered the closest friendship difficult. But the fact that we were both from Parsons was a common bond that brought us frequently together. We exchanged items of news from the Alma Mater, and held many an interesting conversation about the then past, present and future of Parsons people.

As a scholar McCleary ranked well. He did not lead his class, but he was a long way from the foot. His proper ranking would probably be a little above the middle. He was not distinguished for scholarship but he was reliable. Indeed, reliability was his chief characteristic. You could always count on him to do fairly well. This steady performance gave him a better average than some who might alternate between spectacular recitations and spectacular fizzles. Taken all around McCleary was a scholar that any college might be satisfied to graduate, and you may be sure that the reputation of Parsons did not suffer on account of him.

He stood well with the fellows, too. He was recognized as one who was alive without being frivolous, and he was universally respected on account of his character. You could count on McCleary. He was not demonstrative, but if he said he would do anything—he would. That was McCleary.

I remember very well when we learned that he had decided to offer himself to the Board of Foreign Missions. I knew that he was considering the matter, but he said so little about it, that I was somewhat surprised to ascertain that he had settled the matter so soon and so completely. But that was his way. He did not run around telling people what he was thinking about, nor bewail in a boasting way the sacrifice he must make. He studied the matter candidly, came to the conclusion that he ought to go to the Foreign Field, and then quietly told his friends that he had decided to go. His decision was heroic and showed that he had plenty of what the boys called “nerve,”

but it was not showy. He did not parade his future martyrdom, though he was undoubtedly ready for martyrdom. It was never like McCleary to seek the limelight and it was not until the class was ready for separation and the members were inquiring of each other's future that more than a few knew that McCleary was to be a Foreign Missionary.

Some may have been surprised when he went to Africa, but I am sure that none who knew him in Princeton were surprised to hear that he was willing to die rather than to give up his chosen work, for that was the spirit that animated him in all of his Christian activities.

OFFERS HIMSELF AS A MISSIONARY.

New York, January 30, 1895.

Mr. Charles W. McCleary,
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Brother:—Your interesting letter of the 28th inst. making application to the Board of Foreign Missions for appointment as missionary under their care, has been received and read with deep interest. Dr. Gillespie had spoken of his interview with you, and I was prepared to receive this communication from you. I now enclose to you the personal blank which you desire. You had better ask your Princeton Professors to write us in regard to your qualifications for the work. Later on we will send you a medical certificate.

Yours cordially,

BENJ. LABAREE,

Rec. Sec.

ACCEPTED BY THE BOARD.

New York, March 5, 1895.

Mr. C. W. McCleary,
Princeton, N. J.

My dear Mr. McCleary:—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Board at its meeting yesterday accepted your application for service in the foreign field, and appointed you as one of its missionaries. Furthermore, acting as they understood in accordance with your wishes and Mr. Hickman's, they assigned you to the Gaboon and Corisco Mission, in Africa. You doubtless have known of the correspondence between Dr. Gillespie and Mr. Hickman on this subject, and probably will not be surprised at the action of the Board.

You would neither of you have been assigned to the African field had it not been that you had signified your willingness to accept service in that very interesting but much afflicted Mission. I will not enlarge here upon the peculiar features of that work. Dr. Gillespie will write you much more fully than I can do, having had the administration of mission affairs in that field for a number of years. It was with a very hearty appreciation of the spirit of consecration manifested in yourself and Mr. Hickman that the Board passed the vote which it did. I cannot but believe, my dear Mr. McCleary, that God is calling you to a very high and holy service in this appointment, and that He has some eminent results to accomplish through your efforts. It has been very gratifying to me these days to talk with my son, Robert, now visiting at home, to learn how highly esteemed you have been by such judicious friends as Mr. Graham and others of your Seminary associates. I only trust that you will enter upon this work which leads you to face so many difficulties with a great faith in God, and with a sense of the high responsibility resting upon you as a member of the Christian Church to advance the kingdom of Christ in the Dark Continent.

Yours very cordially,

BENJ. LABAREE,

SUCCESSOR OF DR. GOOD.

New York, May 7, 1895.

Mr. C. W. McCleary,

Princeton, N. J.

My Dear Mr. McCleary:—I have just received a letter from the Rev. Orville Reed of the "Trinity Presbyterian Church," of Montclair, N. J., to the effect that that church has decided to support you in Africa as the successor of Dr. Good.

During Dr. Good's last furlough in the United States, the Trinity Church became deeply interested in him and his work, and assumed the entire responsibility for his salary, the amount being eight hundred dollars (\$800.00) per annum. Since the death of that noble brother the Church has been anxious to secure a successor, so that their interest might be maintained in the same field. I have had several interviews with Mr. Reed on the subject, and, as intimated above, the Church has chosen you as its representative. This fact, of course, does not in the slightest degree change your relation to the Board. The Church will pay into our treasury the amount of your salary, which in turn will be paid to you by the Mission Treasurer as in all other cases.

BENJ. LABAREE,

Princeton, N. J., May 7, 1895.

Rev. Orville Reed, Montclair, N. J.

Dear Sir:—I cannot tell you with what great joy I read your letter yesterday afternoon. I had feared the way was barred for the present, but the Lord has opened it again. I am very grateful, first to Him and second to you and your church. It is indeed a hard place you ask me to fill, and I can never hope to fill it; I can only be a follower of that great and good man, Dr. Good. I am most certainly willing and glad to accept this kind offer.

I recognize the great honor you have conferred upon me in asking me to be your representative on the Foreign field. I wish to thank you and ask you to thank your congregation for me, for this offer of my support.

In regard to coming to see you, I hardly know what to say. I had made all arrangements to leave here this evening for the west. It will be impossible for me to come for Sunday. I will, however, come Wednesday night. But I have no address prepared. You know doubtless, how busy we have been for the last few weeks. We have not had time to think outside of our work here. We finish today. I will come up and we can get acquainted at least.

I would like to have gone up to the Board room to meet you there, but cannot get through here in time.

Crawfordsville, Iowa, June 20, 1895.

Rev. Orville Reed, Montclair, N. J.

My Dear Brother:—I feel very guilty for not letting you hear from me before this. I have been visiting most of the time since I visited you, and you know how hard it is to do anything while one is thus engaged.

I have had a splendid time; found my friends all well, and have thoroughly enjoyed my rest so far. I have either preached or talked missions every Sabbath since leaving the Seminary. Have received much encouragement. I enjoy the work so much. I was examined and ordained on the 28th of May, at my own home. Will spend most of the summer talking on the subject that is so near our hearts. I often tell of the work of your church and hold it up as a model. I wish there were some way of letting more of our churches hear of your way of doing things. It would be so helpful and might do a great thing for missions.

If you receive any new information regarding our field I would be glad to hear of it, that I might learn it also. Do you have any definite idea just when we will be expected to sail?

Please give my best wishes to your family and all the dear people of your church.

GETTING READY FOR AFRICA.

New York, October 7, 1895.

My Dear Father and Mother:

You will see from the heading of this letter where I am. I have had such a pleasant time on my trip east. Had a good time at McCormick; then at Berwyn with Hickman. Yesterday I was at Princeton and saw a host of old friends. This morning I came to New York. Have seen some of the Secretaries. Everything is all right. I may get most of my outfit here after all. I like the new building very much. It is a handsome one. We have a meeting here Thursday and Friday. We sail Saturday at 11 o'clock. There will be six of us, at least. I will go to Montclair tonight, but may come back tomorrow morning. I have to repack my books—hard job—must go at it.

New York City, October 8, '95.

My Dear Parents:

You ought to have seen me today. I make a great shopper—dish pans, brooms, stew pans and ladles, large spoons and small, scrubbing brushes, dust pan, water bucket; a saw, file, hammer, screw driver, a Winchester rifle, a revolver, and other articles too numerous to mention. I am not half done yet.

I will have a very short visit at Montclair, for which I am very sorry. Was out there last night and had a good time.

I have a very fine place to stop; too fine for me. The waiter asked me this evening whether I would have claret or beer. I told him I would take cow milk. They had Philadelphia chicken, but it tasted as though it had been in the sauer kraut barrel.

I bought a dollar's worth of experience when I came to New York on Monday, but it will last me some time. Will not tell you what it was. I am tired tonight. I received your letter and the Imprint. Was glad to get both. Write often.

New York, October 11, 1895.

My Dear Parents:

Your letter was received last night at Montclair. I have been here all week but went out last night for the farewell meeting. We had a fine time. It was a combination of their anniversary and a farewell. Came in this morning to pack up. Everything has to be packed

by 3 P. M. today. I am nearly worn out by this new kind of work. Shopping is hard work for a man, but they say it is a woman's delight.

You just ought to see my things. But I have no time now to tell you of them. If I do not get sick I will write fully on the vessel. I am well—only tired. All the missionaries who are going are here at the hotel, six from here and three more from Liverpool. It will take five weeks from Liverpool, instead of two, as I told you.

Saturday morning.—We had a splendid meeting at 4 p. M. yesterday in the Mission house—a farewell meeting. And then last night we were all up to Dr. Gillespie's home for a social time. I went to bed at 12 and got up at 6. It is now 6:38; four hours and I must be on board.

I feel resigned perfectly. It is hard to leave you all and my dear girl at Brighton but I know the Lord Jesus loves us and will protect us and I trust bring us all together again.

I will try to write a card after I get on board the ship. There will be a great crowd at the wharf, for the City of Rome is one of the very largest steamers on the ocean. Her capacity is 8144 tons.

May God bless you all and watch between us when we are absent one from the other. Give my love to all the friends. Good bye dear parents and brothers and sisters. Let us be often on our knees God is good. He will answer prayers. With a heart full of love to all, I bid farewell.

Your prodigal boy, CHARLIE.

SAILS FROM NEW YORK.

S. S. City of Rome, October 19, 1895.

My Dear Parents:

One week ago just now we left the wharf at New York. It has been a very short week indeed. I have not been able to do anything. Could not even read my Bible. Can not think in a straight line. You have no idea what it is to be sea-sick. We have not had a smooth hour's ride yet. The first Sabbath everybody was sick. I took nothing from Saturday evening till Sabbath evening and then a very little. Some of our party had nothing for two days, except a little tea. Somehow I did not get very sick at first, but it has stayed with me. It is very bad today but we have grown used to it a little, still we all feel miserable in one way. In another way we have enjoyed our trip. We have had no storm, only a high wind. We have had white-caps every day. But I must go out on deck or I will spoil this sheet.

P. M. on upper deck.—There is still a high sea, but notwithstanding the roughness we rather enjoy the voyage. There are some excellent people on board, some Scotch, and lively, too. I will write all about the

voyage when we get on terra firma, and let you give it to the Imprint. I would like to ask you to send a copy of all the Imprints I write for to Miss Kirby. She received one some time ago, for which she was very thankful.

We have a very pleasant party, six for Africa and five for India. Mrs. Ogden, Miss Engels, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Hickman and myself. For India: Mr. Sieler, wife and three children.

October 21, 1895, Glasgow.

I was not able to finish my letter, but now we are very comfortably fixed at a good hotel in Glasgow. Our ship came into Greenock at 10 P. M., but did not land till this morning. After custom duties we took a queer sort of a train for Glasgow. We arrived here all safe and sound at 10 o'clock. We had a time claiming our baggage. We had 23 boxes, 12 trunks and 13 packages. These were all tumbled off with a thousand other boxes and bags and we were expected to point them out and claim them. They give no checks. It is a free for all hunt. We succeeded finally in locating them all.

Glasgow, October 21, 1895.

My Dear Parents, Brothers and Sisters:

This letter will tell you that I am safe on the other side of the great Atlantic. I wish I were with you that I might describe my very interesting voyage. Every day had some new thing of interest. We met several steamers, saw a shark, saw several porpoises. On Wednesday we had a funeral. It was very sad to see them drop the body down into the great ocean—down, down, a thousand feet perhaps. But after all, it is all the same. What matters it where our body lies, whether in Iowa, Africa or the deep blue ocean? Where can we go to get away from God's presence?—no place. God is everywhere. Why should we fear then to go anywhere, for there we will find Him.

The first Sabbath we were too sick to have services, but last Sabbath we had services at 10 A. M. After that the day was a noisy one. At 11 o'clock the Irish coast appeared. From that on we had constant excitement. Everybody in good spirits, all on deck, all talking and laughing. Then at 2:30 we landed about one-third of our passengers at Londonderry in Ireland. Our ship then went on to Greenock. We passed the custom house officers very easily. One of the stewards of the ship told one of the leading men that we were bound for Africa and he asked me, "Do you give me your word that you have no spirits or tobacco?" I said, "I do," and he passed the whole party, with 23 boxes, 12 trunks and 13 smaller packages, without opening

anything but our steamer trunks. He shook his head a little at some of my books, when I showed him the list, for some are English reprints. But he said since we were going on through he would let them go. He had a perfect right to destroy all reprints. We tipped the steward in good shape, you may know. I hate this custom of "tips." Everybody who looks at you expects something for it.

This afternoon we took a short tour of the city. We saw the Glasgow Cathedral, one of the most interesting ones of all Europe. It is 700 years old. Then we went to the cemetery, which is the grandest one I ever saw. From it we could see all over the city. There we saw a monument in memory of John Knox, the great Scotch Reformer. Then later we saw a monument in honor of Sir Walter Scott, the great Scotch author.

We go to Liverpool tomorrow at 10. It is a six hour ride. We are all together yet. At Liverpool three others will join our party. We are having a real nice time together, very cogenial company. Mrs. Ogden is such a fine old lady.

IN LIVERPOOL ENGLAND.

Liverpool, Oct. 22, 1895.

My Dear Parents:

You will note our change of address. I will start a letter this evening and finish it later on. We five young people left Glasgow this morning at 10 o'clock on the Midland railway. Mrs. Ogden went to Edinburgh for a day and will join us tomorrow. We had a delightful ride. More fun, better views, and altogether the most enjoyable trip if the kind I ever had. We arrived in Liverpool about 4:30. Mr. Alexander (an agent of our Board) met us, took care of our baggage, and brought us up to the Hotel Shaftesbury, where we will be located during our stay here. I do wish you all might have the ride we had. The scenery of the Alleghenny mountains will not compare with what we saw today. It was the most varied of any I ever saw. Of course, these old cities are quaint and odd to us. Then the fields are so queer to one raised on the prairie. The stone fence is seen everywhere, and the fields are so small. They would not average over 5 or 6 acres. Some possibly had 20, but most under 5. We saw some sheep cotes built of stone like the ones we read of in the Bible. We passed through Dumfries, near which John G. Paton was born. Then on into England. We noticed one old ruin of a castle up on a high hill. It looked very much like the pictures we see. The country is quite mountainous; nearly all the way we could see the snow-capped peaks. We came near the snow, too, in crossing. Below it was the green grass and away down in the valleys were the sheep and cows

feeding just as in the month of June, although it was quite cool. They have a fine quality of sheep, cattle and horses here. But I have not yet seen a single hog.

The trains run very fast between stations but are delayed a long while at stations. Part of the way our train made 70 miles an hour, they said. My, how they did shake us up! The cars are light and short and bounce around like the B. & N. W. cars do.

My dear mother, I neglected to speak to you about receiving that present from home. Mr. Reed got it and brought it to the steamer, and handed it to me in my state room after I had gone aboard, and I did not open it till we had left the wharf. It was real nice of you to remember-me that way. It has cheered me all the journey through. I will keep some of my best pictures in that holder and have it ever near my study table, if I am fortunate enough to have one.

Well, I have just completed a day's shopping in a strange land. But it does not seem strange. The only thing that is different is the money and that is very confusing. The clerks are more obliging than in New York or Philadelphia. You know in the United States everybody is his own lord: not so here; there are classes, and one man domineers over another. We noticed it at the station. The train man objected to our taking two trunks apiece, one being the limit according to rule. But the agent of the "Anchor Line" who was looking after us, said in a lordly way, "But, I tell you, put them in." The poor man jumped as though struck, put them in and never said a word. In the stores the clerks do not know who they are dealing with, and so are very obliging to everyone. Liverpool does not differ much from New York. The people look much the same. They dress just the same. The stores are much the same and so are the prices. The buildings are older and the streets are more crooked. It is very hard to find a place. We succeeded in getting most of our clothing today. I think I can finish in one day. We expect to go up to London for a day or two. There will be four to join our party here. Mrs. Ogden came today. So did Mrs. DeHeer and Mrs. Rheutlinger. The others will come. We sail Wednesday, the thirtieth of October, on the steamer, "Niger."

October 25, 1895.

The steamer for America sails tomorrow, so I will send this, and another just before sailing south on Wednesday next. They tell me mail goes from here to Africa once every four weeks. Think of that! But it comes this way more often, coming by France. I am through shopping. Have gotten along very well. Still have some outfit money left but may need it later on. There is one thing about shopping here in England that I like, i. e., kind attention. The clerks will do anything for you. Another thing is that everything is handy.

The Hoel Shaftesbury is an old fashioned one. We have fire-places and tallow candles. Our party now has a private room and in it there is electricity. There is but one electric railway in Liverpool. This is the first one we have seen in England. There were none in Glasgow.

We will not get up to London as we had expected. We have been so busy buying that we have had no time to look at sights. Now we are through, and free till Wednesday. I received your last letter to New York yesterday. The tube-rose still had perfume in it. Thanks. Love to all. We are all well.

Shaftesbury Hotel, Liverpool, October 29, 1895.

My Dear Parents and All:

This is my last night in a civilized country and my last letter for a time. We sail tomorrow at 10 o'clock on the steamer Niger. We expect to have a pleasant time. If the weather is good I will write and send mail back at every port possible. You may get it or not, I cannot say. On Saturday we five new missionaries had our photos taken. This evening I mailed three to you. One is for you, one for Myrtie, and one for Rev. Orville Reed. I send them to you because they will carry better all together. May I ask you to send the other two as above? Today all ten of us had our pictures taken, but I took only one of them and will not send to you. The weather here is very bad now, cold and damp, the worst I ever saw. It goes clear through one. And this hotel is not a very good one for the prices. It is very expensive traveling over here. We do not go anywhere. Had expected to go to London, but the weather has been so miserable that we stayed home. On Sabbath day we heard two good sermons—Mr. Thomas in the morning and McClaran Watson in the evening. In the evening the church was crowded. It is the most aristocratic church in the city. He gave us a very fine sermon. But I would just as soon hear Dr. Purves of good old Princeton.

I received your letter of October 18th, on the 28th. This is the last word I will have from you for four, and perhaps five, six or seven weeks. It will be a long time, but I am perfectly resigned. I don't care for any little thing such as this now. I am prepared for whatever comes. I am very grateful for the prayers which are continually being offered for me. It is strengthening for one to know that he is thus remembered. We can help one another very much in this way, I think.

We are all through our worry now. All are waiting quietly for the time to come. One more night's sleep and one more meal, and we are through with this country, and we will all be glad. Our whole party is tired of Liverpool and Shaftesbury Hotel. We have tallow

candles for light in our bed rooms, and grates which are no account whatever only for smoking.. But this is all thrown in. Another thing which is annoying is the abominable system of tipping. This, too, is thrown in. But we have a good deal of fun anyway, for we have a lively crowd. Mrs. DeHeer is a real jolly woman and we all enjoy her fun.

They say that the Bay of Biscay is very rough at this time of the year, so we may have a sick week. When you get this we will be near the Canary Islands, perhaps past them. But you know we will be somewhere on the ocean billows but just as safe as in Crawfordsville, Iowa. Don't worry a bit about my safety. I hope to be home in three years, possibly not till four. The Lord only knows, but He does know, and we can only wait and trust.

Well, good bye dear ones. May the Lord watch between us while we are separated, and restore us again in peace and safety.

OUTWARD BOUND FROM ENGLAND.

S. S. Niger, near Maderia, Nov. 5, 1895.

My Dear Parents:

This is a lovely day. The sun is shining brightly and a mild breeze is blowing from the southwest. The "Niger" rolls quite a good deal and consequently we all feel a little squeamish. But our journey has been a very prosperous one so far. When we left England it was rather cool and the mountains were covered with snow, but gradually the temperature has risen till now it is quite warm. Yesterday I left my overcoat off, and today put on my summer clothes. We will have no more cold winds now, for we are below the cold wave limit. Tomorrow we will reach Maderia and I will mail this letter and let it return by the next mail going north.

I have not been able to read, write or do anything but sit around on deck and wish for land. We have a splendid ship and an agreeable crew. The officers are all pleasant and talkative, and we are now pretty well acquainted with everyone on board, i. e., the passengers and officers. There are nineteen passengers and forty-five in the crew; one dog, three cats, one billy goat, and about eight sheep, one pen of geese and one of ducks and chickens. Yesterday the billy goat got mad and made a charge on the first mate. He ran, but too slowly. Billy took him on the gable end of his official breeches and sent him rolling on the deck.

We will have a concert tonight. I will sing "Thompson's Mule," if the vessel is not too shaky. This is all I can write now. I will have to write on the installment plan. We have to dress frequently on the same plan: put on one garment, then rest, and so on.

5:30.—Th sun has just gone down and so has the wind. The sea is smooth and the vessel is making good way. This is the first good opportunity we have had for writing. I have nothing of interest, however, to tell you. It is the same old story day after day. We will have wonderful appetites soon. It seems to me the stewards are busy all the time getting eatables and drinks. First, in the morning from 6:30 to 7, they serve coffee. Then at 8:30 we have breakfast; lunch at 1:00, and tea at 4, then dinner at 6:30 in the evening. In addition to this, on the City of Rome, they had at 11 o'clock, beef tea, and again at 9:30 P. M., they had supper, making seven times for eating. Here we have five. There is a great deal of drinking done by the other passengers; whiskey, wine, beer, ale, and so forth. So far I have had a good appetite but have not felt well between meals on account of sea-sickness. I think that is over except in case of storm. One thing, which is very nice, but which I think really a detriment, is that the ladies have a goodly supply of candies along. Every day they bring out their sweets and tempt us with them. They are fine—both the ladies and the sweets.

Wednesday morning, 7:30. The beautiful Island of Maderia is close by. I wish you could be where I am just now. There is no more rocking of the vessel and the morning is a perfect one. The island is so high that the clouds hide the top. The moon is just above it. The whole landscape is covered with houses, which to the naked eye look like stones, but through the glass look like nice houses. Well, I have another letter to write and breakfast to eat before landing, and I must close this note.

A DAY IN MADERIA.

November 7, 1895.

At daybreak on November 6 the beautiful island of Maderia appeared on the horizon. It was indeed a welcome sight. For five days we had seen nothing but the big, blue ocean, and the sight of land on Wednesday morning cheered us all. The Niger cast anchor about 8:30 in the morning, in the bay before Funchal. This was our breakfast hour, so we had to go in and take our meal, while without were many interesting scenes. But Captain Davis assured us that we would not sail before 10 P. M., so we had plenty of time and quietly obeyed the summons. After a hasty meal we all went up on deck. There were about a dozen small boats all around the ship. Some of them contained officials, others sailors, but most of them were rowed by native boys, half naked and each shouting as loud as possible to the passengers, "Dive, six-pence," meaning that if we would throw a six-pence into the water, they would dive and get it. For a six-pence they would dive under the Niger, which would cause them to go down at least twenty feet under water. While watching these boys, we met with a glad surprise. A very pleasant looking Englishman came up and introduced himself as Rev. Smart, a missionary on Maderia. Of course we were glad to meet with a missionary, and still more glad when he told us that he would be at our service as a guide over the city of Funchal, where he was now located. He had two boats near, and calling to them, took us ashore. This way of landing was new to us. The tide was coming in and the waves quite high for small boats. Some of us landed safely but others did not fare so well. Just as the ladies were going to step out, a big wave went over their boat and part of them were drenched. No one was drowned, however, and we had a good laugh at the expense of the wet ones. After landing, Rev. Smart led us up one of the most beautiful streets I was ever in, on into the public gardens, across these to his own home, where we met his amiable wife, sister-in-law, and brother-in-law. They led us up to the third story where they had a beautiful parlor, opening on a large balcony, from which we had the most beautiful view I have ever had the privilege of seeing. Immediately below, across a narrow street, were the public gardens. These were beautiful beyond my power of description. You know Maderia lies near the tropical zone and at this time of year things look as fresh as they do in June in our country. The roses were in bloom and other flowers and trees covered with bloom. We saw palms, figs, pomegranates, in fact nearly everything

which grows in the tropics. Beyond the garden was the city. A queer looking one, too. The streets are very narrow and paved with little flat pebbles stuck on edge. The captain of the Niger called them "ladies' hearts," so we had to tread on them. They make a beautiful street. In these streets we saw a crowd of dark people, not black, but brown. They are Portugese of long years ago, but somewhat changed from the people of their ancestry now. For conveyances they use sleds, or rather boards, hauled by oxen. On these they pile everything, but what they carry, and drag them around in this quaint way. They have a very few horses, but use them only for riding, and that for visitors. They are all born beggars. Even little children not large enough to talk, are taught to stick out their hands to visitors. The buildings are of stone, with tile roofs, with scarcely any windows. They tell us that the farm houses have no windows at all. One door is the only opening. These buildings stretch away back from the bay, forming a half circle, the beach being the straight side.

But the most beautiful part of the view was the background. The city is on a very steep hill, or rather on the foot of a mountain, the outskirts (out-bloomers) rising some 1800 feet above the sea. But beyond the city the mountain rises still higher, piercing even the clouds. Part of the time the tops were not visible. The highest point is about four thousand feet. From the balcony all the panorama appeared before us. The mountains were covered with verdure; here and there we could see a waterfall in the distance. Well up on the mountain side we could see a church steeple, and we expressed the desire that we might go up, and from there look back upon the city. Rev. Smart told us that building was a convent and to it there was a cog railway; the only railway on the island. At 11 o'clock we started up on this mountain climber. Up and up we went, through gardens of trees, and sweet scented flowers. On either side could be seen grape vines, figs, chestnuts, oranges, dates, bananas, cane, pumpkins and all the rest. Finally the engine stopped and we got out. Mr. Smart led us to a winding, shady lane past a celebrated fountain, then up a long flight of stone steps to the front of the convent. What a grand sight met our gaze! We were standing two thousand feet above the sea, looking down on the city and bay. There lay the Niger and several other ships, among them a United States man-of-war, with the stars and stripes waving. The sea was as smooth as glass and stretched away as far as the eye could see, where the sky and sea came together. The sun was beaming down as on an Iowa June day. The air was balmy and fresh and loaded with the scent of flowers and fruits. We longed to linger, but time would not permit. The homeward-bound steamer came in while we were going up and we had letters to mail, so we must either hasten or let our letters lie a whole week in that city. Part of our company returned by rail, but part by the toboggan slide,

as we called it. They placed two of us in a wicker sleigh and a native took hold of the rope fastened on each side and ran behind as the guide. Away we went, over those "ladies' hearts," down a narrow street. Part of the way it was very steep. The guide would then jump on and we sailed down over those stones like the wind. It was a delightful ride. Most of the way there was a sparkling stream of water rippling down the side of the street. Our fast descent caused a strong breeze, at least it seemed that way, and we were soon cool enough. In about ten minutes we were down at the bottom again, feeling somewhat shaken up, but still able to enjoy a walk in the gardens before the others put in an appearance. At 1:30 we all took lunch at Mr. Smart's, after which we went out for a short time, returning at 4:00 for a season of prayer together before we separated. It was indeed refreshing to have that fellowship with Christian friends in a strange land. It was a mutual help for us and them. After prayers tea was served, and then we returned to the steamer, getting back at 6:00 o'clock. We were tired in body but revived in spirit. It was a happy day for us, a Godsend to cheer us on our way.

At 10:00 o'clock we were again at sea and as we left the port we lingered on the deck in silence, praying in spirit that the Lord would bless his faithful few in that worse than heathen city, for it is ruled by a few vile priests.

It is a pity that such a beautiful spot of God's earth is under the control of such people as it is. The Portuguese do not seem to care what becomes of it.

This would be a delightful place to stay for a short winter vacation, but to live here all the time, amidst the wickedness, would be hard. But for one day I do not see how one could spend the time more profitably than to take the little round we had on this, as a passenger remarked, the most beautiful spot on earth. It was to us like an oasis in the desert is to a weary traveler. We thoroughly enjoyed it. Long will we remember Maderia. Would that you all might see it.

November 11, 1895.

My Dear Parents and All:

We are now in the sunny south, just off the coast of the Great Sahara Desert. It is getting warm—yes, hot in the sun. Of course out on the sea where the cool breezes are blowing, and where we are protected from the sun by a double awning, we do not feel the heat so much yet. The weather is delightful and the sea is smooth. The constant rocking of the ship does not affect us any more and we are beginning to enjoy the voyage in good earnest. This morning we saw a whale off to our right—the first one I have seen, and I did not see much of it. The Captain says they are thick farther down

the coast. Yesterday we saw some flying fish and two or three schools of porpoise (hog fish). Other than this we see nothing but the boundless sea usually. But are now able to read and write and so can pass the time very pleasantly. Yesterday we had services in the morning. It was my turn to conduct them. I preached on the text: "O, taste and see that the Lord is good," Ps. 34: 8. There were not many out but our own party, but we had a very nice service. Mr. Johnston preached last Sabbath. It will be Hickman's turn next.

I told you in my last letter about our pleasant day on Maderia. Now I must tell you of

A DAY ON TENERIFFE.

Teneriffe is one of the largest of the Canary Islands. It contains 919 square miles; has a population of about 110,000. It is under Spanish rule, but there are a great many Portuguese living there. When we went up on deck Friday morning, Nov. 8th, the island was plainly in sight. For some three hours we kept sailing around the northeastern part of it, till near ten o'clock we cast anchor in the harbor before Santa Cruz. From the harbor we could get a good view of the city and surroundings. But some of us wanted a better and nearer view, so as soon as we could, five of our party took a boat for the shore. After wandering about the city awhile we decided to get a lunch and go out to some shady nook in the mountains behind the town and have a little picnic all to ourselves. We soon found that this was easier planned than executed, for the mountain was farther away than we thought and when we did get to it there was a very limited supply of shade. About the only thing growing was the cactus. We did, however, find a weeping willow tree which afforded a little protection from the scorching sun. Under its drooping boughs we ate our lunch of buns and fruit. It was a grateful rest, for we were tired and warm, and the sea breeze refreshed us. After our lunch we started for the top of the mountain. The sun was very hot, but we had our pith hats and white umbrellas, so were able to keep the scorching rays off to some extent. We found very little else but rocks, moss and cactus; but as these were all new to us in this connection, we rather enjoyed it. We kept climbing on and on, up and up, over those barren crags, till we reached a point right above the city, where we could look down upon it and the harbor. As at Maderia we could see the "Niger" quietly anchored in the bay below us. There lay the city with its quaint old buildings and narrow streets. We were about 1,800 feet above it, so we could get a very good view. We also had a good view of some of the farms. You would laugh to see

them plowing and sowing in those little fields. Now you think I have made a mistake in talking about sowing at this season of the year. Well, I have not, for they were actually sowing and planting their fields. One thing that looked singular was the large patches of tomatoes seen on the hillsides, just started, and that was the 8th of November. They will be ready for Christmas, perhaps. All their fields are exceedingly small. They are built; not natural. The ground is so steep that it would be impossible to plow it at all if they did not first build it up in terraces. The mountain side looks just like a huge flight of stairs. They use the large rocks and stones for the wall on the lower side of the patches, then they fill in behind this wall with the best soil they can find. Thus their farms are "built," and they do get some very nice small gardens, as we call them. They use no horses. The oxen do good service however. Their plows seem to be of wood. The soil is full of stones, and looks as if it were of no account, but they raise fair crops on it. They make a great deal on the fruit, being able to grow anything in that line.

One thing we saw from our high perch was the amphitheatre where they hold their bull fights, just as they do in Spain. This we did not like to see, but like all the rest of the wickedness we saw, we could only pass it by with a prayer that somehow it would be done away with. After we had taken a good look and had rested, we started down again, but by a new path. On the way we came to a spring where we quenched our thirst. Again we passed a small barn where they kept goats for milking, but we did not stop for a drink. Tired and weary we reached the city again. After a few purchases we took a boat for the "Niger," glad to get back to our home, but not sorry we had gone, for at the ship there was a great uproar all day long. They took on 200 tons of coal, which of course made a dust, so we were glad to be away and have a quiet day. At ten o'clock that night we "heaved away" from Santa Cruz, not to stop till we reached Sierra Leone. We will get there some time Thursday, perhaps, when I will mail this letter. We are in good health and spirits. The officers are becoming more and more obliging and sociable, which makes it very pleasant for us. I will send a twig from Teneriffe, also a picture of a hotel. Good-bye, dear ones.

FIRST SIGHT OF AFRICA.

November 15, 1895, 3:30 p. m.

My Dear Parents:—I am going to write to you about our stop at Sierra Leone while it is fresh in my mind. I was up with the sun this morning; this for two reasons perhaps. It was so warm I could not sleep well, and the captain told us last night that we would see land about daylight. The latter had more to do with it than the former, for I was very anxious to get a glimpse of Africa, my adopted country. And I was rewarded for getting up early. As soon as I came on deck, Africa rose up before me. We were nearing Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone. This is a city on a river, near its mouth, with mountains on one side and a low marshy plain on the other. The mountains loomed up before us. They were beautiful, green and fresh as an Iowa June morning. A delightful breeze was blowing, bearing from the land the scent of fruits and flowers. It was refreshing. The tops of the mountains were covered with the clouds, but what we could see of them was fine. So different from Teneriffe, for they were covered with trees and herbage of all kinds. None of the bare rocks appeared. The palms looked nice, especially. So tall and straight, and the tops, spreading as they do, look so inviting on a hot day. Well, from sunrise till 8 o'clock, we feasted on these scenes, rejoicing in the sight of land once more, and especially in this land, for it was Africa.

At 8 a. m. the Niger cast anchor in the river before Freetown. Soon the health officer came out, and, when he found that there was no sickness, ordered the yellow flag down. Then we witnessed a new scene of a different color. Load after load of the natives came to the side of the ship, yelling and jabbering in a somewhat revised dialect of the English language. We were able to understand hardly anything they said. They were a hard looking lot. Jet black, half clad, bare headed, large boned, big mouthed monsters of the dark land. I counted seventy-five of them. As soon as the mails were delivered they were allowed to come on board. At a given sign they all made a rush for the rope ladder that was thrown over the side for them. They can climb like monkeys. Up they came, laughing and shouting, glad to get on the ship. As the third officer said, about the only thing they had on was a broad smile. What they came for no one seems able to tell. Some say to steal, for they often miss things after leaving Sierra Leone. They run all over the vessel, peering into every nook and corner. They look up into your face and grin.

Sierra Leone is one of the most unhealthy parts of the west and we were advised by the older missionaries not to go ashore, not being used to the climate. Some of them went, but we, the younger ones, remained on board and viewed the place from a distance. Our stay was not long but it was exciting at this port. Our crew, passenger and cargo lists were all increased. They added 16 to the crew, 51 to the passenger list, and took on 16 head of cattle. The cattle were put in the alley-way on the port side of the vessel. The passengers were all stowed on the lower deck. There they have to sleep, eat and live. You would laugh to see their dress. Some of them have decent suits, but most have only an attempt at decency. One fellow has a pair of green trousers cut in the latest style, i. e., bloomer fashion. Some have loose wrappers on only, others shirts, others only trousers. The color makes no difference, just so it is something flashy. The mate told of one fellow they took once who had a bright red shirt and in putting it on he put his feet through the arm-holes, then tied the lower part under his arms. So we are in the midst of high life. You ought to have seen them take the cattle on board. They brought them out in a small boat to the ship's side, then put a rope around their horns and hauled them up by the derrick crane as they would a sack of potatoes. We left another of our passengers at this port. At one o'clock we "heaved away" again and were soon out of sight of land.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 16, 1895.

Tonight we are anchored at Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. We came in at five o'clock this evening and will not get away till morning. Monrovia is a quiet little place situated on the slope of a small mountain by the sea-side. We can see a church steeple, and some of the houses look quite American. Only two boats came out. One an official, the other a native canoe. This is the first one I have seen. It is very long and narrow and they are able to propel it very fast with their queer little paddles.

This evening some of the ladies gave us a stereopticon show. It was quite good although the lenses were somewhat damaged in shipping. They gave some views of Africa, some of Switzerland, some of Norway, some of America, and at the close, the stars and stripes and the queen. We were about equally divided between England and U. S., and each tried to outdo the other in cheers for their native land. We sang "America" and they, "God Save the Queen." An enjoyable evening was thus spent.

Yesterday we started with the Gospel of Luke for a systematic study. We will first read it over hurriedly to get the history. Then

we will take it up chapter by chapter and study it carefully. I think we can get a great deal out of it in this way, and I am sure we will all enjoy it.

November 19, 1895.

Dear Parents:—I have related our history up to Saturday evening, the 16th. Well, Sabbath morning was a busy one for the Niger. We have lain at anchor all night before Monrovia, and the Captain was in a hurry to get away. He was expecting quite a number of colored men as passengers. They were slow about coming on, so he fired the cannon and blew the whistle at a furious rate, making the harbor resound. After a time they did get them all on board, 125 of them. These were all stowed on the lower deck with the other 51 from Sierra Leone. What a pile it makes! These are not as well dressed as the others. Some of them have scarcely a thing on. Most of them have fine forms and some are quite intelligent looking.

Our services were postponed till 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Even then it was hard to get into the spirit of devotion, there was so much noise. In the evening we sang gospel songs till quite late.

Yesterday was a fine day. Twice we stopped to see if there were any more boys for the Congo, but did not get any. The first was at Grand Sesters. Twenty-six canoes came off. The natives were the toughest of any we have seen yet. It is marvelous the way they handle those long canoes. We were soon away from here as there were no boys for us. We next stopped at Cape Palmas. Again a great crowd came out but there were none for us. So we were soon away from there, also. One thing of interest here was an old wreck we saw on the beach. It has been there some twenty-five years. This is a dangerous place, there being so many rocks just hidden in the water. These colored fellows have a great time with "Billy." They fairly tease the life out of him. They are a jolly lot. Yesterday I took my guitar and went down among them. They soon gathered around me and most of them listened attentively to the music which I tried to make. Some of them even tried to sing. I am going to try to win them in this way, then try to talk with them.

I am beginning to flatter myself on my success with the typewriter. How do you like it? I know you can read my letter with a great deal more satisfaction. Please give my best wishes to all who inquire about me. Give them to the relations whether they inquire or not.

We will get to Batanga about the last day of this month.

S. S. Niger, near Kamerun.

November 26, 1895.

My Dear Parents and All:

This morning is a delightful one. The air is cool and refreshing. The Kamerun mountains are near. They are beautiful, 13,000 feet high. Early this morning we arrived at Victoria, at the foot of the mountains. We stayed only a few hours; took on one passenger—a missionary going away for his health. He is a German.

The mountains are covered with trees of nearly all colors, some red, some green, some one, some another. The rocks near the water are covered with moss and vines. The verdure is just hanging over into the water. It looks so nice.

We will get to Kamerun, a city twenty miles up the Kamerun river, this afternoon. This is our last port before we reach Batanga. We cannot tell just when we will get there. When we were at Fernando Po we were only eight hours from Batanga, but the way we go it takes nearly a week. We are all well and happy. Hope we will stay so. We are told there is no mail on this steamer for Batanga. If so we may not get mail for a month after we get there. But we can stand it. You will all write me, won't you, often? It is so far away. I do not have any idea where we will be sent. Perhaps Hickman and I will be sent to different places after all. The Lord only knows. I am satisfied with whatever comes. Only let me be sent where I can do some good. I think I will thoroughly enjoy this work.

LANDS AT BATANGA.

Batanga, Kamerun, West Africa, Dec. 10, 1895.

Rev. Orville Reed, Montclair, N. J.

My Dear Mr. Reed:—Praise the Lord for His goodness unto us. He hath brought us safely on our way in perfect health, and all our goods in good condition. We are once more in the hands of kind friends. It does not seem like Africa at all so far. We have had many pleasant surprises in finding things better than we had anticipated, judging beforehand from the descriptions we had read and heard. Possibly those high hopes will vanish as we get farther along, but I believe you said you wanted me to write my first impressions.

The whole voyage was a pleasant one. At Sierra Leone we had our first glimpse of Africa. We were thoroughly surprised. My idea was that all we would see would be a marshy tract of land covered with a dense growth of trees, vines, and bushes, with here and there a native hut or village, and a few trading posts along the coast. But the sight of the beautiful city of Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, situated as it is on the side of a mountain, and surrounded by palms,

and tropical trees neatly arranged and trimmed, with gardens of flowers and fruits, and winding shady paths, disabused this idea somewhat. And from that time on, my ideas of Africa have been growing better continually. Some of the scenes along the coast were sad ones, yet not as they had been pictured to me by missionaries, and especially by the ship's officers. But I have learned to take the stories of sailors with a grain of salt.

We had a good introduction into African life at Monrovia. Here the ship took on 125 boys as deck passengers for the plantations in the south of Africa. They were very poorly clad and had no shelter but the blue sky. They ate, slept, lived out on the deck, through the day in the hot sun, at night in the damp sea air; no bed but the hard side of a board; no cover but some miserable rags which through the day they tied around their dusky bodies. More boys were taken on at other places till they had over 200. Some of them could understand a little English, and so we were able to do a little missionary work among them. They appreciated all we did. They were glad to have us go down and talk and sing with them. We were surprised to find that some of them could repeat the Lord's Prayer and quote some Bible verses.

Several especially pleasant days were spent on the latter part of the trip. November 22nd I celebrated my 28th birthday. The members of the party all added to the pleasure of the day by giving some little present by which I shall be able to remember the giver as well as the day.

November 24th we spent on the beautiful island of Fernando Po. We arrived there just in time for services and heard a good sermon in English by Rev. Boocock, the Methodist missionary of that place. We ten, with Captain Davis, took lunch with the missionary and his wife. We stayed for afternoon service also, one of our party preaching. It was a very pleasant Sabbath day, and a great treat for us, both physically and spiritually.

November 27th and 28th were spent at Kamerun, the headquarters of the German government in Africa. It is quite a large city, situated twenty miles up the Kamerun river. We were well entertained by the missionaries there. There we spent our first Thanksgiving day in Africa, and it was well spent. They set up a genuine American Thanksgiving dinner—a great surprise to us, but we were able to take it in with a great deal of appreciation.

On the morning of the 29th, we reached Batanga. It was a fine morning. The sea was calm and the breakers unusually low, so the landing was very good, something which can hardly ever be said about Batanga. The Mission boat, the Chain, was soon at the side of the Niger. In it were Messrs. Ford, Roberts, Fraser and Schnatz. I need not say the greetings were cordial on both sides.

We were equally glad to see each other, and to hear that both parties were well. We were safely ashore at ten o'clock, where we met the rest of the missionaries who were at Batanga, namely: Rev. and Mrs. Gault, and son Harry, Mr. Kerr, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Nassau, Miss Babe. We were received at the two houses which are at this place, which is two miles up the beach from the church. This location for the dwellings was selected because it is high and apparently more healthy than in the town where the church is located. It is called Bethel. The Gault house is on a little rocky promontory, against whose base the waves are continually dashing. The Syracuse cottage, formerly occupied by Dr. Laffin, but now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, and Mr. Ford, is situated to the north, and back some four hundred feet from the sea. I am at present located in the latter house. Dear friends, this is a beautiful place. It is entirely unlike what I had expected. Bethel it is called, and surely it is "The House of God." We are having such pleasant and refreshing times here. Surely the Lord is with us. We are here just like one family. All the members of the Mission are present except Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Efulen, and a few who are in America. We number twenty-four present and seven absent. We do have such blessed times in our meetings. Two days were spent at first in devotional exercises which were very helpful to us all.

Then for recreation we have the sea for bathing, and this is delightful. We go in in the cool of the evening, after the day's work is done. We also have the beach for walks and shady paths in the forest. The temperature ranges from 70 degrees to 92 degrees.

"Well, my disappointments began early. Saturday morning, in looking around to see if our goods were all here, I found that two of my boxes were missing, and they were the ones I needed most, for they contained all the clothing that I bought in Liverpool; all I have left is what I brought from home. Perhaps it will be three months before they can be returned, for the Niger does not stop here going north. They will go on to Kamerun and come back by the next steamer for the south. And then, if I go to the inland, when will they reach me? Perhaps by next March; but I can get along very well till they come.

We have good news from the Bulu country. Mr. Kerr brought down to the coast with him twenty-seven of his boys and twelve men; the men as carriers, but the boys to see the ocean. They are bright looking fellows. Many of them can read and write, and they are better dressed than the boys at the coast. They do their own sewing. Mr. Kerr does only the cutting out. The first evening we were here, we were at the beach watching for the last of our goods to come ashore. The moon was shining brightly and the sea breeze was cool and refreshing. The waves were rolling at our feet. It was a pleas-

ant place naturally, and the circumstances made it more pleasant. Our hearts were full of gratitude to God for His goodness to us in bringing us safely to this place. As we were talking and meditating, Mr. Kerr gathered his boys around him and led them in singing. They sang, "Jewels," and "Happy Day," in their own language, of course, but the same tune as we use. It did sound grand. My heart swelled within me as I listened and thought. Only three years ago these boys were in the blackest of heathen darkness. Now they were singing the praises of God. And they pray too. Mr. Kerr says they pray earnestly. There are thirty-five in his inquiry class, all of whom desire to become Christians. Who would not give up some of the pleasures of home and friends to reap a reward like this? I would rather live here among these degraded people and be the means of leading them to Christ, than to dwell in the finest mansion in New York City. Oh what joy, what rich blessings come to one's own soul as he is thus laboring for the coming of Christ's Kingdom in the hearts and lives of others. Trials, troubles, afflictions, privations; yes, all of these, but what are they as compared with the reward? Oh, tell the glad news abroad! Send workers out into this needy field. The people are crying out for the Gospel. Will we deny them this rich blessing?

Sabbath morning, December 1st, we all went to church at Bong-ahele, two miles down the beach. This was my first introduction into church life. The ringing of the bell was a welcome sound as we approached. The church is not a model in architecture. It is a very shabby looking affair. But there was a goodly number of worshippers within, so no matter about the building. There were about 350 present and all gave good attention. I have no remarks to make about the dress, or rather undress. We enjoyed the services. Afterwards we all took lunch with Miss Nassau and Miss Babe, who live near the church. In the afternoon we attended Sabbath school, and you may be surprised to hear that there were 206 present. This is encouraging to see so many children and young people out. It is a hopeful sign.

Thursday the Mission meeting began. Friday evening Presbytery was convened. The first two days were spent in devotional exercises before taking up the work for the coming year. They were days well spent. There are many different questions coming up and it takes a great deal of grace to be always submissive. So in these meetings we were drawn closer together and closer to God, and thus better fitted for the work which was to follow. The Lord has wonderfully sustained us and given us only unity amidst diversity of opinion.

Saturday, Dec. 14th, 1895.

Yesterday, you will remember, was the anniversary of the death of Dr. Good. It so happened, unplanned by man, but what a happy co-

incidence, that just one year to a day after his death five new missionaries were assigned to their definite fields of labor in the same Mission where he fell: Miss Engels, now Mrs. Schnatz, to Batanga; Mr. Hickman to Batanga for the present, but when help comes here he will go to Benito; Rev. and Mrs. Johnston to Efulen; your humble servant to the new station, Ebolewo'e. It seems to be a very happy disposal of the new forces, for all are satisfied and even happy. Rev. Fraser and Mr. Kerr are assigned to the new station, also. Now, the thing is settled. I go to the new field. It will take a great deal of strength, courage and grace to go to this wild place, but not so much as it must have taken to explore for our going. That was done by one we loved and whose memory will always be dear to us. We should not falter nor shrink from following up the good work begun.

Nothing has as yet been done except that the ground for the Mission premises is secured. We will have to clear the ground, cut and saw lumber, and build all necessary dwellings. The Dear Lord only knows what the result will be. We will start about the first of January. If I can, I will write once more before leaving. We are all well. Please give my love to all.

A WEDDING.

Batanga, December 13, 1895.

My Dear Parents:—December 3d we had a wedding, and as this is something quite uncommon out here, a great deal was made of it. You will remember that I wrote you about the young lady who journeyed with us and who was to marry one of the men on the field as soon as we arrived. Her name was Miss Engles and the man was Rev. Schnatz. They had intended to be married by the German governor, but there was too much red tape about it and too much delay, so they decided to get into a boat and go out beyond the three mile limit, where no governor but the Almighty One had anything to say about the matter. So the bride and groom, the bride's maid and the groom's man, and the parson, (Rev. Gault), got into the mission boat, Chain, and started out on the briny deep to make one out of two. They unfurled the Stars and Stripes, went out four miles from the shore, and there in that little boat, tossed to and fro by the waves, with nothing but the blue sky above them, they were united, hereafter to sail the sea of life together. It was a romantic wedding and nice in many ways, but I would prefer mine somewhere else. This was, however, not from choice, but from necessity. While they were out the rest of us decorated the house and spread the table for the marriage feast. At 11:00 o'clock they returned. You ought to have seen the landing. The surf was quite high and the landing a little diffi-

cult. The sooner one gets out of the boat after it touches bottom the better it is. The natives know this and there are always plenty of them around to help. When the boat returned containing the bridal party, and as soon as it had touched shore, a big black fellow ran out into the water, grabbed the bride and unceremoniously carried her to the dry sand. So all the rest of the party. Following this was the dinner, the presents and a general good time. You might think there would not be many presents; but I never saw so many at a wedding before. They received all kinds of goods. The bride was a New York City lady, and her friends sent her many valuable gifts. All kinds of china and silverware, bric-a-brac and dry goods. The best gift was a very fine organ. They are certainly well fixed for this part of the world. May God bless their united lives.

There are many discouraging things about the work here, but more that are encouraging. The relation of the mission to the government is not what might be desired. The southern part is in French territory, the northern in German. I will be in the German. Both governments forbid the teaching of the English language, allowing only the native, or French and German, respectively.

We are satisfied if they allow us the native tongue, for this is what we want. But there is some talk to restricting it to the language of the government. This would almost stop our work.

We expect a steamer in a few days and I may not get to write more than this sheet now, but I will write again before leaving for the inland. I never felt better in my life, The sea bathing every evening, an occasional trip into the forest, a ride up the Lobe river, and a trial now and then of my Winchester, each and all go to make up some of the pleasures of my recreations. Mr. Kerr shot a deer the other day. There is a great deal of game here, but it is hard to find, owing to the density of the forest. I trust this will find you all well. Please give my love to all and remember me in your prayers. I go to a hard field, but I go cheerfully. With a heart full of love to you all, good-bye.

JOURNEYING INLAND.

Efulen, January 8, 1896.

Editor Imprint:—Perhaps the friends will be interested in hearing about our journey from the beach to Efulen, as it was somewhat different from our usual way of travelling in America.

There were five white people: Rev. and Mrs. Johnston, Rev. Fraser, Mr. Kerr and myself, 110 carriers, four hammock men for Mrs. Johnston, and 10 Bulu boys. This caravan of 124 souls left Batanga as the old year was drawing to its close. Seventy men started Monday P. M., December 30th. We white people with the rest, started December 31st. After thirty minutes walk we came to a river over which we were ferried in a canoe. Immediately we started into the bush, but now and then we passed a town, till about 3 P. M. when we passed the last town of the Mebayes, one of the coast tribes. For two days we did not see a habitation of any kind; nothing but a great jungle with swamps and streams. The path at times followed the beds of streams. It was scarcely wide enough for a man to pass through. On either side, and often above, the leaves and branches would brush one on the sides and head. The first day we camped at 4:00 o'clock by a beautiful little brook. We set our tents and prepared for the night. It was New Year's eve; cold at home, but there we were, out in the forest, sleeping under a big canvas open at all sides. My bed was composed of four forked stakes 18 inches long, on which were placed two poles. Between the poles was stretched a piece of canvas. But I slept soundly most of the night; sometimes I was wakened by the noise of some animal or bird, but I felt no fears. Around our tent the boys and a few of the men were stretched on the ground, with their camp fires smouldering in the darkness. At 6:30 New Year's day we were on the march. It was a fine morning and we made a good run, but about noon it began to rain, and we went into camp at 1:00 o'clock. We were in a forest now for sure. The trees were very large and high. I think they would average at least 100 feet and some were 200 and over. One peculiar thing is the way the roots spread out above the ground. On some trees the trunk does not touch the ground, but stands quite high.

After the rain, one of the young men went out hunting. After an hour he returned with a large bird, two squirrels and a large deer. We had venison for our New Year's dinner and we enjoyed it.

The third day was much like the second, only it rained harder. We were drenched. At 3:00 o'clock we reached the first New Bulu



The African drum.

town, 28 miles from Efulen. The head man gave us the use of his house, which was in process of construction. There was nothing up but a skeleton of poles, over which we threw our tents and tried to enjoy it.

We were now over the swampy part. The way was more hilly and more beautiful. This town was by a large creek of clear, beautiful water, flowing over a rocky bottom. Along toward morning another rain set in. Our tents leaked and we were a sorry looking lot the next morning. My clothes were dripping, but I wrung them out and put them on. It was not cold. The day was fine and we made a good march. By noon we had begun to climb steep hills, and to pass large towns. The farther we went, the thicker the people grew. We had planned to go through in four days, but the rain kept us back, and we lost all hope of getting through. But the men who carried the hammock did so well in the forenoon that we decided to try for Efulen that night. A fifth man was put on and away we went. It was hard work to keep up to them. But the desire to get to our destination urged us on. Town after town was passed, till at last, when three miles away, Efulen hill was sighted. They have a telephone system here, but use large wooden drums instead of wire, and strike the drum with a stick. Mr. Kerr called up Efulen for four fresh men to meet us, and the men met us at least two miles out. By this time there seemed to be nothing but towns and people on all sides. Hundreds came out to see the "new woman," but we were in a hurry, for it was getting late. It was sundown when we crossed the little river at the foot of Efulen hill. From the river to the station it is a quarter of a mile, and a rise of 250 feet. We had traveled 28 miles that day, but this last steep hill seemed as nothing; we were so glad to reach our destination in safety. Just at dark the house was reached. As Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Dr. Johnson clasped each other in their arms, tears of joy filled my eyes.

Seven happy souls gathered around the supper table that night. As we laid our weary bodies to rest, my thoughts ran back over the past three months. October 12th I left home; January 3rd, I reached Efulen; 10,000 miles lay between, but in all that long journey not one accident or loss had befallen me. God had brought me safely through it all. Oh, how my soul was filled with gratitude! Surely God is good to me!

The next morning we were all up and well, except that our feet were sore. It was a beautiful morning. Nature seemed to smile upon us. And yet no ill effects have resulted from our hard journey. We will remain here two weeks for rest and preparation, then three of us will push on to our new home, six days' journey on into the interior.

Sincerely yours, C. W. McCleary.

DESCRIPTION OF COUNTRY.

January 21, 1896.

Editor Imprint—I promised to write something about the country and people. As we are delayed on our journey I will do it now.

The whole country is covered with a dense growth of trees, bushes and vines, weeds also, and ferns, and some flowers grow to a great size. We have no forest at home with which to compare it. The ground is very damp all the time. Even in the dry season it does not dry, for the sun cannot reach it. Ferns grow up in the forks of the trees and on top of horizontal limbs. I have seen them as much as fifty feet from the ground. On the ground they reach the height of six feet or more. The underbrush is so thick that it is impossible to go through without a cutlass or ax. There are no roads. The natives have only winding paths. They have no wagons or vehicles, no horses, cattle or beasts of burden, so roads would be useless to them. For about fifty miles from the beach there is a low, swampy tract of land, covered with a dense growth, uninhabited except near the beach. After this jungle is passed we began to ascend, slowly at first, but later more abruptly. We got no good view, however, until we reached Efulen, then a grand view presented itself. The whole top of Efulen hill is cleared off, giving one a chance to see around. The hill is 250 feet above a beautiful river, which winds its way through the forest on three sides of the hill. There is a wide valley all around. Out to the south is one of the finest landscapes I ever saw. We are in the mountains. The beautiful hills stand up before us on all sides. They are ever green, the leaves only falling as others come out to take their places. The new ones are often bright colored, giving the whole landscape much the same colors which you have in October, only here the bright green predominates. Here the climate is delightful. Dr. Johnson, whose home is in southern California, says this is a more even temperature than that. Since this place has been known, which is $4\frac{1}{2}$ years, the thermometer has not been above 88 or below 68. This hot season it has only reached 84. Still, there is something about the sun's rays which we cannot stand. We dare not go out even for five minutes with our heads bare. We wear large pith or cork hats. In the shade, however, it is always pleasant. At night it goes down to about 70 most of the time. During the rainy season it pours, and that nearly every day. Even in the dry season we have some rain every few days. It is not a cold rain, however, one can get wet and not suffer, apparently.

The soil down in the valleys is fertile; on the hills not so good. Many things in the line of food grow wild, such as bananas, plantains, sweet potatoes, limes, a fine large plum, and some others. They grow peanuts, cassava, beans, pineapples, corn (two crops a year), yams, squashes, etc. The missionaries have introduced some things, as Irish potatoes, radishes, lettuce, and other garden seeds. They have also a few flowers. Roses bloom all the year. It takes time to clear out, build and plant. A good beginning has been made at Efulen. They have three houses, a church, a school house, a hospital, mens' home and boys' home. This is a very poor description of the fair country in which we live.

THE PEOPLE.

All these valleys seem to be thickly populated. There are great numbers of them, perhaps a million speaking one language. In color they vary. They are not as black as the coast tribes. Some are a chocolate color. They live in towns, never separately. They clear a spot and build their huts of bamboo and bark in long rows having a wide street between. There is only one street in a town, usually. Sometimes more, but this one is very long and the houses stand real close. Each town has a head man who is a petty king. His word is law. The man who has the most wives is the greatest man. The women are bought and sold like cattle. They are continually fighting among themselves and with different clans. Around here they are very friendly to the missionaries. The women do the work. The men talk and fight. They always carry guns and spears. They even take them to church on Sabbath day. They are great cowards. Each man is afraid of his neighbor.

The climate demands no clothing, and the people generally have none. Around the station they are beginning to wear a cloth which they wrap around them. The native dress is like that of our first parents in Eden. They like bright beads, buttons and shells, which they tie in their hair. The head is usually literally covered with these decorations. They wear brass rings around the ankle, and a coil of brass wire around the forearm and leg. Some are loaded down with these. The children wear bells. These things are the articles of trade that are in use among them. We use also salt, brass kettles, and iron pots. These are traded for food, for workmen, schoolboys and carriers.

These people live and that is all. They have no care for the future. They lay up nothing for old age. There are very few old people here. Somehow they are gotten out of the way when they cannot do anything. Can anything be done for such people? Yes. Everything can be done for them. The greater the need, the more can be done. That they are capable of being taught has been proved. There are fifty-six

boys now in school. Many of these can read and write, and some very well. They sing the gospel songs as well or better than children at home. They are not afraid to sing out. Fifteen songs have been translated. Sixteen months ago not one of them knew the letters of the alphabet. The language is not hard. We use our characters and have euphonic spelling. Some of the boys are very bright at school, and will equal boys at home. I like them. They are not like white boys. In the Sabbath school it is surprising how quickly they learn the Bible stories. There are thirty-five in the inquiry class. They want to become Christians. They pray, and have changed in so many ways, and all in so short a time. What a power for good these boys, educated as they will be, will be among their people! They are being taught how to live, also, by example and precept.

On the whole, the work is very encouraging. They attend church well and pay good attention. The power for good is already noticeable in the towns around. They do not war so much. One girl who lived with Dr. Johnson refused to marry a man who had other wives. She wanted to live like the white people. Many of our boys say they will have but one wife. This is a wonderful step for good. Only one other girl can be found in all the towns around who is not married, and she is not over nine years of age.

But things are very different here from what they will be up at the new station. We should have been off, but a war at the beach kept the carriers, with the exception of ten. So Mr. Kerr and I will start on the 23d with these ten, and ten or twelve Bulu and try and start the clearing and preparations for building. Rev. Fraser will come as soon as men can be found. We had expected fifty from the beach. We have no fear from the people. Fever is the enemy we must fight. So far I have escaped. My best wishes to all the friends at Crawfordsville.

Efulen, January 21, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—The over-ruling hand of God has changed our plans somewhat. As I wrote, we expected to start yesterday, but the fifty carriers we expected from the beach did not come. We looked for them Friday. Saturday evening came and still no word. Sabbath day, Dame Rumor said there was a war at the beach south of us between the Bulu and the Mebaye. One town was burned. So every man was afraid to start up here. The truth of this was established when a man came in Sabbath afternoon with a letter from Mr. Ford. He succeeded in starting seventeen of the fifty, and seven of these fled back. Ten came on, getting in Sabbath evening out of food. They had come a roundabout road. We were stumped. But we could only wait. These ten refused to go a step further. But on Monday we scared them into a promise that they would go. So Mr. Kerr and I,

with these ten, and ten or twelve Bulu will start on, leaving our things behind. Mr. Fraser will follow as soon as men can be had. It is bold, but the best thing under the circumstances, we think. We will take only three weeks' provisions, trusting that Mr. Fraser will be there by that time. We feel that we must go and start the work of building before the wet season. I will take my mattress and several changes of underwear and two changes of clothes. It will be better, perhaps, after all to go through first with a small caravan. We had expected about sixty or seventy in all. We will not create so much excitement. We are perfectly well and trust we will stay so. I may yet get mail again before April. Mr. Fraser will no doubt bring us word. I can also send word back with the men at that time.

ASKS FOR SEEDS.

One thing I have always forgotten and that is about seeds. Will you not send me a few seeds, both of flowers and garden seeds. We have beans, squashes, (the native squash is as good as any I ever had), radishes and lettuce; also "touch-me-nots." Please send pink seed. We have pinks doing well only they never go to seed. Moss does well, too. Please mark each kind. We want to try things and see what they will do. Roses bloom all the time.

Wednesday, Jan. 22.—The loads will be given out this evening for the advance guard. Mr. Kerr and I will go early tomorrow with about twenty men and four or five boys. My things are all packed now, ready, except the waterproof bag which will take my clothes and bedding. Every thing is left behind. We do not want to be burdened with anything nonessential.

Well, I will start out on untried ground. This is the most difficult of all. But I have no fear, no more than a trip to Washington. The Dear Lord leads the way, and why should we fear. "If God be for us who can be against us?" And if it is not His plan, man cannot change it. You need not worry, at least, for before you get this it will be all over. I am as well as ever and do not feel that I will have the fever. Of course, I do not know. This is the only thing to fear. I will write you all about it as soon as it comes along. But do, please, write at least once a month. Give my regards to all, and tell the boys to write me.

Biton, Kamerun, January 26, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—I am at the foot of a hill near by the spring where the people get water. A native is sitting by me watching the white man write. I cannot talk with him at all. We left Efulen on January 23, and have had four very fine days. This day we are rest-

ing. The path has been through the mountains. The first day we reached an elevation of 2,400 feet. The second, 2,500, and the morning of the third we reached the top, 2,600, then began to descend. Now we are 2,300, but still surrounded by hills and valleys and fine scenery. The path is different from the one to Efulen.

January 28, 1896.—I was interrupted in my writing, but will now have time to write some more. We are now at Zingi, one day's journey from Biton. There is a great congregation of towns here at the foot of a large mountain. It is a beautiful spot. We reached here at 2 o'clock yesterday. The path was very bad, the worst we have had. Fully one-half the way we were in mud and water. The path followed the beds of streams as they wound around the hills. Sometimes it was knee deep, so we were wet to the thighs all day, but it was not unpleasant at all. Several times I stopped to wash the sand out of my socks. We saw some beautiful peaks on each side. The one just before us here is hid in the clouds. The people are very curious, thronging around the door so I can hardly see. We have to throw water on them to drive them away.

But I must tell you why we are here. Mr. Kerr is sick. He has the mumps and fever, both. He dosed well with quinine all night and is not very bad this morning, but not well enough for this wet road. We are about twenty miles from Ebolewo'e and had expected to get there on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. God knows best. Thursday will find us there, I trust.

I will tell you more of the first part of our trip. It has not rained since we left Efulen. The weather has been perfect, but the road very bad. The first day we made a good run, and when we stopped they treated us well. They gave us the use of three houses, and a goat to eat. (They have lots of sheep and goats). There are twenty-eight in our caravan—twenty-one men, five boys and two white men. The men are very much afraid, so we have to get them in line, and we follow after to keep the people back. There are towns all the way, and people as thick as hops. We have been well treated, however. The first night I did not sleep much, for the bed was too hard. It was only poles with my rug and blanket over them. The second day we shot a large monkey, a bird as large as a chicken, and some small monkeys and squirrels. The boys feasted on them. The head man again gave us a kid. The house we are in has no windows, and the one door is about thirty inches square. Through this we have to crawl. The people assemble before it and darken it.

We got into a swamp yesterday. The men with the loads had a hard time. I went in to my knees, and had only my rifle. We passed some very large and beautiful rocks by the way. One was as large as your barn. On the side of one we found a begonia in bloom. We took it with us. It was a fine little flower, and is the kind that is so highly

prized at home. We saw a great number afterward, but we could not get them. There are more flowers up here, and not such a dense growth of trees. It is cleared off more. We still get all the pineapples, peanuts, bananas and plantains we can eat. They are just fine. The bananas are far superior to those at home. There is one fine plum here. The tree is as large as our cottonwood. The fruit grows in large bunches on the side of the trunk and limbs. I saw a tree Saturday which must have had twenty bushels on it. The juice is as red as blood and stains the mouth and hands. They are larger than any I ever saw, and as sour as swill.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

Ebolewo'e, January 31, 1896.

Home at last, and it seems like home, already. Praise God for His goodness. We were able to start next morning, and had a prosperous journey on Wednesday, getting to within five miles of home. Thursday morning we came in at 9 o'clock. But, much to our surprise, we found two small towns on our hill, and right on the top they were staking off a very large one. We were stunned. There we were, and the hill we had purchased and partly paid for was occupied. Mr. Kerr was angry. The old chief was not at home. After a short rest Mr. Kerr ordered the carriers to take up the loads, and we started back after a few words with the hundreds of people who gathered around. The sons of the chief pleaded with us not to go, but to no use. We went about a half mile and stopped at a public house in the outskirts of the city. Here the old chief overtook us (just what we wanted. We only tried to scare him and it worked). He came puffing in, the sweat dripping from his greasy body. He is a very large man. He had on a red cap, a string of large beads and a cloth tied around his loins and reaching to the ground. He carried a small walking stick. As soon as he came in he saluted the whole company, then came up to us and saying something took us in his arms. He was stately, and yet at that time meek. Oh, but he was scared, for his son had run and told him of our feeling and that we had threatened to go away. He made a short speech. Mr. Kerr replied, stating plainly what we would do, i. e.: They would either remove every house or we would not stay. He said, "Follow me." We followed him back, and after pointing out the boundary trees he said, "All this building will stop. These towns will be removed. Only stay with us." All right. The boys were sent for and soon they were back on the hill. We purchased two of the houses for our use. The rest will be taken away. We are getting along nicely with all the chiefs. This P. M. our old chief brought another to see

us. He made a speech saying that he and Mr. Kerr were big friends, and then this other chief came to make a "big friend" for me. Of course, I said we would be "big friends." Old Mvondo, for that is his name, proved his friendship by giving us a big sheep this evening. We were glad to get it and the men had a big feast. They will start back tomorrow and I will send this with them. So we are happily settled.

A word about the place. I thought Efulen hard to beat, but really this is a much finer place. The scenery is just as grand and the lay of the land is better. The valleys are wider, giving more tillable land. There is more farming done up here than farther down. It is older. Leading up to the top of our hill is a wide street or road, on either side of which is a grove of plantain and bananas. I think fully 400 trees. There are pineapples, sweet potatoes, yams, and nearly all of it is cleared off. We can have gardens. They have good corn. Off to the south we look over the valley some ten miles, then the mountains arise beyond; to the west and not more than eighty rods away a long mountain fully 1,000 feet above us hides the evening sun. It will make a fine place for hunting. To the east it is much as to the south. The north we cannot yet see well.

Everything is fine so far. I am very well and think I will remain so. We had no rain on our trip. Our feet were wet every day, but that, I think, will not affect us seriously. We get water from a fine spring at the foot of our hill. I have my mattress fixed up and will sleep better, I hope.

FOOD SUPPLIES.

February 8, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—One week ago today I sent my last letter to you. A great deal has transpired since then on our hill.

Everything turned out better than we thought it would. The people are very nice. They bring more food than we can buy. We had to stop them for four days. We get sweet potatoes for about ten cents per bushel. Chickens are from five to fifteen cents. Yesterday we bought a fine one for ten cents in trade. We have chicken nearly every day. It is better than canned meats. My friend, Nloze, brought me a fowl, some plantain and other food. One day they brought a fine young deer dressed ready for eating. We traded for it goods which cost us twenty-six cents. In New York it would have brought \$3 or \$4. It was fine. Our cook can stew or boil things in good shape. We have had no bread since leaving Efulen. All our cooking is done in little pots on a fire made of sticks on the ground. It takes very little wood, and any old log or sticks will do. Sometimes he cooks things

wrapped in plantain leaves. The people do this almost altogether. They have about one pot or kettle to a town. We have good rice or oatmeal in the morning with two boiled eggs and crackers. For milk we have the condensed. It is nearly as good as at home. It is handy, for it will not spoil when opened. We have good canned fruit and jams, also peas, beans, (Boston baked). So we do not miss bread much. There are five bunches of bananas hanging in our house. We buy them for about eight or ten cents per bunch (about 100). The food for the men is as follows: Kank, a food made from cassava, the same as tapioca. It is cooked and rolled in leaves about thirteen inches long and one and one-half inches thick. It will keep four days. These cost one-half cent each. Then they get some plantains. These you could not tell from bananas until you are used to them. I can usually tell now. Five of these equal one kank. Then yams, or makobas as they call them (nearly like our potato). It costs about two cents a day to feed the workmen and they get \$4 a month in trade. Cheap help? But they are slow and do not know how to do things properly. It takes lots of patience to endure them. There are fifteen in all now who came with us from Efulen, counting the cook and five boys. Mr. Kerr has a boy and I have one. Three are with us to learn carpentering. One of the men is a Batanga man. He is a carpenter. He speaks very poor English. My boy also (a Mebaye) knows a little English. I have not done much with the language yet, for a good house is of more importance now.

HOUSE BUILDING.

Now about the week's work and improvements. First, one of the towns has been removed. We set the men at clearing the top of the hill. They worked at that two days. Then they leveled a spot for a temporary house. On Tuesday evening Mr. Kerr bought the palaver house which stood at the foot of our hill for \$3.85. It was 19x23 feet with eaves not over four feet and ridge pole eight. We bought it thinking we could move it and then get a home quickly and have a dry house. Well, Wednesday morning the men set stakes six feet high and two forks ten feet at the ends, and when that was done we all went down, cut the bushrope and lifted the whole roof and carried it up and set it on our poles. Then the sides. We cut two doors and four windows, and by Thursday night we were moved in. How is that for building? We have a large room 18x22, six feet eave and ten feet ridge pole. It is all dry material, but the ground is freshly cleared and worked, so we have a fire on the floor ground at one end where the cook will do his work for a few days. The roof is of bamboo mats. The sides, doors and windows are of bark. We build our beds in one end. Our table is made of four sticks stuck in the ground, two poles across and a broken soap box for a top. It is four feet long and twenty

inches wide. We have a bath towel for a cover. This will be enlarged when Mr. Fraser gets here. We are comfortable and will have plenty to eat and wear. My dress is an undershirt, drawers and socks, a pair of tennis shoes and blue denim overalls with a belt. Very simple! We make good cocoa and coffee and so have warm drinks.

BULU PEOPLE AROUND THE NEW STATION.

From the reports we had heard, I expected to find a wild lot of people at Ebolewo'e, but I must say I was happily surprised. They are indeed wild looking. They go almost naked. They paint the whole body with red powder, and fill their hair with buttons, beads, shells and feathers. The men all carry weapons, either guns, knives or spears. It makes one a little timid to see fifty or a hundred of those fierce looking men running around prying into everything one has. No doubt, too, their hearts are desperately wicked. They are continually at war among themselves. Often we hear of some one being shot. Their fathers have done these things and they know no better. They know not God and have no fear of Him.

But in their actions towards us all this has been hidden, except their greed for goods. From the first they have tried to please us. They almost worship us and we have had no trouble at all. Buying food is hard on the patience, but it is wonderful how quickly they fall into line. They bring more food than we are able to buy. We have to tell them that we will buy every fourth or fifth day. This for the women.

But the men are equally eager for work. They bring more building material than we want at present. The great object of these people has been hitherto to get beads, buttons and bells, but already forty cloths have been sold. This speaks well for the first two weeks. Great changes have taken place since Mr. Kerr was up here last July. They were more wild then. He wrote of a society of young men organized for plunder and robbing. They wore bells, and shells, and hats of feathers fully three feet high, and daubed their naked bodies with white mud. Two of them came around the second day we were here, thinking to scare us. If met with in the forest I should think of running, but Mr. Kerr led the way out towards them and began to make fun of them. They were the ones who soon got frightened. They went behind the house and took off their scare crow arrangements. Since then some of these very boys have worked and earned cloths.

Mvondo is the great chief of Ebolowo'e. Last July Mr. Kerr took

one of his sons back to Efulen to school. They all said the boy would be killed, but when we came bringing him back after six months, they said, "We see now with our own eyes that the white man does not lie; we will believe him." This boy is a great help, for he tells his people what he saw at Efulen and about the ways of the white men. Myvondo is Mr. Kerr's "big friend." Nloze, a lesser chief near by, is my big friend. They have brought us a sheep, some fowls and other food. They are great beggars, but we keep standing them off, giving only enough to keep them in a good humor. (Pardon me, I keep saying we. Mr. Kerr does it all. I do not know the language).

But let me tell you what makes Myvondo such a mighty man. He has had eighty wives. The man with the most wives is the greatest man, for they do his work. They are no better than slaves; they are bought and sold like cattle, and are beaten if they do not please their owners.

These people are very superstitious. There is a high hill just west of us, which they will not ascend because spirits are up there. They wear a tiger tooth tied around the neck to protect them from being shot; or they fill the horn of a goat or deer with medicine for the same purpose. They think the rainbow is a huge snake and shoot at it to drive it away. They make medicine for their guns, so as to shoot better. The young men of the society spoken of think white mud protects them. These are only a few of the many superstitions. These people build better houses than those around Efulen. They are all low and have one little hole in the side for doors and windows, but they are well put up. Myvondo's old palaver house is 30x60 feet, the largest in the country.

These people have a better physique than those nearer the coast. They are powerfully built, and very straight and square. They have not a very thick lip. Some have sharp features, and a few are really pleasant looking. One can learn to like them, I know.

For occupation the women make gardens and prepare food for the men. The men talk, eat, sleep and fight. They raise a good deal of corn, and great quantities of plantains, bananas, cassava, yams and peanuts. They have sheep (with hair on), goats, dogs and fowls. The great aim in life is to get goods and buy wives. That is what causes so much trouble. A woman is stolen—then there is war. Every day nearly, they have some woman palaver. Nearly every girl is sold before she is five years old.

They are a hard lot, but they have some redeeming features. That they can be taught to do better has been proven at Efulen. They have souls, and hearts, too. They respect the missionary; by patient effort the day will come, we trust, when fighting and wars will be at an end, and the peace of Jesus Christ shall reign throughout this fair land.

Remember us in your prayers that we may hold up the banner of the cross with unwavering hands in this dark land.

HOME DESCRIBED.

February 8, 1896.

Dear Friends:—When I started on this letter we had heard that Mr. Fraser was on the way. But he is not here yet and we know nothing of him.

We have had a little trouble with the workmen. They threatened to leave us, thinking they would scare us. Mr. Kerr told them if he heard another word they would all be sent home. So they shut up and went to work. We have moved our first house up for a kitchen, so we are rid of the smoke in our house. The kitchen is eight feet from the other house. Between the two we have a shed under which we do our trading. We are right on top of the hill. The ground slopes in every direction. We will have a fine front slope and a grand view. Our house is about full now, and when Mr. Fraser comes it will be overflowing. We have 300 kank, eight bunches of bananas, six bunches of plantain, four bushels of sweet potatoes and yams, also three chickens. We have no coop or yard, so we tie one leg and let them run with the string. One morning one young rooster waked us by crowing. Then we have the kitten, Tom, which we brought with us all the way from Kamerun. Tom has traveled much by land and sea. He is very playful and makes much company for us. We have made some stools for chairs. They are better than boxes. You have read of primeval times. Well, we are living in the midst of them.

It has rained three times since we came up. We are so high that the clouds drag the ground. Often our mountain is hid from view, or part of it, at least.

There are lots of large rocks on the top of our hill and all over it, in fact. On the west there are three springs. One of them is at the head of a deep ravine about 100 feet below us. The water comes out among some large rocks. We can stoop down and dip it out from under a large one. All around the rocks lie piled in every shape. The big trees cover the whole thing so that the sun can hardly reach the bottom. It is a beautiful spot. Just beyond, the mountain rises. The people say there are spirits up there and they are afraid to go up. We hear monkeys and see large birds; we are going up for a hunt some day. Yesterday Mr. Kerr shot a large bird. Its bill is at least four inches thick. It is as large as a chicken. They are thick. Every day we see drove after drove of parrots. We have not seen any lions, tigers, big snakes, or elephants yet. One day a man was

killed by an elephant not far away. It caught him in the path and ran its tusk through him.

These people are very much afraid of us. If they dared they would attempt to rob us. We show them our guns. They are afraid of them. We have two repeating rifles (15 shot), one seven barrel revolver and a double barrel breech loading shot gun. They have old flint locks.

SHORTAGE OF SUPPLIES.

February 16, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—I hope you will not get tired of the patch work letter. But I always want to give you the latest possible. We have passed an anxious week. We heard on the 7th that Mr. Fraser was near. Every day we put up the little German flag and looked for him, but he did not come until the 15th and had only twenty-seven men instead of fifty as we wanted, so we are short of provisions. By some mistake no fruit or meat was brought. We are expected to stay here until the middle of April, two months, and have seven tins of meat, six tins of fruit, two pounds of butter and five tins of vegetables. We have plenty of oatmeal, rice, flour and milk. If we can trade for fowls and fruit we are all right, but if the people knew our condition, they would make us pay any price. The dear Lord will see us through, so we have no fears.

Worst of all Mr. Fraser is in a bad way. He has been sick for several days, but had to tramp on. He has the fever now. We are doing all we can, and think he is not dangerous. We are both so well. But the best part about his arrival was the mail. He stayed long enough to catch another steamer, so I have word from home, the first since the last of October, three and one-half months. I was getting anxious. It was written December 7th and reached me February 15th, being seventy days on the way.

A BIG TREE.

We have all the posts and sills for our house. Also about one-half the bark dried and ready. Now that the saw is here we will begin on the plank. You have heard of a pit saw? Well, that is the way we get boards. The log is rolled up on cross logs or else a pit is dug beneath. One man stands above and one below and they saw, saw away. We have some fine logs already cut. There was a tree felled by a native just outside our line. I thought it was so pretty I measured it. He cut it off twenty feet above ground. They always cut trees high. It was ninety feet from the ground to the first limb,

and it was as straight as a broom handle for seventy feet. At the butt it measured eight and one-half feet in circumference and seventy feet up it was seven and one-fourth feet. It was 140 feet long in all. This is a very small tree for this country. I have seen them 200 feet and as much as ten and twelve feet in diameter.

We have our temporary house well fixed up and our kitchen nearby. Mr. Fraser brought an experienced cook with him. He is a Batanga man who has cooked for nine years. He cooked at Gaboon for a French governor, so he will be stylish, I suppose. He knows how to make bread, but we have no oven. We will build one of stone. Won't we put on the "dog," as they say, colored cook and steward? He wears clothes and looks decent. These people here do not. They paint with red powder, and stick buttons and feathers in their hair. They cannot laugh in their sleeves. When they laugh they laugh all over, and you see it all, unless they stand behind a tree or stump.

You said in your letter you put some of my home letters in the Imprint. Well, I pity the public, but if they can stand it I can. All right, Brother Wolf. We have no wolves out here, I think, but we have monkeys—four legged ones, I mean. Also deer. One of the boys shot a large one yesterday. Now this is the last for two months, so you better stretch it. If you know how much good it does me you would write more frequently, I think.

March 11, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—When I wrote last Brother Fraser was very sick, much more so than I wrote. He was near the turning point beyond which there is no return. We were helpless, but the dear Lord came to our aid. Mr. Fraser is now well and eating like a famished beast. He had no food for so long that he was poor. Now he is getting fat.

Now the thoughts of this letter may be very scattered, but they will tell you something of our life here. There are some amusing things every day. Some are very interesting, but the most are commonplace.

Our stock of goods is still limited. We have had but fifty loads and most of these were cargo. Our personal things are left behind. I long for my guitar and typewriter. And I would like a chair to sit on for about ten minutes. But I will have to wait until July. Our provisions are like the widow's oil. We have as much or more than we had when Mr. Fraser came. We have not opened a tin except milk. We have fresh meat and fresh vegetables and fruit every day. I wish you might have a taste of some of the venison we get about once a week, both wild and tame. The mutton here is much like deer meat.

NEW COOK DESCRIBED.

Our new cook (colored), is only so-so. He does some things well, but in others he fails. At last we have bread. We built an oven and he bakes three times a week. We have also the luxury of a colored steward. He has the faculty of always being away when he is wanted. He is a genuine darkey boy of fifteen years. He is as clumsy as a hog on ice. His heels turn up behind and he walks with one foot turned out at an angle of 45 degrees. But he is very willing and is learning rapidly. His work is to carry water from the spring, set the table, "pass chop," and wash the dishes.

My personal boy, Ngili, has gone home. I was sorry to see him go, for I liked him. He was a bright little fellow. It is better for me, however, for I will now get a Bulu who can help me with the language.

The people do everything by main strength and awkwardness. We had no logs on our hill fit for sawing, so we went over on then hired his young men to carry them up. They were eager for the goods, so about fifty of them went to work and by 3 o'clock had them up by the pit where they are now being sawed with a pit saw, as our ancestors used to do in early days. Some of the logs were very heavy, but the men are stout and they did not put more than twenty men on the largest. Other logs were brought from the other side, and now there are fifty in the log shed. These will be sawed for the floor, doors, and windows. We will use bark walls, and poles for studding and rafters.

SOME PESTS.

I made a flower bed and some of the things came up nicely, but the mean old grasshoppers have eaten most of them. They have also taken our garden, all but the corn. We have corn four feet high. How is that for the middle of March? The hoppers are like those at home. But the worst thing we have to deal with is the driver ant. He is an enemy to be dreaded. You can have but little idea of the real thing from any description I can give. I had heard of the driver ants and always had a desire to see them. Now I am satisfied. They have made four visits. It gets tiresome and I hope they will soon postpone indefinitely their visits. They can bite like a bumble-bee. They differ in size. The guards and soldiers are very large and have pinchers like a crab. These they stick in to hold on by, and sooner than let go they will let you pull the body from the head. This is one of the vexations of the inland missionary.

Another annoyance is the way the natives come and gape at us through the doors, windows and indeed every crack they can find. We cannot keep them away. Now we would not object to a few at

certain times, but when they come by the hundred and are around all the time, we cannot get time to write or read. We have fun out of it, though. Our windows are hung from above and open in. We fixed one up with a catch which we can touch off with a string which runs over to the table. When we get a half dozen faces, then we pull the string and flop goes the window. Some get scared and run. Some think it has a witch. We laugh in our sleeves. We have to laugh sometimes at their fears and astonishment. One old fellow ran away when I showed him my fountain pen. They have a fear of a "book." Any piece of paper, written or unwritten, is called a book. They think it is medicine. One man came to swear one of his wives on our books. He was going away and wanted her to be true to him while gone. We laughed at him and he got mad. They are amazed at our tools. They have only knives, cutlasses, home made axes and hoes of a poor kind. When we use an augur, plane, or adze they are wild almost.

A SHORT TRIP.

Mr. Kerr and I took a trip five miles east one day. We passed some fine level land which looked very fertile. It would make good farming land if we only had a plow and a yoke of oxen. We saw, also, some fine scenery in the mountains. We found a blacksmith shop. It was a primitive affair, yet they had the idea and considering the tools they did well. One man was making an ax out of an old gun barrel. It took him all day, but what of that? There is iron ore back in these mountains and if they had tools and training they might accomplish a good deal. On this trip of five miles we passed through seventeen villages. You see how thick the people are. It is the same in all directions.

One interesting thing about the journey was the meeting of one of our boys and a sister of his. Ezom is our best boy. He went with us that day. He knew his sister was up there somewhere. She was sold when a mere child, and was taken away by her husband. She had never seen any of her people since. She did not know Ezom. When he told her she was completely overcome. He was overjoyed and rushed to his sister's arms. It was a touching scene. She led him away from the crowd which had gathered around that she might inquire about her father's house. She prepared food for Ezom and asked us if we would not have something. We had our lunch along and so could politely refuse. We could hardly eat the natives' food as they prepare it, anyway. When we returned she came part way along the path, as the custom of the country is, to send us on our way.

Another good this trip did, was to let the people know that we do not belong to this one clan, of which Mvondo is the great head. He

is out with nearly all other clans around here. We passed through towns where he cannot go, neither can they come here. The people were surprised to see us so friendly. They seem to think we are friends to Myondo, and enemies to his enemies. So, little by little, we are gaining the confidence of the people. It will eventually bring the clans together. Now the clans are at war constantly. We can do little until this is rectified. Pray that it may soon come.

THE DRIVER ANTS—A BATTLE ROYAL.

March 12, 1896.

One night in February we were aroused from our peaceful slumbers to receive our nearest neighbors, who came to pay us a visit in our new home. We were strangers in a strange land and they wished to give us a reception. We first heard them at the chicken coop. We took our lights and went out. It was a dark night and they, being dark skinned, were hard to see. But, like the bumble bee, they were easily felt. They did not run but made for us, and as we retreated they followed us into the house. You may think it queer that we should retreat before such an insignificant thing as an ant, but it is a fact. The Driver ant is the worst enemy we have. They came in an innumerable host. They went all over the house; into every crevice from roof to floor. The floor was black with them and we had to leave. Fighting them only made them worse. They are brave and will fight unto death. They are well organized and do their work systematically. They have theih soldiers who guard the path; they have scouts who hunt food, and they have workers and the home guard. When they reached our house, they were first up the walls and through the mats on the roof, chasing out every insect. If they catch the bug they kill him and let him fall to the floor, then when they have gone all over they come down and eat. When they finish they either go home or farther in search of food. When they start they all leave. You never see a straggler. They seemed to get a good fill that night for they returned about daylight. In the meantime we were running around in the dark hunting a place to stay. We were strangers and they took us in.

But after all we were glad they had come, for they killed all the troublesome cockroaches. We could stand a sleepless night for the pleasure of getting rid of the bugs. But lo, and behold, the second night after, they came again. We were warned of their approach, and built a fire all along the front of the house, but they did not stop for the fire. Soon heavy rains set in, but they did not stop for the rain. Mr. Kerr was prepared for a siege this time. He had a mos-

quito net which he hung over his bed, tucking the lower end under the bedding. We then lit all the lamps and candles so that we might see. He, and I, and the cat, crawled in at the hole at the side and pulled the hole in after us—we sewed it up. Mr. Fraser had gone to the logshed.

We took our reserved seats—a box right close to the stage of action—and watched the performance. We were scarcely inside when they began to crawl over that net, and Oh! how we trembled, for we were not sure of the net. Thicker and thicker they grew. They knew there was fresh meat near and they tried every corner. A few got in, and when we killed them, it made the others mad and they came in greater numbers. There must have been a million around the bed. They tried for two hours to get in, and then gave it up, and went down to help eat the prey. When they once go down they never go up again, so we crowded out of our retreat and watched them on the floor. They did not get much this time so they went on farther, returning in the afternoon. They take everything which cannot flee. Sometimes they will kill and devour fowls. They would eat a person.

MR. FRASER IN ACTION.

It seems ludicrous now to think of our experience. There were some funny things. We put our socks outside our trousers to keep them from crawling up inside. We could not stand still a minute but had to keep stamping. Mr. Fraser got some inside his clothes and it was a whole circus to see him hop around. Their bite is like the familiar touch of a hornet. It was raining outside and he had to hunt his umbrella. He had his hands full and could not open the door. If he stopped to pick one off a dozen others would get on so he just jumped up and down, and yelled, "gracious me!" "gracious Peter!" It was not a bit funny for him then, but he laughs over it now.

The newness of the affair soon wore off. Twice more they came, and we had to retire each time. We vowed vengeance if the opportunity lent itself. Yea, we sought opportunity and we found it. One morning we noticed them moving their eggs, and knew they were moving their home. Following the trail we at last located them right near our house under a stump. We waited until they were all in—it took them thirty-six hours after we discovered them. Part of the way they tunneled, and when the way was above ground, it was guarded by the soldiers, they forming a complete covering over the path, which was wide enough for ten to go abreast. We tried to count how many passed in a minute, but could not. They moved at the rate of nine feet a minute, ten abreast and as close as they could go.

When they were all in we began our work. We dug a trench around the stump and filled it with dry wood. Then we dug down

into the nest, stuffed in dry grass and wood, poured on a can of kerosene and touched a match to it. By this time the ants were out as thick as they could crawl, but they withered before the angry flames. When this burned out we put on more and kept it up for eighteen hours, but still they got the slip on us. They tunneled out under and removed some of their eggs. We discovered them the next day and burned them out in their new retreat. We succeeded in getting most of the eggs, but the number of ants seemed undiminished. Most of the soldiers were burned, however, and they now wander around without regard to order. They make no more raids but still they are around and every once in a while we get one up our trousers leg. We were strangers and we took them in. What the result will be is hard to tell. They are hard to deal with—harder than the Turks.

So we have had a house warming and we have returned the compliment. This is one of our pests. The grasshopper is another. They are quite numerous this year. Another is the bush rat, like ours only larger; one we measured was thirty inches, tail and all. Then there is the pesky little chigger, something like a flea, which gets into the feet. If left alone they make great sores. The natives are seriously troubled by them. We have to get out a search warrant every two days, and double up and hunt.

GLORIES IN HIS WORK.

Now I have told you of a few of the things which might go to make life a burden; but all the hardships really amount to nothing, we have so many pleasant things. True, we have to do without many home comforts but is it any worse to undergo hardships for the cause of Christ, than in serving one's country or self? Look how our forefathers suffered in order to establish homes for themselves! Look how our fathers and brothers fought and suffered to save the Union and free the slaves. Shall we not endure some few crosses in trying to free men's souls? Why is it that the adventures of Richard H. Davis in tropical America are lauded and given place in our best magazines? Or that Mr. Whitney should receive such praise for his daring, hazardous journey into "Barren Grounds" near the Arctic Circle, while the missionary is only criticised and called a fool; "he's throwing away his life, he is squandering the Lord's money, etc?" I have heard such remarks in Washington; but they have no weight with true Christians.

Oh, there is so much one can do here! These people have no light. They are in the blackest of darkness—as low as human beings can get. They fight and war continually, and have no written language. no schools, no church, no God. They have all nature can give and yet know not how to apply anything; for example, in moving a log in-

stead of using a lever, they know only enough to pick it up by main strength. No roads, no beasts of burden, no tools save those to fight with, no vehicle or machine. If they only had the Light in their souls and minds all other things would follow as they ever have in past ages to people equally as degraded. Shall we who have all these things deny them to our unfortunate brother?

We are all in excellent health and are enjoying the work. I do not expect to see another white face for a year or possibly two. It has been four weeks since we received mail and it will not come again until the middle of April. But we enjoy it all the more when it comes. You do not appreciate the mail service at home. I would not go back and leave my work here for the half of Washington county. There is a joy and blessing attached which the world can neither give nor take away.

I trust this will reach you by the 4th of July, so I close wishing you all a happy Fourth.

March 17, 1896.

Dear Parents:—Ezom is a Bulu boy from Efulen who is a Christian and can stand up in public and pray. Three years ago he was a raw heathen. So we see fruit already of the work at that station. He is very neat and cleanly. He not only does our cooking, but he carries water from the spring, washes, waits on the table and cares for the house. It is too much for him, but our house boy had to be turned off. We caught him stealing, and set him to work outside. After awhile we will get another boy. Our cook's name is Davis James Bitombi. I like him and hope we can keep him. You may be surprised when I tell you he gets but \$7 per month, and glad to get work at that. Labor is cheap, but most of it is dear after all. The great cost up here is transportation. Every pound brought up costs about twelve cents. For example, fish (dried), that costs five cents per pound at the beach, costs seventeen cents here. A can of peaches which costs twelve to fifteen cents at home, costs thirty-four cents here. If anyone of you should write me a letter weighing a pound it would cost twelve cents to have it carried from the coast up.

We had parrot soup yesterday. It was excellent. We see doves fly over many times a day, some times as many as fifty at once. I shot two with my rifle. A shot gun will not bring them for they are too tough skinned. They are very strongly built, and as large as a half grown chicken. From our front door I shot a bird measuring four feet from tip to tip. My rifle is a beauty.

EULOGIZES MR. KERR.

Now, I have said that Mr. Kerr is a carpenter. So he is by trade, but he is far more. He is the mainspring of the station. He can speak good Bulu, being on the field over three years. He does all the preaching. He talks all the palavers with the people. He has charge of the workmen. He is a true pioneer missionary, able to build and evangelize. He is teaching a number of boys the carpentering. He did not have his strong constitution weakened by a long course of study, and can stand a great deal. He has push and energy—sometimes too much for his own good in this climate. Next Monday he will start back to Efulen, to try to get our cargo up. He will take a number of men from here, and, if everything works out as planned, will have a caravan of at least 100. It will be a hard trip, for the rains have set in and the road will be very bad.

We have secured two ant eaters. You will remember the picture. They are covered with large scales. They have long tails and long tongues. I have the skin of one. It measures three feet from nose to tip of tail and has a tongue thirteen inches long. He ought to be a good talker. I am getting quite a collection of skins. I have two deer skins. One of the red and one of the antelope. Our sheep skins are very nice for rugs, having fine hair on. You should see the African flying squirrel. It is fully a foot across and eighteen inches long. The skin is very soft and fine. You would not like to see one of our blacksnakes, perhaps. The boys shot a young one the other day. It measured seven feet, six inches. What would a full grown one be like? The boys ate it. They eat everything which has meat on, even caterpillars.

Mr. Kerr and I went hunting on the mountain last week. It was an interesting trip. We each had a guide and separated, intending to meet on the top, but we did not meet. I returned home at 12 and he came at 5 p. m. He found a drove of monkeys and followed them from hill to hill until he shot one. I did not shoot anything. The brush is too thick and we made too much noise. We saw large birds, but away off. We saw plenty of tracks and beaten paths of animals, also their holes under rocks and stumps. But the best of all was the view from that high point. I found a precipice fully 200 feet straight up. I could look down into the tops of high trees and then on to our hill. Our house looked very small. Then over all, that great valley stretching for miles and miles ending in the mountain peaks beyond. I think it almost equaled anything I have ever seen. The boy with me talked with the boys at home, but it took us two hours to descend and cross the ravine. I found some beautiful spots. One large rock was covered with as fine begonias as I ever saw in any green house. I brought some home and set them out. I hope they will grow.

You have heard of the giant trees of California. Well, I will not try to beat the record, but we felled a tree today not fifty feet from our house. We feared it would fall on us, for the root was decaying. There was a hole through the trunk large enough for we three to pass together. The top was off. It was only a stump, yet when it was measured it was 120 feet long. There were scarcely any branches on it and it fell like so much lead. It crashed through every tree in its way and even tore great holes in the earth. This is only a small tree here. I told you this letter would be a ramble and so it is.

When we wanted to bake bread we had no bread pans, so Mr. Kerr made some out of old tin cracker boxes. They, too, are primitive, but they serve the purpose. I think I told you that all our dishes are enameled ware. I dreamed last night I was home and purchased a whole wagon load of things which we do not have. Quite frequently I take a trip of this kind.

MYONDO'S TRICK.

A short time back Myondo's boys began to clear on our ground. I was down and told them to stop. They did not. Mr. Kerr sent Ezom to the old fellow, telling him to stop immediately. It made him very mad. "To think of those three little white men ordering me, the great chief of Ebolewo'e, to stop work." The next morning, Sabbath, he came with all his sons, with their guns, of course, and wanted us to come out and he would tell us a thing or two. Again Ezom was sent out to tell him he could not see the white men that day. That afternoon, it is said, he sent for all his clan to come and help settle the palaver. By Monday morning he had cooled off a little. He wanted them to settle the matter privately, for he knew he was in the wrong, for the boundary was plainly marked on the trees. Mr. Kerr said no, he had talked about it in public, and now he must settle it in public. The public was called. He made a speech. Then Mr. Kerr lit in on him and told him what he thought of his majesty. He then told him what we would do. If Myondo wanted that particular piece of ground, then let him give as much on the other side and not try to steal it. He agreed and the result is we get as much more land, and we made him our friend again. So God makes the wrath of man to praise Him.

I enclose a small piece of cloth of native make. It is made of bark of a certain kind of wood. I am collecting quite a number of curios which will be of some interest to you some day, I hope.

NAMING OF STATION.

March 22.—Mr. Kerr goes in the morning with about thirty men. We have a name for our station at last. Heretofore it has had the name of the town. Elate, meaning "a covenant" between tribes and people, has been chosen. Mr. Fraser and I will be alone for three weeks and I fear we will want to hear from home by the time Mr. Kerr gets back. Five weeks ago yesterday I read your last letter of December 4th. All well. Love to all.

March 18, 1896.

Dear Brother Reed and Friends:—When I wrote last Mr. Fraser had just arrived and was sick, very sick. But Mr. Kerr did as well as a doctor could have done. He doped him with quinine and ipicac and some how the man got well. Mr. Fraser is now as strong as any of us. Ebolewo'e station presents a peculiar appearance at present. The development is slow, but it comes. Our house was first built right on the top of the hill. This is the center around which are clustered the various buildings. The kitchen joins on the south. The poultry house is only a few feet east. The work shed, where Mr. Kerr and the men will prepare the lumber for our permanent house, is to the north-east. In this shed, also, are piled the mats, bark and plank. On the north the workmen have their house and near them on the west is the log shed and saw pit where the planks are slowly and laboriously being turned out. The last thing built was what is called by the natives the "Sunday house," because Sabbath services are held there. It is only a shed open on three sides with poles along the sides for seats. This is not our church, but it serves that purpose now. It is a public house. The school is held there now. And two good services have been conducted in it. A week ago last Sabbath was the first regular service we have had. It was interesting in many ways.

DRESSED FOR CHURCH.

There were about 100 people present. It was hard for me to keep from bursting out laughing when some of them came in. They were "fixed up." Mr. Kerr had given Mvondo a suit of clothes. He did not wear them, but let one of his boys have the coat and trousers. They were eight sizes too large. Funnier still was a little girl of eight years who had the vest on. You can imagine the fit. Other striking costumes were out that day, but the most pleasing of all was the fact that two women departed from the usual manner and wore cloths. We have seen but one other woman do this since our arrival.

But notwithstanding all the laughable things there was a true spirit of worship. The people kept quiet throughout the service.

Ezom, a Bulu boy from Efulen, led in prayer. Our boys sang with all their might and I feel sure the worship from this hill rose to the Hill of God—Zion above. So this desert place is beginning to blossom and yield praise to God.

April 7, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—It is with a light heart that I write the "more later," for contrary to expectation we received mail yesterday, mail which was fifty-six days coming from the coast inland. Some letters were nearly four months on the way. One boy came from Efulen with it. It took him fourteen days, for he went a roundabout road, fearing to come the regular way. But it came and we were rejoiced. I received eleven letters, but no papers. Yes, I surely do want papers sent. How can I live without the Imprint?

A DARK PICTURE.

There are so many things to write about and I do not know what I have written already. I can never paint the scene as it really is. Oh, the misery and crime which surround us! Such ignorance! Such superstitions! A little over a week ago we were awakened by the firing of guns. When we arose we were told that a young man had died, and according to custom they were wasting a lot of powder. After breakfast I went down. It was a sad sight. They had just completed the "post mortem" examination. The dead body had been dragged out of the miserable hut on two sticks. A man then cut the body open to hunt for the witch that had killed him. After much cruel cutting he declared he had found the witch, then the cut was sown up. There he lay in the sun, the flies swarming, no covering but some leaves, while his grave was being dug just behind the house. They were digging with a pointed stick and throwing out with their hands. The hole was three feet long, eighteen inches wide, by three feet deep. The body was rolled in like a dog, some bark put on top, and then the dirt filled in. Such was the burial of a Bulu man. While this was going on the men were shooting, beating drums, and dancing. The noise was made to drive away the spirit or witch, which they were afraid would return and hurt them. I returned with a bleeding heart. I could not help but think, "where is he now?" And where are all these thousands going to spend eternity? I do not believe their punishment will be as great as that of civilized people who refuse to obey the gospel call, but their reward is sure, else I would not be here trying to teach them a better way. "Nothing but the blood of Jesus" can redeem a soul. They know Him not. Neither do any of these people around here. Oh, friends, there is such an immediate, urgent need

for the gospel! Pray for me that strength may be given me to learn the language and teach the dark skinned, dark souled race the way of life.

OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY.

Men, women and children gather around and peer in on all sides. Some come quite a long distance. One day three women came who had never seen a white man. They wanted us to come out and let them look at us. We went and stood patiently, while they gazed and stared with open mouth. I remember how I have stood in the zoological gardens and menageries and watched the animals. They seemed to be so disgusted at the many gazers who constantly surround their cages. I think I can now sympathize with them. I know I used to love to linger at the monkey cage and watch every move. Now I am the monkey, and a caged one, too. Some of these people come every day, and stay until they are sent away, and they just stand and gape at us. It is very hard on one's patience. They make very funny remarks sometimes. Everything is so strange to them. One day the crowd got into a big dispute. Mr. Kerr told me afterwards they were debating whether we had toes or not, some denying, others affirming. They sometimes ask if we are real men like they are. Some are afraid, and will run if we come near. Others are very familiar and get entirely too close for comfort. Sometimes we get a daub of red paint or grease from their bodies. If they do not have the paint they do have the grease. This grease is put on the hair, but so much is put on that it runs down over the body and they have to carry a little paddle to scrape it off and put it back on the hair.

We raised a flag pole today. It is forty-eight feet high and a very nice one. But the good old stars and stripes can seldom be found unfurled thereon. We are in German territory, so have to wave the flag of the country. On special days our flag will go up and sometime, perhaps, it will be put under the "Red, White and Black" of our adopted country.

I have told you something about Tom, the family cat. Well, he grows like a bad boy. He is only five months old, but nearly full grown.

HELP IN NICK OF TIME.

April 13, 1896.

Dear Brother Reed and Friends of Trinity Church:—In my last letter I told you that Mr. Kerr was going to Efulen. He left here the 23rd of March and returned the 9th of April. He took twenty men from Ebolewo'e as carriers and secured sixty from the beach, returning with a caravan of eighty. We were just out of everything so his

coming was timely. But best of all he brought Brother Ford with him. This was a great surprise to us and you cannot know how much good it has done us. He will be here about a week and will then return by a new route, going north to the government road, thence to the beach.

You should see our house as it is now. It was nearly full when Mr. Fraser came. Now we have the eighty new loads and another man and food for sixty men for nearly a week. We have the dirt floor covered with saw dust and it looks better. But we are comfortable and that is enough. We have a home and that is more than our Master had. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master."

We have had several unpleasant encounters with the old chief. The first was in regard to the boundary line between his town and ours. He cut the tree which marked one corner and then changed the line to suit his own tastes. We objected seriously and told him to keep off. His Bulu ire was stirred. He raged like a mad dog. His sons talked fight. It is reported that he sent to all the men near to come and help him. This was Saturday. We waited until Monday and then called a meetings of all the chiefs to settle the matter. Mvondo was somewhat cooled down, which made the affair easier. Mr. Kerr stated the facts and proved his statements by the marks on the trees. The men all saw it and agreed with us. Mvondo saw he was cornered and did not have much to say. Then Mr. Kerr said if he was so anxious to have that particular piece of ground, then let us have an equal amount on the other side. He agreed to this and so the land was measured off. After this was done he was very much pleased and renewed his friendship. He made a big speech to the chiefs telling them that the white man was all right. All went home happy. The result is that we have as much more land and the old chief is won back again. So the Lord causes the wrath of men to praise Him.

Another experience with the same individual was one morning while we were buying food. He came up to superintend affairs. He was told to go, but he did not until he was shoved and that not very gently. It was rather humiliating for there was a big crowd looking on. He got very angry over it.

Besides these special cases he is continually being crossed. He has had undisputed sway heretofore. He does not like the ways of the white man because he will not divide all his goods with their great chief. He considers himself the head man and as is the custom all the spoils must be divided with him. The white man does not agree with him on all these points. Nearly every day he asks for something. We humor him a great deal, but cannot go to the length he demands. We are looking for him to make a food law as they have done several times at Efulen. With all the rest we get along very well. If he was not such a big hog he, as well as we, would fare much better.

A SOCIETY OF YOUNG MEN.

I think I told you about the society of young men who are organized for plunder. If they could rob anybody so much the better. They had the idea that when they had that mud on they could not be killed. They used to make medicine out in a little hut in the bush. Sometimes they would stay all night out there carrying on their heathenish practices. They had large hats made of feathers, and wore bells, shells, or anything that would rattle. When they came around with these things on we always made fun of them. After a time they grew tired of being laughed at, so decided to get out of it if they could. Mvondo was at the head of this as well as all other things. He told them they could get out of it by paying him so much goods. They tried to get out the Sabbath before Mr. Kerr went to Efulen so that those who went with him could wear a cloth while at that station. But they did not bring enough goods for the old fellow and he told them they must wait. Nevertheless when at Efulen they did wear cloths, contrary to all precedent. They became thoroughly disgusted at the old chief's tyranny and decided to get out at once. I think Mr. Kerr had much to do in turning them against it. They were ashamed of the whole affair. Last Sabbath night they all went to their hut in the bush and made medicine, staying all night beating drums and dancing. The next morning they went to the creek and washed the mud off for the last time. Then they went up to Mvondo's palaver house and put on cloths. After that they had a big dance and the thing was finished. Now they all wear cloths and it is a great relief. There were some small boys in it. One about twelve years of age I have taken as my personal boy. He is a son of my "big friend" and is a very nice, clean boy. I hope I may be able to train him for our Master's service. We are very much gratified by the way the young men act. They are all fine fellows and if it were not for the old chap we would have only peace and good will continually.

There is one old man here who has one foot in the grave. He tells a story that makes one tremble for his future. He has murdered twenty-two people in cold blood. Ten when his brother died and twelve when his son died, that their spirits might accompany that of the one who died. This is very often done, especially when a big man dies.

MR. FORD'S VISIT.

I am getting along slowly with the language. Can talk some with the boys. There is so much outside work to do that it is hard to get time to put on the language. We are all well. Brother Ford's visit has been like medicine. It has put new life into us. I have not yet heard from any of you. Would be glad to get word from you.

April 14, 1896.

Dear Parents:—These seem to be days of surprises. You remember I told you there was no American mail in the last mail inland. Well, yesterday Mr. Ford found some in one of his large account books. There were five letters for me and four for Mr. Fraser. I want papers sent. I have been looking for papers ever since I touched Africa and have been disappointed every mail. Send all you can get your hands on. We do not have any daily papers up here yet. We are not ashamed to read last year's papers.

We are enjoying so much Mr. Ford's visit. He is quite jolly and we have a good deal of fun. He will leave in a day or two, returning by a new route. He will go north to the government road, thence to the beach. He is hunting a better road than that by Efulen. We do hope he will succeed, for the one from that station is very bad and unsafe for a caravan without a white man along. Even when the white man is there he must be on his guard. Mr. Kerr had to protect one of his men with his rifle to keep him from being killed. These poor black people have enemies all along the way. Even our big chief cannot go far in any direction. He would be killed. This is the reason we have so much trouble in getting carriers. Every one is afraid of his neighbor.

April 16, 1896.

Dear Parents:—Mr. Ford will leave tomorrow. He has been here one week, and it has been a very pleasant one for us. Mr. Fraser will accompany him until they reach the government station on the government road, three or four days' journey from here. You need not look for word from me until July. We will try to get mail through, but have little hope of being able to do so. Possibly I will try to get down to Efulen to get more goods. Mr. Kerr does not want to make so many trips for it is hard on one, neither do we want him to.

Mvondo has passed the law that the women cannot bring a certain kind of food called "kank" until we raise the price. We have decided that they will wait a long time. They think we cannot get along without it.

Our workmen have gone on a strike. You see, the works of the devil are manifest out here, as well as in a civilized country. At first all but five said they were going back to Efulen, thinking we would raise their wages. Mr. Kerr prevailed on three or four others to stay. The rest will be fired tomorrow. They cannot stay now if they want to. So our trials come and go. But we have our joys and our fun as well.

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

Yesterday we had a good laugh at Mr. Fraser's expense. One of the young ladies standing high in society circles asked him to marry her. We all took it as a good joke and made a good deal of fun out of it at her expense, all the rest of us urging her on. She did not get much satisfaction out of it. When she got tired she started home, asking for some food. Mr. Kerr told her to ask her man. She turned to Mr. Fraser and he gave her some. This seemed to give her new hope, for she came back last night and pressed her case very strongly. She was very much in earnest and seemed to be in great agony if he did not smile sweetly upon her. The thing grew quite serious, for her at least. We three were just roaring with laughter. Finally she left very much disappointed. But they say this is leap year, so we need not be surprised. The poor girl could not see the ridiculous side of it and she did not know what we were laughing at. But Mr. Fraser is not alone; we all have our admirers.

Mr. Ford has his camera along and has taken some pictures. I will send you some when they are finished. They will be finished in America and it will take some time. I hope they will be good for they are the first interior pictures. It is hard to get a good photograph of the natives for they are very much afraid. They say we are trying to kill them with medicine.

I made some garden yesterday, planting beans, beets, radishes, squashes, tomatoes, and a number of flower seeds. We hope to have something real nice after awhile.

Everything at the station is getting along all right. The school is still doing well. The church services are well attended. I counted six guns and a few clubs, besides knives and spears at church last Sabbath. It looks very primitive, but it is their usual way. They carry them everywhere they go. I am perfectly well as far as I know. I have no pains nor aches. Please give my regards to all the friends.

April 25, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—In writing this letter now I am aware of the fact that it will not leave here for about a month, but when I have so many to write it is necessary for me to begin early.

At this writing everything is moving along smoothly. I spoke of the food law the old chief was trying to put on us. Well, it lasted but two days. The old fellow is now sitting at my side watching the machine talk. He is in a good humor again. He is as changeable as the wind. The least thing in his tyrannical path will throw him off on the side track. A very small ruffle will capsize his shallow bark, and then there is a great splattering, indeed. We are not much afraid of

his talk, for we have all the other head men in the region on our side. His power is not so great as it was when we came up. Perhaps a little explanation of a Bulu town will help you to understand his situation and something of our surroundings. I think I told you a little.

DESCRIPTION OF MVONDO'S TOWN.

Ebolewo'e is one of the largest I have seen. A description of it will give you an idea of all. It is made up of a number of small towns built in a long row. "Jal" is the name given to the small parts and "Nlam" is that which embraces the whole. There are nineteen "Jals" in this town. Mvondo has the largest, having perhaps fifty houses in which live his many wives and children. As long as he lives, all his sons will live with him whether married or not. When he dies, all who are married will go and start towns of their own. Thus the new towns are started. My "big friend," Nloze, has the next largest, having forty houses and about twenty wives. He has fourteen sons married and living with him. Some of the others have as many as twenty houses, but most of them are small. Sometimes they join closely; others are twenty rods apart. Mvondo is not only head man of his own town, but is chief of all this collection of towns. Nloze is next in power. The chief usually has great authority. But here he is too tyrannical, and the others do not do just as he says always. Nloze is as decent as any man can be. He comes up to see us often. He comes in and takes a stool. He looks around at the things for a while, then goes. He looks at what we show him and is satisfied. He asks for nothing. When we give him anything he is grateful. Mvondo is just the reverse. Every time he sees us he asks for something. Today he asked for a gun, a cloth, medicine for a poor fellow who has strained himself in lifting, and when he came in he asked us to show him all the goods we brought up by the last caravan. Small requests for a chief! And then he gets out of humor if they are not granted. He goes away and talks how mean we are. Nloze is our staunch friend and will not listen to his prattling.

Our hill is in the center of the town. When it was bought it was at one side, but they have moved part of the town. Mvondo is north and joins us. One Jal is north of him. All the rest are south. So we are in the midst of life. Two, three, and four miles on all sides there are other towns, large and small. You will get a good idea of what a "Jal" looks like from one of the pictures I send you. It is Nloze's town looking up to our hill, which can be seen in the distance. A long street with houses on each side. Just back of the houses are their plantain and banana trees, stretching their long broad leaves up to the sun. In the morning and evening there is no protection what-

ever, for all the trees are cut out of the street, i. e., all the good shade trees. They do have a few shrubs or an oil palm tree sometimes.

HOW BANANAS GROW.

I believe I told you that plantains grew on a species of the palm tree. Well, that was a sad mistake. Plantains grow on plantain trees. Bananas grow on a species of the plantain. There are some things about the banana which might be of interest to you. There are four varieties here. Some which I never saw at home and which are far better than I ever ate there. I supposed that we could leave them on the tree until they were ready for use, but it is not so. They are taken from the tree and hung up in the house for a few days or a week or two weeks. There is but one bunch on a tree and the tree is cut down to get the fruit. It is the same with the plantain. The tree grows very rapidly. The sprouts which start up around the roots are set out any time during the rainy season and in one year they are ready for use. They are ripening at all seasons, so we have them fresh all the year. The natives do not think much of the banana. The plantain, however, is important, for it serves the place of bread in this country. The tree grows about twelve or fifteen feet high, and is from six to ten inches in diameter at the base. It is very soft and watery, not as hard as a corn stalk. We have over 400 plantain and banana trees on our hill. They are very pretty. The leaves are from four to eight feet long and from one to two feet wide. They are a bright green and as they wave gently in the mountain breeze, they make a beautiful appearance. We expect to have them all around our hill. The natives can live on plantain alone. They have other things, however, and fare better on a variety. It is very hard to get time to study. Every day we have so many visitors.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

Batanga, May 15, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—Man may plan, but God overrules. I wrote you a letter April 25th in which I stated that it would not leave the station for a month. But I carried it myself to the beach within ten days. When I went up, I fully expected to stay two years without seeing a white man except my two companions. I did not expect to get mail oftener than every three months. So we may plan. So we look for hardships. But all things have changed. I am now at the coast, sent on special business. I will state briefly the cause of it all and then tell of my rapid march of about 175 miles through the bush.

You will remember that I told you that Mr. Fraser accompanied Mr. Ford on his return trip from Elate station, intending to go to Lolodorf, the government station, and then return from there. They took two guides, but they proved a hindrance rather than a help. The guides led them five days out of the way, taking them to Bipindi, a place on the government road only two days from the sea. Here they separated, Mr. Ford returning to the coast and Mr. Fraser going back to Lolodorf, being eight days reaching that station. He rested there over Sabbath and then with his four carriers started for Elate by a new direct road. All went well until within five hours of Elate, he came into a hostile tribe where he was robbed of three loads and his Winchester rifle, the chief taking the rifle and leveling it at him. With his revolver he succeeded in scaring the heathen away, but it was dangerous business. He passed on to the next town and here twenty-five or thirty savages came at him with guns, knives and spears, trying to get the remaining load. He drove them back with his revolver and succeeded in getting home that night, being only three days returning from Lolodorf when it took him eight days to reach it. So the matter stood. What should we do? We talked and planned. The officials must be told at once. Who must go? Mr. Fraser could not after his hard tramp and experience. Mr. Kerr was needed at the house building, so it was decided much against my will that I must go as rapidly as possible, first to Lolodorf and tell the officer of the robbery and attempted murder. Then they thought best for me to go on to Kribi and see the District Commander, then to Batanga, and return with a caravan which had to go inland in May or June. This was on Thursday, April 30th. I began preparing for the journey at once, and left Elate Monday, May 4th. I could not go through the hos-

tile country. I did not want to follow Mr. Fraser on his roundabout road. I thought there must be a cross road somewhere if I could find it, and for this path I started to hunt. I had thirteen men with me, six of whom had loads. They gave me much trouble all the way. I wanted to go fast, and they all hung back. I wanted to cut across, and they wanted to go around. I had to be very harsh with them once. They came to a fine town at 1:40 p. m. and they said they would go no farther. I arose on my dignity, put the loads before my best men and ordered them to march on. They were a little afraid of me for I carried a Winchester in my hand and a large revolver in my belt. I guess I must have looked very cross. At last they all grabbed their loads and trotted off. I will give a little sketch of the route showing the relative positions of the different stations and the course I took, as well as that taken by Mr. Fraser. As near as I could judge from what I could hear, Lolodorf was two days west and one or two north from Elate. So I went northwest two days on the same road that Mr. Fraser took. At a town called Melan where I stayed the second night, I heard of a road leading north to Lolodorf. So I hired a man to go part way and show it to us. He led us all right as far as the Bulu towns go but I could get no one who would show me across the long stretch of forest separating the Bulu from the Ngamba people. I got the general direction of the town I wanted to find, and, with compass in hand, started out at the head of my men to pick out the path. Many times we came to cross roads and forks, but God led us straight through without a mistake. It was a great relief to me to get into the Ngamba country for they are much more civilized than the Bulu. We found a Gaboon man who spoke good English. We found several coast people. The people were cleaner and better dressed. I was given a good house in which to sleep. The people had never heard the gospel, but had heard of it. They came and asked me to preach to them. I was weak in flesh but did the best I could. I spoke English to a Batanga man who was with me. He spoke in his language and a Mebaye translated that to Ngamba. They listened very attentively and wanted more. So for the first time they heard about God and His love to fallen man. The next morning at 9 o'clock I reached Lolodorf, being three days and a third on the trip. The distance is, I think, fully eighty miles. I stopped with a Russian trader, for the officer at the station was sick. Was treated very nicely. I paid my visit to, and did my business with the officer, who promised to see that the goods would be returned and the offenders punished. I then spent the day looking around. Lolodorf is a beautiful place. From the station there is a grand view, I think equal to any I have ever seen. It is all mountain scenery.

WICKEDNESS OF TRADERS.

Here I had a good visit, but was grieved at the wickedness of the traders. They do everything that is bad, and teach the natives the bad things, also. I left Lolodorf on Friday morning for Kribi on the coast north of Batanga. The road was good, having been cleared all the way. Most of the way it was shady and we made good time. We reached Bipindi Saturday at 2 p. m. and as this was the last town before reaching the coast I put up for the Sabbath. I stopped with an Accra man who was trading there. He speaks good English and is a very nice man. On Sabbath day I held services. The people said when I had finished, "What you say is good. We like it. But when you go we will forget what you say. Who will come to stay with us that we may hear God's words all the time?" But there is no one to send. Oh, for more workers. They have no rest day. Would that some one could live there and teach them. On Monday morning at a quarter of 6 I was on the march. After a hard tramp we stopped in a shed in the woods for the night. It rained hard, but I did not get wet. At 5:30, while it was yet dark, I left my shed and started on my last day's tramp. A heavy rain came up at 11, and I was soaking wet. I reached the custom house at Kribi at 12:45, took dinner and changed my wet clothes for dry ones, then I took a sail boat for Batanga, reaching there between 3 and 4 p. m., May 12th. I was well except my left ankle. It was swollen and sore. It is better, however. I am all right now.

I found the English steamer in port just ready to leave. Mr. and Mrs. Schnatz had gone off to go to Gaboon on account of sickness. Mr. Roberts was sick in bed. So at present the force is small. Mr. Hickman, Mr. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and Miss Nassu. Mr. and Mrs. Gault, and Miss Babe have gone home on a furlough.

The English steamer brought no mail this time, and the mail of the previous ship has been sent on to Efulen. However, yesterday we received mail from the German steamer, bringing me five letters from the home land.

I expect to leave here on the 25th with a large caravan accompanied by two soldiers. I am now preparing my loads. Will write more before I go. Steamer may come any day. Good-bye for the present.

DEATH OF MRS. ROBERTS.

June 16, 1896.

Mr. F. H. Amerman, Pres. Y. P. S. C. E., Montclair, N. J.

My Dear Young Friends:—My last letter was written at the beach, telling of my journey down. I did not leave when I expected to. On the 22d of May I was taken down with the fever, but not a

serious one, being in bed only five days. The day I got up Mrs. Roberts was taken down. You have been informed of her sad death. It was my privilege to witness it. I call it a privilege because of the blessing I received. There were only five of us there, but I am sure we were all drawn nearer our blessed Lord than ever before. It was a sad sight to see one so young cut off in the midst of her work, but it was a thing to make one rejoice to see her pure life ebb away in perfect peace, and her spirit return to the God who gave it where she would see no more sorrow and suffering. She was ailing some Wednesday, but her first hard fever was on Thursday, about 3:00 in the afternoon. From that on to within two hours of her death on Saturday at 12:00 she suffered greatly, yet not a word of complaint did we hear. She had such a noble, Christian character, Her life was sacrificed for others. She was overburdened with her medical work, yet her heart was so filled with love for the poor heathen that she could not turn them away.

Miss Nassau was the only woman near, so we men had to do most of the work, for Miss N. was not well. It was with sad hearts that we made the coffin and laid her cold form in it. She was buried on Sabbath morning by the side of Mrs. Laffin's grave. Their history in Africa is so near alike, each being seventeen months on the field, living in the same house, dying in the same room, and in their last resting place, lying side by side. God grant that we all may serve Him as faithfully as these two whom He has called on before.

GOES BACK TO ELATE.

The day after the burial, June 1st, was a busy one for me. With the assistance of Bros. Hickman and Roberts, I gave out loads to about 60 men and secured 24 others to take loads from Efulen. At 7 o'clock June 2nd, I left Batanga with my eighty-four men. As there is no danger for carriers between the beach and Efulen I did not wait on them but pushed on ahead, making the 70 miles in three days. The weather was fine and the path fairly good, so I made good time. The last day I tramped twenty-eight miles. This would be fast traveling on foot at home, I trow. I found the people at Efulen all well, including the Doctor's baby girl, now three month's old. This little one is the center of attraction at the station, and in fact in all the country around. She was a great curiosity to the Bulu. It is rather amusing to hear some old chief ask how much he would have to pay for her. They cannot separate their heathen ways from the white man. It is their custom to buy their wives when very small. With them a woman is a woman, no matter what her character, color, age, or previous condition. She represents so much real estate and sometimes not so very real, either, for they often run off with a better looking man.

GRAVE OF DR. GOOD.

Dr. Good's grave looks very nice with the new tombstone. There is a hedge of pineapples around it and inside the hedge on either side of the grave there is a nice rose bush. Mrs. Johnston had just lately decorated it with ferns and flowers. I stopped at Efulen only three days but in that time I could see how the Lord was working among those people. Surely the seed sown there has borne good fruit. There are 35 in the inquiry class, some of whom are men. Two of the men are attending school and when Bulu men come down to the point of going to school, they mean something by it, for they ridicule the idea at first. There are a number of true Christians now and Dr. Johnson thinks the time has come for the organization of a church. They have a good Sabbath school which is well attended. Altogether the work is very encouraging.

Monday morning my troubles with the carriers began again. At home you have but little idea how much trouble eighty black men can cause when one tries to control them. I had ten boys from Ebolewo'e with me. They told me they could not go the real road, but I must take the whole caravan around by a bush path. I settled them by taking their loads and sending them away at once. Then when we were all ready to start we began giving out the food for the road. We wanted each man to take six kank, food for three days. Sixty of them said they would take only three. I told them they could go back to the beach then. So they untied their loads and started, thinking they would scare us, but we would not scare. In half an hour they came back and took their loads. This made us very late in starting, not getting away until after one o'clock. Mr. Johnston accompanied me three days. After this they were more decent and did not give me any trouble. All along the way I was treated nicely by the people. It did not rain but the path was very bad. Every day I waded mud and water to my knees, but Saturday at 10 we reached Elate.

I hope the day will soon come when a caravan can come through without one of us at their heels. But now it would be impossible. We hope some generous friend at home will become interested in this road and cut a good path. It would not cost over three hundred dollars, and that amount would be saved on the cost of transportation in a few years. But this is just by the way.

When I reached Elate I found Mr. Kerr in bed with the fever, where he had been for ten days. He is now up and rapidly improving. We think he worked too hard on the new house. When I left six weeks ago there was not a stake in the ground, but now the two brethren are moved in. Of course the whole house is not done but two rooms are nearly completed, and all the roof and outside walls are on. This is going to be a fine house, but I will tell you

about it when it is finished. Things look rather rough around here yet, but when the building is completed we hope to fix up the grounds.

Brother Amerman asks if there is anything that would be a help that your society could send out. Since the question is asked, I will make one suggestion. At Efulen they have a Baby Organ which is a great attraction to the people. Every Sabbath after services they gather around the house to hear it. It is carried to the church and adds much to the singing. I brought another up with me for Mr. Johnston. One man was able to carry it. One of these would be a help to our work here, I think. If you see fit, send one out; if not, well and good. I am sure it would draw the people to our services, for they come for miles to hear my guitar. This is merely a suggestion in answer to your question.

There is nothing new about the work now. All things are moving along all right. The people are getting more troublesome about coming in the house and bothering the boys and workmen. We just have to drive them out. They take some things but not many, considering the kind of people they are.

I was delighted to get Mr. Amerman's letter. I hope some one will delight me in the same way. Do not forget to pray for us. Pray especially that the Holy Spirit may work upon these poor people.

THE MISSIONARY A PLANTER.

June 18, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—We kept three men here for three days to give us time to write and send to the beach. They will go tomorrow, so I will send a few lines. I am still well. Mr. Kerr is better, and I think will be out in a few days.

You will remember I told you that I had planted some seeds. Well, part of them grew. Today we had radishes and beans and our flowers are just fine. Some of the flowers will not go to seed, but as long as they keep on blooming we are satisfied. I brought some orange and bread-fruit trees up with me; other seeds also, among which are ten cocoanuts. We want to plant all the trees we can, so that we can have plenty of fruit without having it carried all the way from America.

Did I tell you that I brought another cat up? Her name is Bridget. She is as cute as Tom was. Tom is now a great big fellow, and will not play like he did. I guess he thinks he has become a man and he, man like, wants to put away childish things. They keep the rats away and well earn their board.

The people have been more bold than they were. They will

insist in coming in where they are not wanted. We forbid them coming in the kitchen and into our house, but they will come in. Sometimes when we tell them to go out, they will not go until they are shoved and then they get mad. We hate to treat them so, but if we give them an inch they take a mile. They have stolen some things and we have to be strict about it. They would take everything we have if they were not afraid. Four of the old chief's wives ran off the other day, and it made him so mad that he caught a man and tried to cut his throat and would have done so if Mr. Kerr and Mr. Fraser had not interposed. They care nothing for killing a man. They seem to like the sight of blood. But the boys are real nice. We get along well with all the young people. The school is doing well. Our only hope is with the young and our work with them is very hopeful.

It is nice to get on a board floor once more. I can tell you now that the novelty soon wore off the old dirt floor and the rough house. We were thoroughly tired of it and we will know how to appreciate the good house when we get it. We kept four beach men to work for us, so we have four men that know a little English.

You are now having warm weather and we are at the beginning of the cool. You will suffer more from the heat than we will. The sun at noon casts a shadow on the south side. The dry season is here. What it will be like I do not know. I must close. With love to all. Affectionately, your son and brother.

EIGHT DAYS' DOINGS.

July 24, 1896.

Dear Friends:—Perhaps you can better understand my work if I tell you the happenings of a week as I would write them for a diary. You may get something which would not be thought of in a letter long after the things have transpired. I will take eight days, beginning June 21st. We are living in the new house, which is only partially completed. I will speak only of my work, not of that of the other brethren unless it directly concerns me.

MVONDO AGAIN.

Sabbath, June 21.—A bright morning. The sun rose from behind the mountains in a clear sky. The first one up gave the food to the cook, and in due time we had breakfast. Just after breakfast as we sat near the window overlooking the forest we noticed a tree in which was a flock of wild pigeons; but it was Sabbath and we could not go out to shoot. Soon Mvondo, the chief of Ebolewo'e came in. He

had a palaver to talk. He wanted to know what was the matter with us that we did not give him more goods. The start of it was this: On Friday he gave us a goat, then, according to Bulu custom, he sent for the goods for it. This is what they call friendship. They give a fowl or a goat, then in a few days they ask three or four times as much as the gift is worth, and they call you mean if you do not give it. Well, Mvondo sent the same evening for his goods. We paid no attention to it. On Saturday evening he sent again, and when we did not heed, he sent his oldest son, whom he thought, no doubt, we would reverence, and through him he demanded the goods. Our patience was already well tried with the old fellow, and we just sent the goat back to him. It was a hard blow on the old fellow. The like had never been heard of in all Bulu, and especially to a king. He immediately sent the goat back to us with an apology. So Sabbath morning he came in all his dignity to find out why we had treated him thus. We only made fun of him and gave him no satisfaction. We hated to tell him outright that it was on account of his mean behavior and avariciousness.

At 9:30 we went to services in the shed we had built for that purpose. There are no seats in it, so the people sit on the ground. There were about a hundred there. I took my guitar and played the first time in church. The people like it very much, and it is a good drawing card. I cannot play, but they think I can, so it is just as well. In the afternoon we sang and read some. Mr. Fraser went to a town east of Elat. I sang with the boys in the evening. Some lazy Bulu men came in the boys' house and demanded food. The boys appealed to me, and I drove them out with a stick, for they bother us greatly in this way.

As the day was drawing to a close we heard the people below us making a loud noise—hallooing and screaming—long and prolonged. We heard that two towns were fighting over some stolen goods. Knives, spears and clubs were used freely. Men, women and children fought. But this is the usual, not the unusual, in this dark land. As these sounds died away, darkness came on, and the day was finished.

Monday, June 22.—A cloudy morning. The sun did not show himself all day. A cloud rested over the borders of Ebolewo'e, both in the heavens and in the heart of the great chief. At the station all things went on as usual. First, at 6:30, morning prayers were held for all the boys and workmen. We meet in the workshed. While at breakfast the boy who waits on the table told us that Mvondo had called a big palaver of all the head men of Ebolewo'e. The boys were excited over it, for they were afraid of Mvondo. Afterward we learned that he had called the palaver to get all the head men to unite with him in demanding more goods of the white man. He expected about

one-half for himself, but he had received very little. It is our custom to give the head men a little now and then, to keep them on good terms; but Mvondo had been so mean, that we did not give him as much as one of the others. He also complained that his women had not been getting more for their food than other women, and his sons were treated just the same as others. He failed to get the head men to join him, and he was afraid to try it alone, so he went home with a sore head. So the cloud did not burst, but was carried away by contrary winds. During the day I studied some on the language. In the evening while out on the garden planting some paw-paw and orange seeds, the boys challenged me for a clod fight. I took them up and how the clods did fly for a while. No one got hit, however. It all ended by my catching each one in turn and gently applying the palm of my hand to the place where their trousers ought to be, had they any. The boys enjoy a good play with us. In the towns they do not play for if they do, and anyone gets hurt they all take it up and fight even the fathers and mothers joining in. We try to introduce some games on the mission hill for them.

This afternoon a fight took place near the station. A stranger was passing along, and a man of the town grabbed his gun. Soon a score of men were fighting over that gun. Our boys even got their guns and clubs and went out, although they had no part to take. They seem to enjoy a fight, but somehow they never get hurt. They are great cowards.

THE MISSIONARY AS A BARBER.

Tuesday, June 23.—Nothing of importance happened today. In the p. m. I cut hair for a change—cut both Brother Kerr's and Fraser's. We have to be our own barbers. Would that we could order a dozen hair cuts sent out C. O. D. We bought a goat and killed it, keeping part, and giving the rest to the men and boys. This is one of the luxuries up here. We get sheep and goats cheap and they are very good. The sheep especially are fine—just like venison. It is a relief to get something fresh. The tins get so old.

Wednesday, June 22.—The day was almost wasted. While we are so cramped for room and the men are all around and need watching every minute, it is hard to do anything in the line of study. We give up trying, and pitch into the work most of the time, feeling that our house is the most important thing just now. Today we hung our new bell, temporarily, and it is a great attraction to the people. Mvondo and Nloze both called. At night I copied one of the Bulu songs and sang with the boys. They do love to sing and they sing well.

Thursday, June 25.—After prayers and breakfast I took the coconuts which I brought from the beach and put them to soak near the spring. We are trying to introduce all the fruit trees, that we may

not be dependent on tins altogether. Studied and read some. Mr. Kerr cut out coats of "many colors" for two boys whom we have at the station. They are favorites and we try to dress them a little differently from the rest. We showed them how to sew and work button holes. In this country the men do the sewing. It is not necessary for the women to know how to sew, for they wear no clothes that need sewing, and by the time the boys need any, they are able to sew their own.

Friday, June 26.—Studied most of the forenoon. A middle aged man, who feels his importance more than we do, came into the front yard where we do not wish people to come. He was curious to see the bell and even rang it. This we did not like, for it is not for a play thing. I told him to go away; but he said he had come "to see." Again he was told and he answered in a tone as much as to say, "I came and I am going to see." Splash! went a pan of water which took him from head to foot, and Mr. Kerr appeared on the scene and told him a thing or two which he did not digest for about three hours. We have to do things like this sometimes, or be trampled upon. Talking will not always answer when they take a notion to see something even in the house.

Late in the evening our boys told us that they had discovered some one stealing mats. The man threw them down and ran, but we found that he was from Mvondo town. We quietly waited till the next day.

Saturday, June 27.—At morning prayers, Ezom, one of the boys from Efulen, led in prayer. This is very encouraging. Pigeons were seen in a close tree and Mr. Kerr, the crack shot at Elate, went with his gun. He came back with a bird. The wild pigeons are very beautiful, as well as good to eat. After breakfast Mr. Kerr went to talk the palaver about the mat stealing. The old chief could not deny the fact, and, there being no jails here, all troubles are settled by paying goods. The result of this was that he paid us a goat for the stealing his men had done. Nloze was there and helped us out. Accordingly in the evening we sent him a small gift. Ezom's girl came to sell food, apparently, but I think she came to see her lover. Ezom is trying to buy her and she has to seem a little anxious about now at least, and I believe there is a little love in this affair, though usually there is none in Bulu marriages. The dowry amounts to about \$35 in our money.

A LEPER GIRL.

Sabbath, June 28.—We rang the bell at 7 to let the people know it was Sabbath, for the Bulu do not now when the Lord's day comes. Again at 9 the bell was rung, and at 10 we all went to the "Sunday house." There were about 125 present, at least one-half of whom were children. They listen real well now, except in prayer. They get scared sometimes, and usually make a noise. Mr. Fraser conducts morning service. The children were delighted with my guitar, and it seems to add to the services. In the afternoon I took my guitar and went down into the towns. I first came to two old men who are too feeble to come to church. They had never heard or seen anything like the guitar. They acted like children, clapping their hands and laughing. They hugged me and said it made their hearts feel good. They tried to get me to stay, but on a promise to return I went on. I stopped and sang at several places and the people gathered around. Some brought me fowls as presents, but I told them not for playing and not on the Sabbath. (The next day two were brought). I was returning with a glad heart, when I discovered a little hut in the bush at the side of the road. On inquiry I learned that it was the home of a little leper girl. I went to see her and it was a sad sight—a girl not over ten, covered with leprosy, living all alone in the bush so sad and lonely, no one to play with, no one to talk to, and not able to read, the time must pass slowly, indeed, for her. I played some for her but could not bring a smile to her face. She talked in such a mournful tone and looked, oh, so sad. I pitied her and hope some day to be able to tell her of Him who cures leprosy of the soul. I have seen three lepers since we came here. This girl received but little attention. The evening shades were gathering and I returned to the station with a sad heart.

July 27, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—Another month has passed since I wrote. It has passed very quickly for we have been busy. I have turned carpenter and have been very busy trying to help with the house. Mr. Kerr has not been well since his sick spell, and tomorrow he intends to start to Efulen and may go farther if the doctor advises. A caravan will get here the first of September if all goes well. We are just out of some things and its coming will be welcomed. Our bread stuff is nearly gone, but we have plenty of rice. We always have enough of something, so there is no fear.

We have the large central room done, and we now have plenty of room for our stuff. Two rooms are yet to do, then Mr. Kerr has to make the doors and part of the windows. We have eighteen men at

work, but they are equal to about four or five at home. We have been trying to make paths or fences and have done a little grading. We want things to look as well as possible for two reasons. First, that it may be more homelike, and second, for an example to the people. They take no interest in trying to beautify their homes or towns. We can do more by example than by any other way, I think.

EZOM BACKSLIDES.

A dark cloud hangs over the station now. We are somewhat discouraged, for the boys we had most trusted have proved faithless. You have heard me speak of Ezom. He has been with the mission ever since it started. He and another boy who have been working at the carpentering, and we have trusted them in everything, but we found to our sorrow that they have been stealing from us for some time. We saw that they were eating fowls and other things which we did not buy. We also saw them gambling with goods that we never gave them. We made a raid on their house and found about \$35 worth of goods. Ezom had been buying food for us, and he had helped himself to what he wanted. We have no jail in this country, so we fined them heavily. They seem to be sorry and will hardly look us in the face. They want to return to Efulen, and will go with Mr. Kerr. There were eight of them in the same house. They all had a guilty knowledge of it, but they did not all steal. We are sorry, for they have been such a help to us in the school and in buying. The people of this place are doing real well now.

My guitar still draws. I play it in church and go to the towns and they all enjoy it so much. The last letter I have received from you was written the 10th of March.

August 24, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—At last we have heard from our native land. Mr. Johnston arrived on Saturday, August 22d, with a caravan of eighty-five men. Mr. Kerr stayed at Efulen and will come up in September if the Lord will. It is needless to say we were glad to get the mail. Your former letter was written the 10th of March and from that time to the 22d of August is a long while not to receive any mail at all. But such is life in this neck of the woods. We learn how to appreciate letters out here. And such a stack of them! They are not all read yet. I am in my own room which is a nice one. Perhaps I think so because I built the most of it. At last my bedstead is finished, and I think it will pass in Africa. As Mr. Kerr will not be back for a month, I will take it a little easier and study the language some

DELIGHTS IN HIS BOOKS.

Another thing which pleases me much is to see my books here. They all came with Mr. Johnston. All my possessions are here now except those left at the beach for use when I go there. After this our caravans will not be so large, for all our personal goods are here, and we have a supply of provisions which will last for months to come. However, we will have to bring trade goods constantly, also provisions now and then.

I made my first attempt in public prayer in Bulu a few days ago, and the boys say they can understand me. It was a poor attempt, but I was glad to be able to make a start. Mr. Johnston speaks the language well, but he has been at the old station and has put most of his time on the study of it.

Just now a stranger came in to see my room. He was afraid of my typewriter. He wanted me to swear one of his women on "the book." She had been stealing some of his goods, and he thought if he could get her to swear over a book she would be afraid to do so again. He was delighted with my guitar and when he went away he said we were big friends. It was a funny sight to see him as he went down the path with thirteen of his wives following. It made quite a train and he was the proudest man in all Bulu.

The white ants got into Mr. Fraser's books and ruined them, but mine which were at the same place were not touched. I had mine wrapped in tarred paper and this accounts for it, I suppose.

I received a letter from Rob and a picture from their boy. He is a pretty good looking namesake. I will try to write them later. You may expect mail again in about a month.

September 7, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—In your recent letters you ask a whole generation of questions which I will now try to answer.

Do we have a cook? Yes. He is a Batanga man by the name of Bitombi. A small, black, stoop shouldered fellow of about fifty corn-eatings (twenty-five years). For nine years he was the cook's mate and afterwards cook for the French Governor at Gaboon. I do not know whether the Governor was troubled with dyspepsia or not. This has nothing to do with our cook at present, however. He does things a little different from what "my own mither" used to do them, but this might be said of many good cooks, in my estimation, and this is casting no reflection on the coming generation of cooks. Perhaps if some golden haired maiden should bake cookies and put right in the center a spoon full of cranberry sauce, they might taste just as good as mother's old flap jacks. But this is an unknown quantity out here,

and Bitombi cannot reach the golden haired variety. But our cook can be excused for not doing some things, for he has no stove and the out-oven is a poor contrivance. Most of our cooking is done in pots. We have a large box of dirt on which the fire is built and over which there are some iron bars. On these the pots are placed and some times the frying pan. The kitchen is forty or fifty feet from the house and we have a shed walk to it. Bitombi is the lord of the kitchen. He is the best and most trustworthy black man we have. He has never told a lie to us, something very unusual for these people, nor taken a thing that we know of. When we want to go away for a short time, we leave him in charge of everything. He has not failed but once since he came in February and that was last Sabbath evening. He went to a town east of here and did not get back until dark when we were eating a cold lunch.

The subject of cook naturally brings up the question you ask about bread. We have flour carried up and our bread is made from it. Some times the bread is good, but more often it is not good. This is not so bad when we have plenty of crackers. Unfortunately we have been without them for some months. We have a corn mill coming and we hope to have corn bread. The women grind corn between two stones, as they used to do in Bible times, and they can grind a large quantity in a short time, too. They soak it first, however, and use it right away. Every woman has a grinding stone.

You ask how much did my voyage cost. That I cannot answer correctly for I do not know. I did not have to bother with that. We had one man appointed by the Board to carry the "bag" who paid all bills. The ticket from New York was something like \$200. Then there were other expenses, especially while we were in England. The Board does all it can for the comfort of the Missionary. They have an agent in Liverpool who looks after the baggage and tickets, and helps us while in that city.

How far am I from the desert? You have better means of finding out than I have. Get an atlas and measure. My guess would be from 900 to 1,000 miles. I have not yet seen any sand in the air from there.

Who is Mr. Ford? He was the Mission treasurer, a layman of some experience in bookkeeping. He is an excellent young man. He has gone home on a furlough and I hope you will get to see him.

Would I like to have you send me a donkey? Now you strike me on a weak spot. Only one thing in the live stock line would tickle me more. We have been considering the advisability of getting a number of donkeys for the inland work. As yet the roads are not fit, but in the near future we do hope to have a way of getting around without walking so much. You could not send one from home, however. They can be had at the islands on the way down. I think the donkey better rest for a while yet. Thanks all the same.

We did try monkey meat once for an experiment. It was all right but we did not like the idea. It was most too much like cannibalism.

Bitombi, the cook, does my washing. He puts the things in a box and goes to the brook and washes them in running water. It takes lots of soap this way, and the clothes get yellow after a time. Patent machine? No, we have not even a tub, and very few buckets. One thing we have, though, which I believe would be a good thing for you to try, is the self heating iron. It is hollow and we burn charcoal in it, thus having no smoke in the house. It saves the hot work over the stove, which is such a drudge and strain on strength and brain.

What kind of stamps do I use? I never stamp a letter for we do not have them up here. All our letters are sent to the sea where one of the Missionaries tends to them. The stamp they put on depends on which way the letter goes. This is German territory and if the letter starts from here north it must have a German stamp. But if it goes south to catch some other steamer going north it will have the stamp of the country to which that steamer belongs—French, Spanish, Portugese, German. Don't count the time it takes a letter to go from the sea. Count it from the time it leaves here. It takes from eight to twelve days to reach the sea, and then it may lie there for a number of days before the steamer arrives. The delay of some of my letters is due to the fact that they were sent by a slow steamer.

I think I better quit on the question line for fear you will get tired, and will not ask me any more. I wish you might see an African rain. It doesn't wait to rain, but it just pours when it starts. It looks pretty when we are not out in it. These people enjoy a good rain. They never stop for it, except our workmen. We very seldom have a cold rain, so they cast aside their garments and away they go, just like a herd of monkeys.

McCLEARY TEACHING SCHOOL.

September 22, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—I have a new kind of work which keeps me out of mischief. You may think it funny that I am teaching school in a language which I know so little about, but, as we had no Bulu help, if the school were to be continued one of us must take it. I wanted to try because it would help me to get the language. So after a week of rest for the boys, I started the school again on the 31st of August. I did not go to hunt any for I did not want many to start. I felt lost, for I never taught in my life, and there was the language in which I could not express myself freely. But with the Lord I went at it. I fixed up an old shed which the men had had to sleep in. I put slabs around the walls for seats and a big stool for myself. It was a queer looking school house, but the best we could do for the time. And it is not so much worse than the common Bulu house. Monday morning I rang the bell, and to my surprise forty-one of the black urchins came tumbling like a lot of pigs. Some were as dirty as pigs. A few had cloths, but most of them were nearly naked. The boys who had been in school with the Efulen boys as teachers, were a help to me, but I found that they had not received much for not one of them knew a single letter by name. They had learned to read by hearing the teacher pronounce the words, but they could not do anything at a new sentence. They did not know "a" from "b." It must be some new short cut method which I do not know about, so I thought best to start them all at the letters. We have a very limited supply of primers and they use them up very fast. Well, it was funny to hear them, for they all studied out loud and I did not stop them. Noise does not bother a Bulu as it does a white man. Some of the oldest boys learned the whole alphabet the first day, and some, who had never seen a book before, learned all the letters in three days. The second day I thought there would not be more than half as many but there was one more, and so it has been. The school is flourishing with an average attendance of thirty-nine. The lowest was thirty-four and the highest forty-four on any one day. Sixty-six names are on the roll, and I believe with a little care in hunting them up and watching that they come, we can have all we can care for. We are now building a new house for school, and we think the number will increase greatly. If it does I cannot take care of them all. We want to put great stress on the work, for in the children, we believe, is the hope of these people. The coming

generation will receive the most from us, and will help us the most in return. There are two boys in school now who are at least eighteen years old, but most of them are much younger. There have been four girls quite regular in attendance, but most of them have to go to the gardens to hunt food for the men. Fifteen of the boys board here and work in the afternoons, there being no school in the afternoons. Two walk two miles and back each day.

MR. KERR RETURNS.

September 30, 1896.—We were made glad yesterday by the return of Mr. Kerr. He had eighty-four carriers and a nice lot of mail. I received five, two from home, those of June 26 and July 16. Letters and papers a great roll. And oh, how I have had to write since then, for some wanted answer by return mail. Here the machine comes to my aid. I cannot write well on it yet, but I can put on paper 900 words in one hour. This beats writing by hand, and it does not tire me.

We are rejoiced to see Mr. Kerr looking so well and strong, and to have him back with us. We have had to work hard while he was away. In this month we have put up two houses, and I have had the school to look after.

You may expect mail in about six weeks, for then Mr. Fraser expects to go down to Mission meeting, but when will we get our mail? This we do not know. We have at last applied to the officials to protect our mail, and send it through with soldiers. If they comply we will get mail some time in December, but if not, then we must wait until Mr. Fraser returns in January or February. There has been more trouble on the road. Mr. Kerr had to use his gun to protect himself and men at one place. They are getting very saucy and impudent, but I fear they are going too far, for the governor will soon be after them, and when he begins he does not stop. We are glad to hear that they have started a government road to Efulen. This will be a great help to us for it will shorten the distance and lessen the danger. We are all right up here so do not be alarmed. We have provisions for six months and they cannot starve us out. The people here are very kindly disposed, and we are almost sure of no trouble to come. The road is the only place of difficulty. There was a big war between here and the sea, in which thirteen tribes or elans participated. There was also war at Efulen some time ago. Mr. Kerr helped to restore peace. He got them on the opposite banks of a river, and there they talked the trouble over. It is so easy to start a war and it takes a long time to settle the trouble. But you

civilized people are talking war all the time, so do not blame these poor heathen out here.

My love to all the friends. I feel that I am in the path of duty and I would not change for anything.

October 29, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—I re-read your last letters today and I was very much amused at one thing in mother's. Like my dear mother you are much concerned about your "prodigal son," thinking, perhaps, that he has naught to eat and leaves to wear, and worst of all, "mirabile dictu," nothing but burdock leaves on which to wipe his long nose. Now, you have forgotten to read between the lines. I have not made things quite plain. I forget that you, at home, do not know all the circumstances. I did say that after a thorough search I could find but one handkerchief, and that a red one, but think—I had but one or two trunks at that time in which to search. When the rest of my things came I suppose I forgot to mention the fact that my supply of nose rags was increased, many of which I have not touched yet. Yes, and I have socks, too. Things like this we can get at the shops of the traders at the sea. But if you want to send some I will not have any serious objections.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.

I am so thankful for those flower seeds you sent in a letter. Three of the verbenas are up and six of the candytuft. I was surprised to see them come up, for so many things do not. You should see my flower bed; I take great pleasure in caring for it. The variety is limited but I make up in quantity. Lady-slippers do well, and it is nice to see them, for the ladies here do not wear slippers. Coxcomb also grows well. Besides these we have Brazilian morning glories, cyprus, zenias, and a native flower which is beautiful; I will try and send you some. Here it does not die but keeps on blooming—it is something like an everlasting flower, for it keeps a long time after it is severed from the stalk. The nasturtium, which was so very pretty, did not go to seed, so we are out. Any seeds you can send I will be glad to get.

Now I have something to tell which I think will surprise you. Last rainy season, I think in March, I planted some lima beans; they did well and when the crop was taken, the vines did not die, but lived through the dry season and are now bearing again. This is the way the native bean does, and so with many other things. This is a lazy man's country, surely. Thus we get two crops a year and with very little work. Corn will soon be in roasting ear, and we are now eating

fresh beans, radishes, etc., and the second crop is just beginning to turn red on the tomato vines which were planted last May. It has been raining every day for two months with a few exceptions. Thus while you are shivering in your heavy clothing we are enjoying the freshness of a June morning, and last summer when you were sweltering in the heat and choking in the dust we were welcoming the April showers. During the hot summer nights you roll and toss and wish you were an iceberg. In the winter when you touch the cold, clammy bed you tie yourself up in a knot and dream you are what is left of the north pole. You have storms and cyclones which scare you through the day and keep you awake at night. Our nights are always cool but not cold. I am now using a blanket and two light spreads. We never have a storm. The air is always in motion, and sometimes a cloud comes up looking quite fierce, but our mountain breaks it all up so we do not get it. Is this not a fine place to live? A regular paradise. "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile." So it is not so bad, after all, is it? We are getting fixed up a little, and it is more pleasant—if we just had some one to look after the cook. The black cook is quite limited in the variety of dishes he gets, and sameness is hard on the stomach. Our Batanga cook went home for awhile and we have a Gaboon man who used to be at Efulen.

I am very much obliged for the papers you sent. Editor Wolf has my thanks, also, for sending the Imprint. There is one question I would like to ask. Who is responsible for the mistakes in my letters in the Imprint? If I am, I would rather be excused, for I have enough sins to answer for. Now that they are typewritten, there is no excuse, at least for leaving out a line or paragraph. I see in one letter that the cook and the Bulu boy, Ezom, are badly mixed up, resulting in contradictory statements. However, we are all liable to make mistakes, and why should we jump on the editor? Please overlook the many I have made, and be lenient in the future.

I am glad to hear of Dr. McLaughlin being at Crawfordsville. I was at school with Charley three years and roomed with him one, so we are quite well acquainted. As a doctor, I do not know him, but as a student and as a man I do know him and can say only words of praise. If you want a leg cut off I think he can do it; don't be afraid of him. And they say he is going to get married. Well, I do not blame him, for he has such a nice girl. (I can say this, since she is going to get tied up and I am out of reach of Charley.) I know her, too. I wish they would come out here.

A SHORT TRIP DOWN THE VALLEY.

We had not been off the hill for some time, and as we had a little excuse to go to some neighboring towns, to see a Bulu wrestling match, Mr. Kerr and I decided to go. All the boys on the hill went, and many people from the towns, so we made quite a procession as we took our way along the winding path. Shortly after leaving the towns we came to the gardens and corn fields. We saw some fine corn, most of it about to our shoulders, some above our heads, and the path wound around through it, the blades striking our clothing as we passed along. I can better understand how easy it was for the disciples to pluck the ears as they passed along, with the grain so close to the path. One would not have to go out of the way, or even stop. We were surprised to see so much corn, for these people work it all with a very inferior little hoe. We passed through fields fully eighty rods long and it looked splendid. To vary the scene it began to rain, and it rained and rained. We had our waterproofs on and did not get wet. Mr. Kerr had rubber boots and I had on a pair of leather ones which came to my knees. After an hour of corn fields and forests we came to a stream. But what of that! In we plunged, and our high boots just saved us. Soon we came to some towns, but only a few women and children were left on guard, while the others were at the match. Town after town was passed, some very nice ones. We could hear the drums beating and the guns booming on ahead, and it was hard to keep up with the boys, who were, by this time, excited over the prospect of seeing a good match. It had quit raining and the day was fine. But we came to a stream where the path followed along its winding bed for twenty rods. Here our high boots did not save us. We waded until it became too deep, then Mr. Kerr took his boots off, and a man volunteered to carry me; I let him do so, for if I took my boots off, I could not get them on again. It was all some of the boys could do to get through. The big fellow who had me on his back did not fall, but I was fearful that he would. It was a funny looking procession. My boots were so heavy that I let them drag in the water. After a short hill we were at the town where the wonderful match was going on. The street was full of people, all talking at the top of their voices. The drums were so loud that one could scarcely hear himself talk, and they never ceased. Guns were fired whenever any noted man was thrown. Dogs, seeming to catch the spirit of the day, were barking and fighting. It is

hard to describe the affair, for everything is so foreign to your civilized people that you cannot understand it as it really is. The Esakoi tribe had challenged the Yevo and the Yenjok. The people of Ebolewo'e are Yenjok. All the strong men were out, and there are some big ones. I think they would make great football players. A piece of bark cloth was the fashionable dress of the day. If one wanted to try his strength, he would start down the street, shaking his body and showing his muscle to the best advantage. This was the challenge. Anybody can accept the challenge by stepping out in front of him. The first one looks well at the newcomer, and, if he thinks he can manage him, they set to work, but if he is afraid of him, he passes on, and thinks it no disgrace to be backed down. They do not catch as boys do at home. They stand face to face, or rather, head to head, with the feet as far away as possible. If they break hold three times they say they are equal, and quit. When a man falls, the winning side makes a great fuss, dancing, and shooting guns. And so the thing goes on for three or four days. After watching for a couple of hours we returned, getting back just in time for supper.

DEFENSE OF WRESTLING MATCHES.

Now you may think it strange that we went all that distance to see a thing like this, where we could do no good. But are you sure we did no good? This is about the only innocent sport these people have. How or when will we get acquainted with them? Here we saw hundreds of them at once, and they saw us and had a good look at us; this last is a very necessary introduction, for we cannot do much at helping them until they get to see and know us. I believe in mingling with the people to let them know we are not afraid to go among them. On this trip we gained many friends. We selected a town where we wished to start a Sabbath school soon. We talked with the people there and on the road. As we came home one woman came running out and said, "why don't you ever come and stop in our town?" She gave me some food and said she wanted to be our friend. She was the head woman of the place. The people were pleased that we went. They often speak about it. A few days later we went to another in our own town; it was Saturday afternoon and they talked of continuing it the next day. We kindly remonstrated with them. They were divided, but finally the head man of the town got up and said, "We will not wrestle tomorrow." That settled it, and they waited until Monday.



The wrestling match.

November 4, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—This will be but a note. I have more written now, but am afraid to send it, for we are not sure that you will ever get this. I will explain.

On the second day of this month we were very happily surprised to see our mail come from the beach. We had not expected it for two months, but Mr. Roberts thought he would try the experiment of sending it by the north road, i. e. following the government road for a few days, then branching off to Elat. It proved a success and the men who came say that it is safe. A load of medicine came also. Besides our men, some Batanga traders came, so we have twelve beach men here now in the city. Two men want to go back tomorrow, hence I am writing this note to let you know that we are all well at present. You may not get this any sooner than later mail, but I will make the effort. I send every time there is a chance. Once I sent this way and it never reached the beach, so will save all our mail for Mr. Fraser when he goes to Mission meeting in a couple of weeks.

We are all right on the hill. We have had varied experiences of which I will write you later on. We have our ups and downs. There is always compensation for any trial or difficulty we are called on to pass through. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Corn is now roasting ears and the fields look fine. The rains are nearly over, they say. Today we had the hardest wind I have seen here, but it was very slight. Nothing was hurt, not even a mat blown up on the roof.

I suppose you know today who is to be your next president, but when will we hear? In three months, perhaps. You seem to be having an exciting time. We do not have much to do in politics, but we do have to be diplomats sometimes.

We have been doing a little shooting lately, and have all made good shots. Mr. Kerr carries a gold medal for his superior shooting at home, and he certainly does know how to handle a gun. Of course he laughs at us sometimes, but we do not give up. There are some high trees near in which large birds like to rest. The boys are sure to see them and as they get most of them when shot, they are not slow in letting us know. They make good targets. Distance does not count with our rifles, so we blaze away. I have shot three of the large ones lately. In flying they are as large as a wild goose, but the body is not so large as the goose. There are many hawks and eagles. We have not been able to get an eagle yet. But we have not gone off the hill much with our guns. But we do like a little recreation, indeed, we must have it.

The day school, Sunday school, and services are all prospering.

November 19, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—Mr. Fraser will start tomorrow for Batanga to attend mission meeting. Mr. Kerr and I will be here alone for about two months. We would like to go, but it is impossible. If we should leave here there would be nothing left when we got back. I wrote you a note on the 5th and sent it by the north road with a man who was returning to the sea. I hope you have received it. We were much surprised on the 2nd to receive mail by this same man. He came the north route and liked it. He said there was no trouble. We had great hopes for this road, but now they are all gone, for there is now a war not more than twenty miles from here on that road. This, of course, will stop all travel there. And so it is, we never know what is coming next. The war is between the Yen-jok and the Yevo. As the people of Ebolewo'e are Yen-jok they may soon be involved, as they are afraid they will be. The younger ones rejoice at the prospect. They delight in war and bloodshed. It will not hurt us, except it may hurt the work, and, of course, that always hurts us at heart.

I have had a slight fever this week. It was not high and lasted only a couple of days, but it made me quite miserable for awhile.

We are so tired of the Gaboon cook that we are going to send him home and do with a Bulu boy until our good Bitombi gets back. The man is a good cook but he is a bad man. He believes he can do as he pleases in the lowest sins, and the next day be very good, and thus get forgiveness. His example is very bad. This kind of religion suits these people first rate.

The people of the town have been stealing plantains and some other things. We caught one fellow stealing a kettle, and we are going to make him pay dearly for it. But there is no law to protect us. Every man does that which is pleasing in his own eyes and usually displeasing in others' eyes. Stealing is no sin if you are not caught, and lying is never wrong in Bulu eyes.

I spoke in a letter about the short twilight we have here, and John asked why it was so. Elat is about three degrees north of the equator; hence the short twilight. Pure atmosphere in the mountain region may help to shorten it. The effect here now is grand. The sun sinks behind our hill at 5:30, but it does not set for a half hour. Thus, after it is lost to us, we can see it shining on the mountain tops all around, giving a golden hue to everything.

On the 6th of November Mr. Kerr and I took a trip to a place called Azem, some five miles from here. The chief of the Ezakoi tribe lives there. His name is Evine and he is our best friend among the chiefs. He is the most noted and popular man in this part of the Bulu world. Think of his greatness! He has seventy-eight wives and a large house full of other goods. He showed us an ivory which is five feet

long and measures twenty-one inches in circumference, and weighs about seventy-five pounds. We have ten boys from there and are on good terms. We had a good visit with the people, ate with them, and held a meeting in the evening. On our homeward journey next day I found a very fine lily by the roadside; it was in full bloom. There are ten large white flowers on each stalk, as large and beautiful as any I ever saw; but I never saw any like it. I dug up a root and brought it home. It is now growing.

I also bought a pet parrot this trip. Eba is his, or her name. Being in doubt as to his gender I will call her it. It is very cute and makes us lots of fun. It's favorite place is on my shoulder. It likes to be petted. But I am writing at great length and must quit.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a blessed New Year I close.

November 21, 1896.

Dear Editor:—To help you understand these children of nature in the midst of whom we dwell, I will give you an account of some of the

PECULIARITIES OF THE BULU PEOPLE.

As the proverb goes, "Necessity is the mother of invention." These people have few actual needs, hence "necessity" has but few children. They stick as close to nature as they can, and climate and soil assist them in this.

THEIR HOUSES.

A Bulu can sleep on the damp ground with only a bunch of leaves under him, if he can have a fire near by. I have seen them do this without any ill effect. This is on the road. In the towns they do try to build houses. The brush is cleared away and an attempt made at leveling the spot where the house is wanted. If the town is on a hillside, and it usually is, they do not grade up to a level, but leave the floor the same plane as the street. Sharpened sticks about five feet long are then stuck in the ground where the walls are to be. Bamboo is tied on to these about every eight inches, parallel with the ground. Bark is then tied on to the bamboo, usually two layers. For roof they put a large pole on three forks, to serve as a ridge pole. Over this they bend bamboo, tying the two ends to the side walls. On these they tie mats. And the house is done. It is about 10 feet by 20 feet. A small hole, 18 inches by 24 inches, is left in one side, which serves as doors and windows. It is all I can do to bump my head on the ridge pole, they are so high. There may be one, two or three beds in one house. The beds are made of

bamboo poles supported by cross sticks not over six inches from the ground. Many a night have I slept on such a bed. Fortunately I had a blanket to put under me, but these people do not. A small fire is built between the beds. In one end of the house the cooking is done, either in clay pots or in leaves. They can cook a chicken in a bunch of leaves, so skillful they are in the use of this common article. There is not a nail in the whole house. Nature has provided them with a vine from which they make a strong and lasting string simply by splitting it. With this "bushrope" the house is tied. The houses are built end to end on either side of the street.

FARMING.

They select a place in the forest, cut away the underbrush and burn it, fell the trees and plant their seeds. They do not remove the trees for this is too much trouble. They have no plow or spade. A small hoe is the only farm implement. But they raise good corn and lots of it. Also cassava, plantain, ground nuts, sweet potatoes, squashes, bananas, etc.

DRESS.

When we came, the men wore a piece of cloth made from the bark of a tree. Now most of those near here have a piece of trade cloth which they tie around the loins, letting it come to the ankles. The women still wear their leaves. A cloth is too good for a slave, and as the woman is a slave, she is not permitted to have one. But they do have other ornaments, men and women both. Around the ankles they have brass rings or wire. If wire, it usually covers the whole leg from the knee down. On the wrists they have the same as on the legs. A gentleman or lady of leisure often has all four limbs covered with this heavy stuff. Around the neck they wear beads of all kinds, from a dog tooth necklace to 5 or 6 pounds of trade beads. Sometimes we see a man wear ivory bracelets. Often over one shoulder they hang three or more strings of beads and bells. They like to attract attention as they go along, hence bells are a good article of trade. They are not unlike a small sleighbell of a very poor kind.

But the head is the place where they try to show their skill in decorations. The children frequently have their heads shaved, and some of the older ones. When they get larger they let their hair grow quite long. Some tie it up in funny knots, but most of them plait it very tight in ridges or circles. Then on these plaits they fasten beads and buttons which are previously sown to pieces of skin. The common little white button is mostly worn. Sometimes they have a string of beads dangling before or behind. Their heads

are thus great awkward-looking masses, but they say they are beautiful. Sometimes they daub part or all of their bodies with red wood powder, put a few feathers in the hair, hang on the shoulders a bunch of skins of small animals, tie some bells on somewhere, take an old flintlock gun, and away they go—real Bulu fashion.

MARRIAGE.

A dowry of \$35 worth of goods is given, but not all at one time. This is the cause of much trouble. When enough goods have been paid to assure the father that his aspirant son-in-law is in earnest, then he goes to take his wife. The people of his town await his return. As the bridal party nears the town they fire their guns. Then the cry is taken up, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh;" guns are fired and drums are beaten. When the bride and groom come, they go into a house and shut the door. Immediately the people begin to pound the house and call for them to come out. Soon they appear and stand on the street while they all get a good look at the "new woman." Then the drums begin and the groom dances alone. After a while they all dance and so it ends. When the groom is an old toothless fellow and the bride a mere girl of 8 years it looks most ridiculous. There is no limit to the number, except the lack of goods with which to buy. One man near here has seventy-eight at present. The worst of the whole business is that most all are married very young—when only from five to ten years of age.

EATING.

In eating they are much like animals. They have no dishes, knives or forks. If they wish to eat soup, some have wooden spoons, but most all take a leaf and dip it up. All other things are taken in the fingers. They all eat out of the "mess pot" in the center, ex-near the elbow and sliding the hand down until their hands meet. or meat of any kind, they are very crazy for every scrap they can get. When a bird or beast is killed, they leave absolutely nothing—head, feet, hoof, entrails, everything goes. And they eat all kinds of meat from caterpillars to snakes, and from rats to elephants. They singe the hair or feathers and put it all into a pot. One day last week a boy found a dead deer in the woods. It was in the last stages of decay, but what of that? The little animals swarming over it added flavor to the soup.

MANNERS.

They have no word for "please" or "thanks," and no word of salutation. When a stranger comes in, he sits down, and after he has looked around, he goes to each one and clasps arms, catching near the elbow and slinding the hand down until their hands meet. No word is said. If one is standing in the path, he never steps aside to let anyone pass; the one coming must step out. If two are talking, another wishing to pass, goes between. When one is addressing an audience a passer goes in front, not behind. Very often when one is talking he turns his back, and very rarely do they speak face to face. There being no law, if one does something wrong, the offended goes and shoots a fowl or goat, according to the crime, and the offender must pay for the thing killed; if he refuses, he is apt to have his throat cut. The old custom of rending clothes came out not long ago. One mischievous boy put ashes on another boy's face while asleep, and when he awoke they all laughed at him. He felt so bad that he tore his clothes. If one of a pair of twins gets sick, they give the well one medicine. In dancing, the men and women dance separately. At the corn season they daub the body with white mud, so they can eat all the corn they want and not get sick.

I have not space to touch on their superstitions, which are "legion." Witches and fetiches take the place of God to them. Born in sin, they live in ignorance and superstition, and die without hope.

They are a hard lot, but they have some redeeming features. That they can be taught to do better has been proved at Efulen. They have souls, and hearts, too. They respect the missionary; by patient effort the day will come, we trust, when fightings and wars will be at an end, and the peace of Jesus Christ shall reign throughout this fair land. For it is a fair land—perpetual June.

WAR EXPERIENCES.

November 30, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—We have seen something of the horrors of a Bulu war. As I wrote you it was near and likely to be nearer when the mail left one week ago today. It started that morning, and the worst of it was that one of our workmen was shot. One of the young men from Efulen, who had no part whatever in the war, had gone to a near town of the opposite tribe and was returning a little before day when three men of Ebolewo'e who had gone there to start the war, seeing him and taking him for one of the opposite tribe, shot him. They do not have bullets, but pieces of old iron pots which make ugly wounds. One took him in the head, sinking two inches between the scalp and skull, fortunately at such an angle that we think the skull is not broken. A second slug is buried in his leg. We have done the best we could for him, but we fear his days are few, and will send tomorrow for his people to come. Hence the chance of sending this note. This shooting of the wrong man may lead to further trouble, but we have tried to take it out of Bulu hands as it is one of our boys. We will, if possible, turn it over to the governor. At least we will make them pay heavily for their folly, for it is costing us a great deal.

On Tuesday another raid was made on a small town and six people were killed and three taken prisoners. They make their raids at daybreak. As we were at breakfast the victors returned, the place being near. They made it convenient to pass close by our house. It was a new sight to me. We heard them singing while a great way off. All the town went out to meet the conquering heroes as they came dancing and singing up the hill. Men, women and children, dogs and guns, some screaming, others singing—all went pell-mell down the hill. As the two crowds met, they all joined in the song of victory and came dancing into town, passing within sixty feet of our house. The prisoners were a mother with a babe in her arms and a small girl. They were a savage looking lot, but we are getting used to these sights. Now the town is in constant fear of an attack, and it will come soon. The enemy is in ambush near by and it is not safe to go far out of shelter. These people are completely hemmed in now, but they can never look that far ahead. We are in no danger, for we have sent word to the enemy that we will have nothing to do in protecting the people of Ebolewo'e. We are not in the fight, as Mvondo has tried to give out that we are. Our

action makes Mvondo very mad, but he has promised not to drive us away—how fatherly he is!

I am feeling much better. "Oh, for a heart to praise my God. Pray, Pray, Pray; for me, for the heathen, for the world. Prayer "is the rope which pulls the bell in heaven." Therefore PRAY.

Very affectionately, your son.

LETTER TO A LITTLE GIRL.

December 12, 1896.

My Dear Jessie:—Your letter of July 27th reached me December 8, being four months and 12 days on the way. It must have gone a roundabout road.

You ought to see these little black boys and girls out here. I fear you would run and hide at first; they are so dirty and scary looking. They are real nice, however. When I go through the street they follow me, catching my hands or coat tail, or anywhere they can catch. Like a flock of sheep they follow from place to place. But they have no games like you do at home. They fight and quarrel a great deal. Before we came they had no schools, no churches, no Sabbath, no God, no Saviour. We have a school started and some of the boys are already reading in the Testament.

I am away out of the world up here in the mountains. We do not have any white visitors; sometimes it is lonely, but there is so much work to do that we forget to be lonely. There are just the three of us; no white women. A little black man does our cooking.

This is a beautiful place; mountains all around. It never gets cold. The trees are always green, and flowers always blooming. Bananas are always getting ripe, and pineapples. We have all the peanuts we can eat. The trees are full of beautiful birds, and quite often we shoot some large ones. Monkeys play among the trees near by. Deer and antelope are abundant; sometimes they come up to the house. This morning I saw an antelope.

We have two cats which we brought up from the sea. I have a parrot whose name is Eba. He sings and talks and scolds. He likes to sit on my shoulder and pick at my big ears. He can climb up from the floor by taking hold of my trousers and shirt. If he falls (his wings are clipped) he always says "Eba," calling his name. We have many a good laugh at him.

I am getting along nicely. One year has passed since I came. It will be four more before I can go home. Please remember me to your papa, and mama, and Jennie. Also all my little friends of Crawfordsville. Your far-away friend.

December 14, 1896.

My Dear Parents:—You will be surprised to get so many letters from me, but perhaps you will excuse me for writing when I have a good chance. I rather fear you would not excuse me if I did not write when the opportunity offers. My last note was sent by Kume, the Efulen boy. He returned on the 8th and had two letters for me. One was from you and was written away back in July. How it came to be so long on the way I do not know. Then we were surprised again on the 11th by receiving mail by the north road. It was over three weeks on the way but all safe. Yours of September 3rd was one of the letters. You speak of those pictures I ordered sent you from Chicago. The delay may be from several causes. The negatives were taken here by an amateur and they may have been faulty. They may have been damaged in shipping. Or the delay may be due to the fact that Mr. Ford who took them, is not home yet. He went by way of Syria, and we heard was sick there. He will straighten things out when he gets home.

WORTH OF PRAYER.

I like so much what you say about prayer. I could not stay here did I not know that you at home, and all over the country, were praying for those who are here, and for the success of the work. Prayer, united prayer, is a mighty power. In the "Passing of Arthur" by Tennyson, King Arthur said to Belvidere:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

This is such a beautiful sentiment. Prayer and praise go together. Prayer for help and praise that we are helped as much as we are. The baby birds cry when hungry and the mother brings food. Just now we have some tiny kittens in the house. They cry when hungry, and the mother cat rushes to them and fondly nurses them. Why should not God's helpless children cry to Him, for He is just as quick to hear. Let us not be slack in prayer, knowing that God will hear, and that we, in the act of prayer, will be drawn nearer to Him. We get a little encouragement sometimes in seeing some one come out and try to do better. It is my lot to conduct morning

prayers. A few days ago a Bulu boy, or man, for he is as old as I, from Efulen, who is working here, came to me and said that I could call on him to lead in prayer. The next day I did, and he made a good prayer. Since the war troubles, we have had most of our boys sleep in our house on the floor like a lot of pigs. Before going to sleep they sing and one leads in prayer, and it is wonderful what good prayers they make. All these things are noted with great hope. We feel that they are the forerunners of better things, the evidences that God is going to bless our labor among these dark hearted people.

DEATH OF MR. MARLING.

We just heard of the death of another member of our Mission. Mr. Marling died the 12th of October. You perhaps knew it long ago. It is sad in one way, for our ranks are being thinned. But he is with Jesus, and what more could we wish? He has the best that earth or heaven can give. I did not know him well, so I will quote a few words written me by my African Grandmother, Mrs. Ogden, who was at Angom during his sickness. "Our beloved brother, Marling, is no longer in the flesh. 'He entered in, through the gates, into the City.' O, blessed change for him. I do rejoice for him. I do thank God for taking this brother to Himself. O, the victory he, through the Saviour, has attained."

We have just now seen a little of Buluism. A man passing through the town of our noted (?) chief accidentally upset a little powder which was on the path. The chief gave instructions to catch him. The young braves did so, and they beat and abused him for 15 minutes. They catch nearly every one who goes through. Our mail carrier was held up two weeks at one town as he came up. It is reported that Mr. Fraser had trouble on the way down, and they say no more caravans can pass. Mr. Fraser will likely come the north road. But the governor will soon be up in these parts, and we fear for Bulu when he comes. They have many palavers to settle. But after a good lesson, they may behave.

Mr. Johnson wrote us that he and Mrs. J. expect to make us a visit in January. We will spend all the month getting ready, I expect. My, what a time we shall have. No white woman was ever seen here. She will be the "new woman" in these parts.

NEAR DEATH'S DOOR.

January 7, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—I am thankful to be able to write you again, for there was a time not long since when I thought my writing of readable letters was at an end. I have passed through a stormy sea since my last letter. Fever was the first cause, but I have suffered more from the medicine than the fever. Mr. Kerr and I were here alone and of course he was the doctor. He did well, too. He broke it, but in doing so he almost broke me in two. December 28 was the day it started and it lasted six days. On the 25th, when you were enjoying your Christmas dinner, I was having a warm time. The temperature went up very rapidly and Mr. Kerr felt quite anxious. He was afraid that if it went up again he would lose all control of it, so as soon as it came down again he just fed me on quinine; in four days he gave me 210 grains. The result was that on the night of the 26th I was totally blind. I could not see the lamp. Those were dark days for me, for I did not know what would be the result. I could see a little the next morning, but for two or three days I could scarcely tell Mr. Kerr from the Bulu boys. I am thankful that I can read a little now, but I fear my eyes will never be what they were. Everything is hazy and I have to look quite a while before my eyes seem to focus on any object.

SABBATH NIGHT VISIONS.

Sabbath night, the 27th, I will never forget. I was completely broken with the quinine, had had no sleep for forty-eight hours, had very little to eat for four days; you can scarcely imagine my condition. Mr. Kerr thought he would give me a good rest and gave me a half grain of morphine. It did not put me to sleep but made me more restless. It put me into a sort of trance part of the time. I had a very vivid imagination. I could hear sweet music and the queer part was that I could call up any song or piece of music that I wanted to hear. Or any friend that I wished to see would appear before me as natural as life. All day and all night when not off on one of these imagination tours I thought the Bulu boys were singing. I asked several times if they were not and could hardly believe it when they told me they were not. The song which they seemed to be singing was one translated by Mr. Kerr to the tune "Happy Day." The English of it would be something as follows: "Every word which I shall speak shall only praise my God. Every thing which I shall do,

shall only show His love." I enjoyed it much for it did seem so real all day. I was brought very near the Saviour and made many resolves if I should be spared. I am spared and my daily prayer is that I may be able to do more than I have ever done. One sweet remembrance is that when my fever went up the second time, and we did not know whether it would come down or not, I had not the least anxiety as to whether I should live or die. My prayer was for life that I might do something for these people. "To die is gain" I know for me, but is it for some one else? God only knows, and I was quite content to leave it with Him. He has something more for me to do here. Perhaps one soul must be saved through me, perhaps many, so to abide in the flesh may be more needful for some one here. I am all right now except my eyes, and they may soon be well.

CRUELITIES OF PAGAN WAR.

Nothing of special importance has happened on the hill, but we have seen more of the heathenism of these low creatures since I last wrote. The war is still on. Every day we hear of some one being killed. These people do not go out in open warfare and have a big battle. They mostly go at night, hide near the town till daylight, then sneak up to the houses and shoot in through the bark wall at the place where they suppose the beds to be. They shoot their guns but once and then run back home. So they do not kill very many at a time. Then they hide along the paths and shoot anyone who may happen to pass. This makes it very dangerous for one to go anywhere, for he never knows where to look for those in ambush. They do this day after day, and after a while they do get some one, and usually an innocent one, too. It is reported that the Yemveng have come twice to fight here, but both times they got scared and ran home. Once eighty of them came and were near the town, but when they heard our boys singing some of the gospel songs up in our house they got frightened and went away. Again they came and cut the gardens, plantains, bananas, and corn, etc., in the night, then hid near by to shoot in the morning, but when they heard our bell call to morning prayers they again fled. This reminds one of the time the uncircumcised Philistines fled when there was heard "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." Or when the host of the Syrians" heard "a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host; wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight." Rabshaken also heard "a rumour" when he was encamped before Jerusalem, and returned to his own land. So the heathen rage, and imagine vain things. They have threatened to come and plunder our house, but we have no fear of it. They are not above the deed, however. A man who will kill his own son and throw him in the bush,

as our worthy chief, Mvondo, did two years ago, just because he was sickly and hung around the old fellow's house, is not above robbery. If they were not such big cowards they might make short work of us. But "the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." "Therefore will we not fear, etc."

The subject of cannibalism came up yesterday, and I was surprised to hear one of our workmen say that he saw his people eat a man killed in war, at a town not more than ten miles from here. This could not have been over ten years ago, for he is not as old as I am and he took part in the war. Our cook said he saw the Fang, the people just south of the Bulu, catch and kill, flay, cook, and eat three people about three years ago. But is this as bad as the woman who boiled her own son and did eat him? These people are low, indeed, but they are not lower than millions of others have been. They are not irretrievably lost.

January 14, 1897.

Rev. and Mrs. Johnston arrived here yesterday, with a caravan of fifty men. Mrs. Johnston walked all the way. We were so glad to see them. It seems good to see another white face. It is nearly eight months since I saw a white woman. But the new woman is creating quite a stir. The people are just wild over her; hundreds are hanging around all day. "We want to see the woman."

January 23, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—One year ago today I left Efulen for Ebolewo'e. The time is going fast, but a lot of things have happened in that time, too. We have been able to do quite a good deal of work up here. The working season never stops. No winter storms block the roads. We do not have to stay at home on account of the cold. It is work, work, the year round. But work keeps one out of mischief. Two of our pests here are sweet potatoes and beans. The vines run over everything, and it is hard to keep them down. They are both good food. We intend to try to raise big potatoes by cultivating them. Also yams and another nearly like yams, (I forgot the English of it). We hope to get rid of so much transportation of goods and the trouble of buying so much food. The hill is beginning to look quite nice and is becoming a little town all by itself. There are forty-two in all living on the hill now. We had to build a fence along the north, between us and our big (?) chief's town, to keep his people from running over us. They ran into all the houses and made themselves quite at home. Now it is quite shut off. The people all come up the front when they want to see us.

THE CARPET MYSTERY.

You have me in a pretty box because I have missed some mail. You talk about a certain carpet being nearly done, when I can only guess at what it is. I have missed an Imprint, too. In one number it speaks of some rags coming for my carpet after a previous mention of those who had contributed. Now I feel a little bashful about this, for I am in the dark. I hope earlier letters not yet received will come in later. If the carpet is for me—oh, my! what shall I say? A carpet on this muddy floor? Can it be? But I will wait for further news in regard to it. I may be mistaken.

That roll of pictures and other things came all right. It was just six months in reaching me. Everything was all right. I was glad, glad to get it. I will ever remember the givers and will try to have a word for each one later. Please tell them of my appreciation of the things sent and give them my hearty thanks. Mrs. Johnston was kind enough to fix that cushion, and now it decorates the only chair within seventy miles of here. The pictures are doing duty on the walls. Their fame has already gone into the interior. People come and ask to see a certain picture which some one has told about. The children are delighted with them. They never get through looking at them. It is only within the last year that they ever saw anything of the kind, and we have had but a few. They are more delighted than children at home. I think if you could see them, you would not regret sending them pictures.

Mr. Fraser did not return direct from Mission meeting. He was asked to go to Angom to stay, till some one would come to take the place of Mr. Marling, who died in October. We do not know when he will get back. I will have the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston's company for a while, which I think will be appreciated. Mrs. Johnston has already created some changes in the kitchen. You will remember I wrote about catching our cook stealing goods from us. We had trusted him too far and he fell. We "cut" his palaver today. As he is an old hand at it, and has been working his sly games for some time on us, we thought it right to put it on heavy. In the absence of law, we put our own price on, and told him if he did not like that, we would hand him over to the Governor. We fined him fifty marks; two months and a half in work, or about \$12.50. He has not drawn all his wages so we are safe. He may go home, but we do not care, as long as we have a lady around the house.

My eyes are getting better slowly and I am thankful. I will have charge of the station for a while, and there is not a person here who can talk English. Everything must be in Bulu—I mean to boys and workmen. Mr. Johnston will take the school and part of the Sabbath services. We will just have to talk Bulu if we do anything. I am

getting so that I can understand quite a good deal of their language, and can be understood a little by those who are used to us. It is a real pleasure to talk to those who appreciate what you say as these seem to do. Every day we see some one who never heard of God, and it a joy unspeakable to try to tell them of Jesus who died to redeem them.

January 25, 1897.

I have time for just a word this morning before Mr. Kerr starts. Another palaver is on, because a man of Ebolewo'e stole a woman yesterday. It delays Mr. Kerr some, but he will go nevertheless.

We had a good day yesterday. At least 600 people heard the gospel. The school house was crowded in the morning. In the afternoon Mr. Kerr and Mrs. Johnston went to Mekalat, a large town east, and I went in the lower part of Ebolewo'e with my guitar. It is a joyful work. Pray always for your weak boy that strength may be given him to speak and live with power from on high.

LETTER TO TRINITY CHURCH.

February 5, 1897.

Rev. Orville Reed and Dear Friends of Trinity Church:—We were greatly rejoiced yesterday to see our lost mail come in. December 9th two men left the sea with the mail trunk. After coming part way they got scared at the prospect of passing through towns where there was war, and turned back. They left the trunk at the home of a black man in the Mission employ, and he returned it to Batanga. It was started again about the middle of last month and reached here February 4th. So it was two months getting in from Batanga. We had heard that it was in the bush and were quite anxious about it. I was rejoiced to find word from Trinity church. The following are the names of those who kindly remembered me in writing: Rev. Orville Reed, the "Carter Family," Miss Laura E. Ferris, Sarah J. Walker and Miss Eleanor Mills. I want to thank you all heartily for these letters. They did me more good than I can tell.

Some one said tell us your "ups and downs." I am glad that most of my "downs" are "ups." Whatever trials or discouragements come the Dear Lord always adds enough to make them a blessing, sometimes in disguise. One of my down-ups was a fever I had the last of December. It was the most serious one yet and we thought for a time it would result quite seriously.

About the last of November war started between two tribes over one ivory tusk. Soon two other tribes were dragged into it and they have been fighting ever since. The morning Mr. Fraser left one of our workmen was shot in the head and leg. He came near dying, but has now recovered. He was shot by mistake. The next day the people of Ebolewo'e went over to a near town of the hostile side and shot three or four, and took three captives. We heard the shooting and saw them as they came back. The whole town went out to meet the victors singing and dancing. Ever since that time we have been in fear lest the enemy would come and fight here, fearing not for ourselves, but for our boys who are unprotected. For nearly two months they kept fighting at other places, but now we are in the midst of it. On Saturday morning we were awakened by the firing of guns near by. Jumping to the window I saw our boys running in all directions, but saw that the firing was in the town to the north of us. As soon as the enemy fired their guns once they all took to the bush. Then the people of Ebolewo'e grabbed their guns and took after them. When we got dressed and out the young warriors were pouring out past our house by the score. We called to them but they would not hear. Mvondo, the chief, went puffing past and would hear to nothing. They foolishly went on and fell into an ambush where one man was killed, and the old chief himself was wounded in the ear—a close call. The dancing of a few weeks before was now turned into mourning. In the first shooting a woman had her arm badly torn by four shot. The one killed was an old man. It was a mournful sight when they carried the dead home. The women were weeping and wailing, mourning as in olden times. Some daubed their bodies with white mud. Of course they had to hunt for the witch that killed the man so the corpse was subjected to cruel cutting. The verdict was that he died of "bravery." All Saturday and Sabbath great crowds poured into the town. There was much excitement. They all talked of fighting. Hundreds came to help avenge the dead man. On Monday more fuel was added by the return of the enemy in daylight. They sneaked up to the town just on the brow of our hill and shot a woman. Again the young men started after them but more cautiously, and again they ran into an ambush. Several shots were fired from both sides, but no one was shot except the poor woman in the town, and she had her leg broken just above the ankle. This is getting very close, but we fear only for our boys. Mrs. Johnston dressed the wounds. This is the usual thing in Bulu land. Fighting all the time. We talk and talk, but they will not stop, and we think it is because they love bloodshed. It is nearly always the women who get hurt. The men are mostly too cowardly. Sometimes they happen to get killed and so die of "bravery." We have offered to go over to the other side and talk to them, but these people here do not want us to go. Mr. Kerr

and Mrs. Johnston did go over some time ago and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston are planning to go tomorrow. I do hope they can accomplish something in the line of peace, for this constant warring hinders our work. While it lasts we cannot go as we would like among the people. It is not safe to go out in the bush lest some one get hurt. In your prayers please remember the war and pray that it may soon be settled.

FIRST SERMON IN BULU.

I must tell you about my first effort at taking charge of the Sabbath services. I will not call it my first sermon in Bulu, for I fear it would not pass as a sermon. Mr. Johnston and I are taking it turn about now. Last Sabbath was my first turn. It so happened that that day was the first day of our second year at this place—the first anniversary. It also happened that the cruel war was at its height. Hundreds of strangers were in town. There was a big dance going on all day. Yet we were much rejoiced to see the house crowded. The two head chiefs were there, and many went away to the dance because they could not get in. The windows and doors were full of heads. From thirty to forty guns were standing around the walls. I wish you could have stepped in and seen us. You would have laughed at my pulpit gown, no doubt, or rather at the absence of it. Neither coat nor vest, collar or tie; I must have looked like a funny preacher. But it was comfort I was after and I had it. Notwithstanding the war excitement they kept real still and seemed to understand what I was saying. There were many there who had never heard the gospel and it is a joy to tell them of the way of life. I made some great blunders in the language but I think they got most of what was said. One young fellow was kind enough to tell me that I talked good white-man talk, but he did not understand white-man's language. I suppose he was surprised to find the two languages so near alike. I was very much encouraged by the effort and am anxious to try again. Of course I have been talking in the towns and on the hill, but it is a little harder when it comes to taking the regular service.

Our Sunday school is doing well, also. Mr. Johnston has the boys, Mrs. Johnston the women, and I take what is left. I have all the way from fifteen to fifty men. We enjoy this work and the people certainly do or they would not come.

Altogether we feel that the work is progressing nicely. It is a little discouraging to see them turn right around and do just what they say they will not do, but people do that at home. They will stop by and by. With my best wishes for all and a prayer that God will pour out of His Spirit without measure upon you all, I remain,

Your Brother in Christ.

NEW STATION—LOLODORF—THE DWARFS.

February 24, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—Mr. Kerr returned from his exploring trip on the 19th. He had a nice tramp and is in good health. He was gone a month. From Efulen he and Mr. Roberts went northeast three or four days, and then looked around for a location. They finally decided that at Lolodorf, where the government station is, was the most suitable place. I was there last June, and as far as I know anything about it, I think it will be a good place for a station. It will have several advantages over this location. It is on the government road, where there is a great deal of travel, and the transportation will not be so great. Mail can come through every week and there will be no danger of robbery. Being close to the other white people will have some advantages and some drawbacks. The white traders are not good teachers of morals, and much which the white man has done will have to be undone. The location is on the bank of a beautiful river, and there is mountain scenery all around. It is close to the place where the Dwarfs are supposed to live, and so they can be reached from that station. I may say that the money for founding this new station was given by a lady in Glasgow, and it was her idea to found it for work among the Dwarfs. But it was found that the "little people" do not stay in any one place, and that it would be impossible to live among them. They attach themselves to other tribes, and from them get their supply of worldly goods made by the white man. They live by hunting, and trade the fruits of the chase to other tribes for what they want. It is only within the last few years that a white man has had a chance to get to see the Dwarfs. Mr. Roberts has been to see them a few times, and it is these curious little people for whom the station was first planned. Whether or not they can be reached is a question, but the money was given for them, and an effort will be made to give them the Gospel. They have been neglected a long time, and the Lord has moved Miss McLain, of Glasgow, on their behalf. The Board accepted her offer, and we must carry out the plan as best we can. Who will be sent to man the new station is not yet known, but there will be one taken from Elat and some new man. The one will not go from here, however, until a physician is sent to our station. We are looking for one all the time now. There are two in correspondence with the Board, one of whom may be chosen soon. I hope so. Who will be sent from here we do not

know. We leave it with the Mission. Whoever is sent will be expected to go unless he has a very good reason for objecting. We do not know what rebellion is out here. The will of the Mission is final in most cases, and we trust it is the will of God working through His people. My preference would be to stay here, but that is not for me to say. Very likely, however, they will not want me there, and so I will get to stay where I am. After spending the labor I have here, I would like to stay and enjoy it for a while. I like this location, if it is out of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston had intended to leave on the 22nd, but Mr. J. took the fever on the 21st, and they are here yet. He was in bed four days, but is up today, the 26th. (You see I do not always finish my letters the day I start). They hope to start the 1st of March. We are sorry they have been delayed, for the rainy season is here and they may get wet. They are both good trampers and have good nerve, so think they will get through all right.

We were surprised last night to see three beach men come in at dark with salt and beads. They came through by themselves, and no one troubled them. They had a note rolled up in a piece of waterproof cloth and tied on the load of one man. Small though it was we were glad to get it. It was from Mr. Fraser, who had just returned to Batanga from the south. He expected to start for Efulen in a few days, and would wait there until Mr. and Mrs. Johnston could return, then he will come on to Elat. We did not expect him so soon, and will be glad when he gets back.

OFF IN THE BUSH.

I must tell you of a couple of trips off in the bush which I, for one, enjoyed. On the 12th inst. Mrs. Johnston and I started off to the northwest to visit some towns where we had not gone often. Mr. Johnston was left to guard the station. We had six of the school boys along who live out in that direction, and one man who understands our broken Bulu, to help us out if we stuck in talking to the people. I had my guitar. Mrs. J. had on her African traveling suit—a short skirt, not bloomers. She looked like a great big girl, but she can walk through the swamps and climb over logs like a boy with that suit on. She certainly would not look very proper on Main street, but in Africa she did look well. The useful is beautiful. We soon came to a stream, and she had to get on a black man's back and be carried over. In about an hour we came to the first town of any size and sat down in the public house, where the people soon gathered. After a rest and a good look from the people at the new woman I played, and the boys sang some gospel songs. Then I talked about twenty minutes. They all listened attentively and seemed glad that

they were permitted to hear of the love of Jesus. We then passed on through some small towns, greeting the people as we went. Coming to another large palaver house we sat down, and again the people gathered to hear the songs and what we had to tell them. We thus had four good meetings on the trip. The last place was some five or six miles away, and the people were nearly all strangers to us. Most of them had never seen a white man, and they were so curious and asked some funny questions about us. We would like to have gone farther, but had to return on account of the day being far spent. We got back just in time for supper. We had one very steep hill to climb, having to sit down and rest three times before reaching the top, and some places were so steep that we had to hold on to the trees to keep from falling back. I had to wade water nearly to my knees. So you see it is not as agreeable traveling here as it is at home. But we all enjoy the road. We see so many beautiful things along the way, and then we see strange faces and talk to those who do not get to hear or see much that is uplifting.

On Sabbath we had another good walk in the opposite direction. It was my day for preaching. There was a good house, and some at least, understood what I said. After dinner Mr. Johnston and I started for a place called Ebai. Seven or eight boys went with us to help with the singing. We had a good walk through bush and garden. Crossed two small streams and one small river. We stopped once on the way, and after singing, Mr. J. talked to the crowd which had assembled. We passed many towns, but did not stop again until we reached Ebai. There we called the people together and sang. I had the guitar again and they were wild over it. This may sound big, but if you could have seen these people jumping and clapping their hands as I picked at the strings you would understand what I mean by saying that they were "wild." They cannot keep still, it seems. There were at least 100 people gathered in that old public house, most of them had never heard of God or His Son. I enjoyed talking to them. I tried the question plan. I asked them questions, which, of course, they did not know, but it excited their curiosity, and they would listen for the answer. When I was through the chief got up and handed me a big chicken, as he said, for friendship. I refused, and told him that we were to be friends, but that friendship was a thing of the heart and not a matter of giving goods. The Bulu do not know any friendship but that of goods, and their custom is always a source of trouble. They give today and ask nothing, but in a few days they want three or four times as much as they gave. So to avoid trouble, we will take nothing, but as we buy it at the time, and then there can be no kick. The old chief understood it and did not take offense when I refused his chicken. It was getting late and we had to return, getting back just before

dark. It is at least six miles over there, and you may know a twelve-mile walk is no little task in an afternoon, especially on the roads we have here, but we were both in good shape. Mr. J. took the fever a week after, but it certainly was not due to that trip alone. Much of our work will be such as this, but as soon as we get bridges over the streams it will not be so bad.

The young people of Trinity Church, Montclair, N. J., have sent me a Baby organ which will come perhaps the same time the carpet does. It will be useful, as well as a real pleasure to us all. I am all right, so far. Love to all. Good bye.

A LETTER TO MOTHER.

March 14, 1897.

My Dear Mother:—It was my privilege to have the Sabbath services today and they say I got along all right. The house was crowded, every window was full of faces and the ground was covered inside and near the door. They paid good attention and most all understood. Some of those who have never heard before, could not, for they do not know what we are talking about. If a Bulu would talk about God and the things of God to a man who had never heard of Him, that man would not understand. So if strangers do not understand, I cannot feel bad. One man came up after I was through and I asked what I said; he told me most of the points I had tried to make. Mr. Kerr told me they could understand me. This is all very encouraging and will incite me to greater efforts in the language, for I do want them to understand. I put on a neck-tie today, the first time for more than a year. Oh, I am away back in the week, and it does not make any difference; I do get into some clothes sometimes, the buttons do come off, and they do get torn. My boy does not know much about fixing them up. By the way, my boy, Ze, son of Nloze, has gone home and I have another; the new one is the son of an Esakoi chief. His name is Mekuku. I do not like him very well and may change soon. All the school boys want the place, so it is no trouble getting a boy. I told you about our cook; you know the old one stole. We fined him 50 marks and sent him home. At that time Mrs. Johnston was here with her cook, and they looked after things while they were here. She taught the Mabea boy something and he was our cook for two weeks, but his mother died and he had to go home, and we are left without anybody. We are training a Bulu now and hope to get along all right. We are in mourning today because our best pet was killed by some dogs. The parrot was the nicest pet I ever saw. He was always

happy and always doing something to make us laugh. He would come in the house while we were at the table eating, and climb up on my shoulders and talk in my ear. He knew his name and he knew me, but the poor fellow is gone. While we were at services he was killed and eaten by those miserable dogs. We feel lost without his constant chatter. Now I must tell you about the pictures you sent. All the large ones were hung up when they first came, but the others have lain around, waiting for some one to fix them up. The other day I took the black you sent me and pasted some of the smaller pictures on it. It looks very pretty. Then I took a big sheet of wrapping paper and pasted the light colored flowers on it, with one of the "Standard Delineator" ladies in the center. It is very attractive to the Bulu because of the bright colors. The pretty ones with "Mother" on the back, are not hung for we do not have ready made frames. Those big hangers father sent, are quite attractive and the Bulu will stand and look at them for a long time. The one with the strong man has a fame reaching many miles away. Strangers come and ask if they can see the "strong man." But the funniest of all is the two Darkey babies sitting in a tub of water. The boys stand and look at it for a quarter of an hour at a time. It is from the "Ram's Horn." There were at least 100 people in the house today looking at the things; they never get tired looking, but we do sometimes. As a usual thing, we can't turn around without running into a black man, woman or child; they are our constant company. But as to the names on the pictures, please give them my hearty thanks. The one with "from Baby Charlie" on its edge, hangs in a conspicuous place. I hope soon to get those sent by mother, framed. You have no idea what a help they are—they hide many an ugly piece of bark, and they break the monotony. I have planted flowers again. The verbenas did not die in the dry season and they are now blooming again. My prayers are with you always.



Mr. M. H. Kerr. Rev. C. W. McCleary. Rev. Melvin Fraser.

FRASER BACK AGAIN.

March 18, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—Mr. Fraser reached Elat yesterday. He was absent nearly four months but comes back looking well and strong. He had a trunk full of mail for us, and you know what a feast we are having.

You will notice a change in the way of spelling the name of our station. The "e" which we have always put on the last does not belong there. It is simply Elat. You have no doubt seen the name spelled in two ways. We used to write it Bule but they never say it that way. It is Bulu (booloo).

Our chiefs are much exercised over the Governor. They have heard that Mr. Kerr called him to come down and catch Myondo. They called a palaver one day and after much talk said that if he came they would go way back in the interior, and live as they used to do before the white man came around. It all came out later that they thought we would get scared and offer them some goods if they would not go. They were a little surprised when they found we were quite indifferent as to whether they went or stayed. We do not hear so much about it the last few days. We have a good laugh at them for being afraid and we do send it home to them sometimes, telling them that it is their wicked hearts that make them fear so.

DEATH PALAVER.

We saw some heathen superstition a few days ago. Nloze, the second chief, called a palaver, called a "palaver of death." He got it into his head that some of his people wanted to kill him. It is this way: Everybody has a witch. He said that three of his sons and three of his wives were conspiring against him; that their witches would unite with those of the hostile tribe, and the witches thus united would kill him or cause him to be killed. He laid the charge before all the people of the town and told them that if he died, they must cut the throats of these three sons and three wives of his. This is an old custom with the Bulu. It is done to inspire fear into the people of the town. The old fellows are in constant dread of something. Full of fears and fighting, what a life they must live.

The can of seeds came by this caravan. I am delighted to get them. We also received some "spuds" from the beach. It is nice to see the old familiar Irish potato once more. We will try our best with all. I would like to try a little blue grass seed, too, if you will

send some in a letter. I have the school now, which has an average attendance of about thirty-five. I like the work first rate, and can talk a little more than I could when I started.

I am well. Love to all, and prayers on your behalf.

April 11, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—Mr. Kerr has not been real well for some time and now his teeth are giving him so much trouble that he announces today, noon, that he wants to start for Efulen tomorrow. His jaw is very much swollen, and he did not get much rest for several nights. He cannot eat well and is run down generally. He will go as far as Efulen and if the doctor advises he will go on home. So another unexpected chance to send mail and not much time in which to write. Fortunately I wrote Lee yesterday, and perhaps he will let you read his letter.

WORK FOR THE YEAR.

At our station meeting after Mr. Fraser's return, the work assigned to me was as follows: The school, one-third of the regular Sabbath service, the "ladies" class in Sunday school, and station chairman and treasurer. Taken all in all this means work; but that is what I came for, and I am going to do my best with the Lord's help. There are twenty-four "kids" in the school and it keeps me busy from 8 o'clock to 12 to get all around to all. We had planned to divide the school and Mr. Kerr would take part, but he is going so I will have it all. We have put up an addition to the old house with lifting door between. For services the two rooms are thrown into one and it makes a nice room.

There are many strangers coming around these days. Of course they all have to see the house and all the things in it. They often ask, "show us everything," and they expect us to open boxes and let them handle all they see. Some are quite timid and will not come in. Yesterday some young braves got scared while in my room and tried to jump out through the window. They all have their fetiches and medicine. One day a man showed me three kinds of medicine. One was supposed to protect him from being shot. I asked him if the medicine had the power to ward off the bullet if hung up by itself; he said it had. I asked him then to put it up on a block and let me shoot at it with my rifle. He had such confidence in its powers that he let me shoot at it. It was merely a small piece of wood of some peculiar kind and you may know the result when a 44-caliber ball took it in the center. He hunted and hunted and only found a small piece of it. We had a good laugh at him, but he said that his medi-

cine was all right for Bulu, but I, being a white man, had stronger medicine. He, however, lost faith enough to let me buy all his fetiches for a few bells, and I have them now.

We are having a great time with the culinary department. As you know our celebrated cook was sent home. We have only a raw Bulu and he knows about as much about cooking as a snow-bird. The yeast gave out and I tried to make some new. It is still in the drying stage and I do not know what it will be like. We have not had good bread for a long time. We have a corn mill and are going to try corn; we can cook it and we like it. Roasting ears came for the first, yesterday, and received a glad welcome. Everything is fresh and green after the rains. Our peanut patch is about as large as a block, is very beautiful, and my flowers are doing well.

I made my first effort at translating hymns by putting into Bulu the twenty-third Psalm as written in our hymnal. We sing it to the tune Siloam.

ENJOYS WORK WITH THE BOYS.

April 20, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—I have just returned from the school house where I had a meeting with the boys. When Mr. Kerr was here he had them twice a week for Bible instruction. In his absence I have them and I do enjoy it. I wish you might hear them sing and pray and answer Bible questions in regard to the creation and the life of Christ. They have splendid memories, and their prayers are so child-like and original. We have to laugh sometimes at the way they put things. Some are quite frivolous, and do not always mean what they say, but they are on the right road and we hope and pray that the time is not far away when they will be in earnest, and will carry into every day life what they are now learning in the school room and in our meetings with them. I have never yet seen them get enough singing. Tonight they kept me a half hour after the meeting was over, and expressed their regrets when I took the lamp and went to the house. They like especially, "Everywhere with Jesus," "Whiter Than Snow," "Happy Day," "Jewels," and "Jesus Calls You."

Some of the boys got dissatisfied some time ago and a few have gone home. We are sorry, for we have put much time on them in the way of teaching and other things. The whole trouble is that they want more goods and they somehow think they can make us give more for what they do. There are others, however, who want to come. We can get all we want in a day, but they are those who are close enough to come without boarding here. Mr. Fraser went out the other day and returned with six, four of whom went away this morn-

ing. Their fathers came to get their goods because they permitted their sons to come, and because they got nothing they took the boys home. One of the hardest parts of the work is the unappreciative way these people receive what we try to do for them. They think they are doing us a very great favor by letting their boys come here. Many of the fathers here in the town will make their children sit at home all day doing nothing rather than let them come, as most of them would come if they were not hindered. And when they see so many things in our house, they think we are so very rich and they, having nothing as compared with what little we have, think we are the meanest and stingiest people living because we do not give them things. We cannot help even a friend whom we would like to help, for it immediately makes hard feeling. If a gun flint is given, everybody in town knows it before a day and then they come, "You gave to him, why won't you give to me?" I sent an old man a flint the other day, and when he saw there was but one he was quite provoked, and expressed himself so, because there was only one. About two weeks ago I gave a little fellow who has been very faithful in school a little jacket. This was the opening for him to ask me every time he sees me for something. If you do the least little thing for one, he takes it for granted that you are going to give him everything he asks for and they are legion. And he gets quite provoked if you refuse, and he will ask, "Is friendship finished?" And never a thank you for what has been done, but rather we get such as "stingy, hard, mean, merciless, unfriendly, etc." Year in, year out, never ceasing—it takes quite a store of grace to stand it all with a smiling countenance.

Last Sabbath was an interesting day for me. I have the children in Sunday school while Mr. Kerr is away. There were forty-four out last time. It is no easy task to keep them all still and interested, but it is an interesting class. After Sunday school I had the services. The house was full and they gave good attention. I talked about Christ's final judgment of all men, and of the separation that there will be that day between those who have done evil, and those who have done good. After dinner I went to a near town and had three different meetings with the people who could not come, mostly on account of laziness, for it is only about one mile. One chief, whom we had rebuked about having so many women, tried to make sport for a while at one meeting but at the other two everybody was anxious to hear and they wanted me to come again. I had my guitar, and it draws a crowd any time and any where. Four of our boys went along and helped with the singing. The only unpleasant thing about such a trip is that we must wade through water and sit with wet feet as long as we stay.

CRUEL SURGERY.

April 24, 1897.

Cruel war did its work yesterday. There has been quiet for a few weeks, and the women have been going to their gardens quite regularly, but mostly when some of the men would go to guard them. Yesterday nearly the whole town was out and only one man with a gun. It is just such a time that the enemy comes. They found a woman working in her garden, and, running up quite close fired their guns and ran, for they did not know how many guards there might be out. One piece of old iron pot crushed through the woman's skull and lodged inside. It would have killed a white man instantly. She was unconscious for a few minutes, but was able to walk home with assistance. Then they began digging to get the broken bone and iron out. They first cut the scalp away down to the bone, then began working to get the bone. A big jack knife and their fingers were the only instruments they had and they could not get a hold. They came and asked me if we had a hook with which they could pull it out. We happened to have a small pair of pincers or tweezers which I gave them. They got a hold of the bone, but the hole was too small and it would not come. Then they took the knife and cut and hacked at the skull until the hole was large enough. After much stabbing they removed two pieces of bone and iron. In looking in one could see what I took to be the brain in which every heart throb was visible. But she still lives.

SCHOOL WORK—LIGHT AND SHADOWS.

April 11, 1897.

Dear Friends:—I wish you might visit my school. This work has been assigned to me for the coming year. If you were to visit it you would better understand what I shall have to say about it. First, as to the house in which it is held: It cost about \$30. There are four openings for windows and one for a door, but no door or shutters with which to close them. For seats we have two large logs, one on either side, running the long way of the house. Then on top of these we have split logs which will slide back and forth; on these the boys sit. There are no desks and no backs to the seats, yet they think they are fine. . We have a little blackboard about three by four feet. Until within the last few months we had but sixteen slates. Now we have

twenty-five. The only books printed in the Bulu are a small primer and the Four Gospels. The slates and primer are Station property, but each one has to buy his Bible. It is quite a primitive school. Into this house with the above mentioned improvements and advantages, about forty of the coming generation of Buluites gather five days in the week to receive instruction in the higher arts of the white man. It is an amusing sight to look in upon them. You have heard of dressed kid, but not so much perhaps of undressed kid. Well, this is mostly the latter. Not more than eight or ten make any pretense at wearing a cloth. A piece of bark, a small rag, or a few leaves, completes their toilet. Nearly all have the skin disease so common among them. It is very like the itch in a bad form. Frequently a place the size of one's hand gets entirely raw. The cause of this is their dirty habits. They hate to wash and they do not if they can help it. The other day a boy did not come and the next day I asked him why. He said he stayed at home to wash. He looked like a new boy and I wondered at the time if it was his yearly wash. There is but one girl in school now. Sometime ago two or three came quite regularly and one especially was doing well. She was nearly through the primer and had already bought her Bible by bringing ashes (for fertilizing) and firewood. But her father took her from school and married her to an old man of a tribe quite a distance away. She is not over twelve, but this is Bulu custom. Two have thus been married and the one who is still in school will soon go. About one-half of the boys are living on the hill and the rest come from the towns near by. Some are very bright and learn rapidly. One who started in September is reading well in the Bible and repeats the multiplication table as far as the nines. Many others seem as bright, but there are some who cannot tell one letter from another after two months trial. When they once learn a thing they remember it. It is both interesting and encouraging to hear them sing the gospel songs and repeat the many catechetical questions we have taught them. On the whole the school work is the most interesting and encouraging part of the work. The boys as well as the fathers(reputed as such), are always complaining about not getting paid for coming and letting their boys come; but this is one of our "thorns."

We had intended to divide the school and have just built an additional room to the school house with lifting doors between so that for services on the Sabbath we could accommodate all who came. But Mr. Kerr has gone and I must keep it all. We are getting on quite rapidly, you see; preparing for a graded school.

I preached my first sermon just one year after arriving at the station. I do not say that everybody understood what was said. It will be some time before I am able to talk so that everyone will understand all; but they do get a little and it is a real pleasure to be

able to tell them of the love of Jesus, for they have never heard the good news. I now have to take the services every other Sabbath. In my Sunday school class last Sabbath there were forty-four children and Mr. Fraser had more grown people. The Sunday school will average about 100 each day. There are some funny things which come out in this work. In asking the question "Or if he ask a fish will he give him a serpent?" the answer will come, "He will if it is bigger and he doesn't want it himself." A big snake is better than a small fish any day and if they are left to choose, the snake goes first. The other day the boys saw a snake in the roof of the school house. There was a general scramble for it and when it was killed there was a long and hot discussion about who should have it. About two weeks ago one of the fair sex brought a "nam" to sell. This is a very good native food and makes a fine dish, but when we turned it out of the leaves in which it was cooked, there was a snake chopped up and mixed in with it. Our boys got a treat that day. So the question about the serpent seems ridiculous to them.

Again, it is hardly necessary to urge upon them the verse, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat * * * nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on," for they are not guilty of thinking of the future. They like to have cloths, but it is quite immaterial whether they have or not. And they think that the white man does not live up to what he teaches when he tries to explain the verse, "Give to him that asketh thee." They are asking all the time and they never get and they cannot understand it. The first day I tried to talk, right in the midst of a very forcible argument (as I thought) the old chief looked up and licking his hand, said, "Why do you tell the people to sit down and let their hearts be at rest when we are all so hungry for salt?" Quite good logic from their standpoint. Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear such questions as, "Give me that shirt you have on," or those shoes, hat or trousers, anything they see, in fact. It gets very tiresome and it takes grace and grit to stand it for a whole year from the same person every time he sees you. But the boys who have been with us all the time are beginning to see that we do not hand out the goods. They are beginning to see that we have made a little sacrifice for them, and they are showing it. It is hard to do so much for these people and then be called mean and stingy while we are doing it. But I have written too much and said too little already. Pray for the boys.

A HEART TO HEART TALK.

May 12, 1897.

My Darling Mother:—I wonder how you all are tonight? I suppose you have your ups and downs. I know I have mine. I felt "down in the mouth" today, and must confess—shamefully—have for several days. It is all my own fault, I know. I don't trust as I ought. But several things have helped Satan out, or rather he has made use of them. We have been expecting mail every day for two weeks and no word from it yet. Fearful lest it is lost we have worried some over it. I never think much about it until the appointed time for it to get here—then, if it does not come, we all get anxious. Then every once in a while (as today) the deplorable condition of these people comes up before me and the thought nearly overwhelms me. We have been shocked by their way of warring and other cruelties—their lies, inconstancy, debasing talk and impurities. In fact, at times, there seem to be no redeeming features or lovable qualities about them. I know I ought not to feel discouraged, and I don't long, for the hand of the Lord has not slackened. But I want to tell you what I did and wherein I got comfort. I took down a book entitled "The Closer Walk," by Darling, and oh, how the Lord used those words in driving away all care, fear, incredulence, etc. And now you know where that old book is. Did you ever miss it? When I was coming away it was among my books upstairs, and I put it in, thinking it might help me some time. So it has. Please do not be hard on me for taking it without asking as I should have done. I don't remember when it was bought, or who ever read it, but it had its mission, and is not done yet. It has so much scripture in and so much that is uplifting. I must strive for the closer walk. I read another book not long ago by Marion Harland, "The Royal Road, or Taking Him at His Word." It was very helpful. This book was sent by Miss Parsons of the "Woman's Work," to be sent around among us. I enjoyed it much. Myrtie sent two by mail which were delightful as well as helpful. I enjoy the day school if it is hard on nerves and patience and nose. You ought to see my flowers—a fine display and constant bloom. Drop a few seeds in your letters, and send many many prayers up to God for your boy, baby boy.

A FUNERAL.

May 20, 1897.

My Dear People at Home:—That poor woman who was shot lived nine days in terrible agony and then died. As is their custom, she was examined to see what killed her. The verdict was that a witch gave her up to the enemy. In fact they found the witch in her body as they always do. She was buried in the center of the street, and in the evening a fire was kindled over the grave, and over the fire was hung the witch. Then there was great mourning. I went over to see the husband but the house was so full of mourners, all wailing, and weeping, and covered with ashes, that I could not get in. The man was sitting on the ground in the center, literally covered with white mud and ashes. He had but one other wife. This state of affairs is considered a great calamity and they have a custom of persecuting a man who is left thus. For one month he is to wear no cloth; he must keep to the ashes, and is subject to ill treatment by all the women of the town. They pounded him and he could not pound back, but rather must give something to quiet them. He carried a little basket of flints and buttons all the time to give to any who might ask.

Just a few days after the death of this woman, about 5 in the evening we heard firing in a near town and soon learned that three people were shot. One, an old man, died that night. His son is badly torn, but still lives. He has about twenty wounds. The wife-mother is not very badly hurt. This was a hard blow on the little town. They were unprotected and it is to such places that the enemy nearly always goes. So the trouble is farther from being settled than it was some time ago. What the end will be God only knows.

CAKE BAKING.

We, too, have had our battles, but in other lines and with other weapons. I think I told you that I tried to make some yeast and that it did not seem to be good. Well, it was splendid and our new (raw Bulu) cook is making the best bread we have had since we came. We now have a good out-oven, and this helps. Overjoyed with the success at the bread, I thought we might celebrate and try a cake. We had had but two cakes since we came and we were cake hungry. Now, such a thing I had never tried, but we do not know what things we can not do until we try. It was not a failure exactly, for we could eat it and wished it were bigger. Then Mr. Kerr tried his hand at a cake. Somehow he missed the connections, at least it fell to pieces, but one spot. That spot came to me somehow, and in trying to get it to my mouth I discovered the bond of union of that homogeneous spot. It was the cloth out of the butter tin. Since that time we hear

considerable about "that rag cake," and the suggestion that all old rags be saved for cake baking.

Another victory has been in making our own jams. We have more pineapples than we can use, and after many efforts we have succeeded in preserving some of them. They are fine. We have not used any fruit from home for a month. Such is life in bachelor hall in "darkest Africa."

June 14, 1897.

This letter is being written on the installment plan. Our last mail to the coast was April 12, and the next will not be at least for a month yet, so you will get three months' mail in one. We had five weeks of anxious waiting for mail after date appointed. In the meantime we heard a rumor that there was a new doctor and his wife coming to Elat. We were quite jubilant over it, but our high hopes were dashed to the ground on the 5th of this month, when Mr. Kerr returned alone. We were glad to see him return, for as I told you he had thought he might have to go home. He brought three months' mail, with the exception of the letters of January and February, which were sent by the north road, and which are still in the bush somewhere. I received your letters of January 7, March 20 and 25. We are still in hopes of getting the lost letters. I received eighty-seven pieces of mail so I have been quite occupied. "As cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." We were almost starved. It is either feast or famine in the mail line. The report we had heard was not all false, for there is a new Doctor on his way to us, but like the rest of us he is a bachelor. He will arrive perhaps next month.

I am having a little vacation now. For four months the school kept me quite close and I thought best to take a rest rather than have one forced upon me. The average attendance for those four months was 34.5. Considering the war troubles and all things together this, we think, is not bad.

The fight is still on. Four attempts have been made by the cowards of this town to reach the enemy but without success. In one attempt they had one man killed and another wounded. This makes them very mad and they have collected a great crowd to help them. On Saturday they began to collect, and most of them came to see the "white pets in the high house." There were perhaps over 100 callers that day. More collected yesterday and the town is full of brave (?) warriors. Last night they had a big dance and made "brave" medicine. But with all their bravery they cannot screw up courage enough to go out in open war.

It is one year since I came up from my trip to the coast. It does

not seem so long. We have a few "reminders" of that trip in the way of trees. I brought pawpaw seeds, planted them, and they are now trees loaded down with fruit. Some of them are twelve feet high and eight inches in diameter at the bottom. There are at least a dozen of these. The oranges are more slow in their growth, but they are well started. During this year I have been away over night but once, and I have made few trips even for a day. I am quite a "home" boy. But there is no place to go except to the bush. The first part of the year I was not able to understand or be understood so it was useless for me to go alone among the people. Lately I have been doing a little itinerant preaching, and have gone hunting a few times.

MONKEY HUNTING.

During my little vacation I have taken a few trips to the bush. Being so constantly surrounded by inquisitive people, and having so many little cares whenever around the station, it is a grateful rest one gets when he goes off into the bush to be with nature a while. Three of those refreshing times I have enjoyed within the two weeks. They were all deeply interesting to me and possibly some account of them will be to you.

To the west of our hill, about eighty rods distant, is a beautiful little mountain rising perhaps 1,000 feet above the brook which winds its way over the rocks into the valley which divides the two hills. It is always green and its moss covered rocks and shady nooks ever invite one to come over and investigate its mysteries. There is something grand about this wooded height even from a distance. One never tires of gazing upon it, and he is always anxious for a closer investigation. There are three bold crags which project out from among the trees about half way up, from either of which we are told, one has a grand view of the surrounding country. Not long ago we heard a distant voice calling to the people of the town. After some time we discovered a man standing on one of these bare rocks. He was plainly heard by the people on our hill. As usual for Bulu he was telling a big lie. He said the chimpanzees had caught a man and were beating him. But the man was in town and the lie was soon found out. But seeing this man up there made me more anxious to go up and look around. Shortly after this we heard monkeys on the mountain so I could not stay any longer, for there was a chance of getting a shot at the monkeys as well as seeing the sights. But I must have a guide. So I sent for an old medicine man who claimed to be the "headman" of the mountain, and he has since proved his knowledge of every part of that rocky height. I must tell you a little

about him. He is the most inoffensive Bulu we have. He is a great fellow to make medicine. If any one wishes to go on a trip they first come to him to make medicine. He is supposed to be able to tell whether the trip will be successful or not. He is a regular attendant at our services and he does not believe in fighting as most all do. He is on our side in almost every palaver. He seems to try to do better. Whenever he goes anywhere he comes and tells us. I was quite surprised one day when he came to me in great trouble. He said some one had stolen his goat and he was going to have revenge. He was going to the town where the goat had been taken and was going to kill something, either a goat or a man, he did not know which, yet. He said he came to tell us so I would not feel bad when I heard he had done bad for he knew we did not want people to do bad. So you see he is quite an innocent fellow. He has two wives and seems to think much of them. He walks much in the bush and knows every path, and the haunt and habit of every animal. He can tell if an animal is near by turning his nose up and taking a few sniffs. He can mock nearly every animal which lives in the bush, and he says he can charm them to tell him. He tried to do so the day we were out, but it was a failure. It was wonderful how he could tell just where the monkeys were, and he could see a dozen where I could not see any.

Imagine a short, stubby fellow in a blue denim suit, with a double barreled shot gun on his shoulder, a boy behind with a 44-40 Winchester rifle at hand for long range, and an old medicine man cautiously picking his steps ahead, now waving us back, now forward. So we wound our way up the steep ascent, holding on to roots, branches, vines, now on hands and knees, now climbing over high logs and rugged rocks, stopping every little bit to catch our breath and listen. I had a chance to look around. Sometimes I felt quite content to sit down and feast my eyes on the beautiful scenery and let the monkeys go. At times we passed along narrow paths with an awful precipice on one side and a perpendicular wall of rock on the other, rising from fifty to one hundred feet above. If in a damp place the rocks are covered with delicate ferns and mosses, and many beautiful begonia (or elephant's ear), and other plants with delicate flowers which I do not know. (I wish I were a botanist). In some shady nooks all the trees were covered with moss to a height of fifty feet or more, and the ground was made invisible by the carpet of green. About one-half way up we came to a more level place and could get along with more ease, following a horizontal, rather than a perpendicular path. Soon the guide said, "there they are," pointing out ahead. I listened and sure enough I could hear the monkeys jumping from tree to tree. We slipped up closer and at every step the old man pointed out a monkey but I could not see them. In a dark forest of high trees it is hard for an inexperienced eye to see anything. We

worried along, however, not letting them know we were trying to follow and at last I did get a good view of a whole drove as they ran out a large limb to jump to another tree. There were three kinds and all sizes in the one drove. Unfortunately they were too far for a shot gun and it was too dark for a good sight with the rifle, so hoping for a better chance I let them all pass and then started for them again. After following them for some time without getting a shot, they finally saw us and such a scattering and rattling of leaves as there was. Soon every monk had disappeared, and they went down such a steep place that we could not follow. I had seen the trees shake where the monkeys went, but never before had I had a good view of them and I was too much taken by their capers to do any shooting at them. We were all a little disappointed not to have a gun fired, but I felt quite repaid for my tramp, having had a good sight of the cunning fox of the forest, and having seen some of the wonders of the "bewitched" mountain. We turned our steps upward, climbed to the top, descended the opposite side, and did not see another animal. Coming down we passed by one of the bare rocks and I ventured out upon it. It was a hard place to reach and not very safe when there. It was not quite perpendicular, yet steep enough to prevent any dust lodging or even moss growing. This bare rock was about 100 feet high and sixty feet wide, about one-half way up the mountain side. There was a little ledge about the center on which one can stand after a hard climb to reach it. Here I sat gazing at the mountains around and the valley which lay at my feet. Our hill was just opposite and I called to the boys and they answered back. I could not distinguish the exact position of any of the neighboring towns. The whole country is wooded and the houses are all so low, and surrounded with trees. But smoke rising from gardens told that there were many people living up and down the valley. I was loth to leave this rock for it was pleasant to be there. That view was as good as one monkey so I went home well pleased with the trip.

Just three mornings after this fruitless trip we heard the monks again and Mr. Kerr and I, with three Bulu, started out with "blood in our eye." We followed the trail of the previous trip and thought we heard the monks about the same place as before. We separated, intending to get on both sides of the wily fellows. I had not gone ten steps when my old medicine man pointed out a big fellow sitting in a high tree about sixty yards ahead and up the mountain at that. I raised my rifle to shoot, but he thought I was a fool trying to shoot at that distance and told me to creep up closer. But I was too anxious for a shot and let him have it. To my surprise and the utter amazement of the old man, down he came and lodged in another tree. After much hunting we discovered his hiding place. Another shot and he was at our feet. We looked around for others but not one did

we see. After a turn around the mountain we returned. This was my first monkey and I was quite elated. He measured five feet from tip to tip—two feet ten of which was tail. He stood eighteen inches high, and weighed twelve pounds.

My third trip was unsuccessful, so you see I am not much of a hunter. I find since my blindness in the month of December, my sight is not so sharp and it takes a time for my eyes to focus on an object. Mr. Kerr has a better record. He was out camping four days while at Efulen and shot three monks, two deer, and twelve squirrels and large birds.

I believe you started my carpet, some seeds and some photos last November all at the same time. It is peculiar the way they come. The seeds arrived in March, the pictures in June, and the carpet is not here yet. The seeds were planted but nothing grew but the corn. Both the popcorn and the yellow field corn have matured and both are good. The wheat, sent, I believe, by Mr. McFadden, did not come up. He nevertheless has my thanks for the same. We planted some potatoes which we got from the coast but they did not do very well. The rice which I brought with me a year ago matured once, was planted again and it now looks fine. It is seven feet high and is just beginning to head.

Efulen, July 25, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—What a long time you have been without mail from Africa! From April 12 to July 21 not one scratch of mail left Ellate, (or Elat, or Elate). There is a great evolution in the name of our station. There was a mistake made first—hence the changes. In Bulu we spell it "Elat;" the Board wants it spelled Elatte. The pronunciation is "A-lat," long sound of a for first syllable and second sound of a in the second.

On July 17 we were gladly surprised by the arrival of our new Dr. Bennett. Dr. Johnson, of Efulen, came up with him. I liked Dr. Bennett very much, what little I saw of him. It was suggested that I return with Dr. J. to get a rest, change, mail and some more trade goods. So I am here at Efulen. Dr. and I left Elatte on July 21 and came down in four days. It rained hard, wetting us through and through, the first day. The roads were very muddy. Most of the time we were in mud or water. We were never dry on the road. The second morning out we had to cross a small river first thing and we waded through water up to the thighs. It was a hard trip but we got through all right, reaching here Saturday at 1 p. m. Found every one well; had a good rest. After going to bed we heard a knock on the door and found a man from the beach had arrived with mail. I got up and read the mail, tired though I was.

I may go on to the sea before I go back. Will return in five or six weeks. We expect to go camping and hunt monkeys, deer— anything, from snakes to elephant. What do you think I found on reaching Efulen? "A carpet for Africa." It has been a long time on the road and will not reach the end for at least six weeks yet. But it is all right. It is now opened and I have charge of it and am grateful for it. No one in this mission (that I know of) has such a luxury. And it is a luxury—not a necessity. I very much appreciate the kindness of those who had anything to do with it. And I would like if you would thank them all for me. The picture of the group is nice, but I cannot tell one-half of the faces. The large pictures were all torn and nearly ruined. The carpet was so heavy that it tore. Many thanks to Ed Maxwell for the pictures. The old colored woman with the melon takes the eye of the Bulu.

I can now write more frequently than at Elatte.

Efulen, July 28, 1897.

My Dear Aunt Mary:—I am prompted to write you because I found two beautiful towels in that roll of carpet marked from you. I want to thank you for this kind remembrance. They will be very useful. I wish to thank you, also, for what you did on the carpet, and for those pictures you sent me. It does me a great deal of good to know that I am still remembered by loving friends. Once in a while I get lonely,—not often,—and my thoughts wander back to Crawfordsville and home. But when I remember that you are all so interested in my work and welfare, I almost forget that we are separated by ten thousand miles of sea and land. Sympathy helps one along. The fact that I know you all pray for me does me more good than I can tell, and how much we all need your prayers. We are all so weak and the work so great. Pray. From the address you see I am not at home. Knowing that you get to see my home letters I will take it for granted that you know all about the recent changes. I am now down on a rest trip and will return in about a month with mail and a caravan. Being so recently on the road perhaps a short account of the trip will be of interest.

A VERY HARD TRIP.

July 21 was the day appointed for leaving Elat. Dr. Johnson of Efulen had arrived a few days before with thirty-seven men. We were to return together. The day before leaving, I got down my rubber bag and began putting in such clothing as I needed for the trip, and such bedding as would be necessary for the road. On the 21st we were up early. We put on our traveling suits, which consist of blue denim trousers and jacket, a pair of rubber tennis shoes with socks outside of trousers and tied with a string to keep sand and mud out. We each had a rubber bag for our things. These bags are so made that if the carrier falls in the river not one drop of water can get in. Dr. Johnson had a small box with lock and key in which we carried provisions for the road. We can get nothing of any account on the road except chickens. So we take enough to carry us through. We also gave each man enough food for the road. We did not get started until 9 o'clock.

July is one of our dry months, but this year it is very wet, so the roads were bad. We began wading in mud and water immediately and were not out of it in all the four days of the trip. About noon it began to rain and it did rain, oh, so hard. We were wet through and through, but on we went. We came to a swamp—a dangerous place where every step one took he would sink to the knees in the spongy mass. There were roots and grass enough to keep one from breaking through. . If a foot would go in, then one must throw himself lengthwise, else he sinks. It is much like hickory ice. When one steps on it, it goes down and returns after passing on. One can find no bottom with a stick. But we crossed all right. About 2 P. M. we got tired of the rain and finding a nice town we put up for the night. The chief gave us a house with two good Bulu beds in, and a good fire on the ground between them. It was very smoky but welcome. We removed our wet clothes, took a rub, and were soon warmly dressed in dry clothes by a blazing fire. Then we had to prepare our meal. We had two or three tin cans with bails—something like paint tins in which we cooked our food. After supper we prepared our beds. Bulu beds are made of bamboo poles, round ones, and not a thing to cover the ridges. They are not over six inches high. On these we spread our blankets and after a meeting with the people we retired for the night. One learns to sleep on one of these beds—from sheer exhaustion, not from comfort.

Next morning we were on the road at 5:40. First thing we had to cross a river and waded water up to our thighs. Oh, but it was cold! The water is always cold out here. The mud and water was dreadful the second day. Hour after hour we waded—splash, splash! There was no help for it. Where there was no water the path was

tramped into a jelly of nasty, sticky mud. At 10 A. M. we stopped for lunch and warmed by a good fire. At 3 P. M. we stopped for the night. And so we went on for four days, reaching Efulen at 12:40 on Saturday. My feet were nearly worn out because of tight shoes. Otherwise I was all right and am still. This bad state of the road is not the usual thing. We try to go in the dry months and at such times the roads are quite passable. I never want another such trip as this.

The people of Efulen are all well. They are as follows: Rev. and Mrs. Johnston, who came out when I did. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, and their sweet little girl, seventeen months old. I am stopping with the Johnston's but the houses are within calling distance of each other.

LETTER TO TRINITY CHURCH—A SUP- POSITION.

I want to call on your imagination a little. If you are a small boy just imagine you are a Bulu boy. Think yourself into his surroundings and see how you feel. You cannot go to school, for there are no schools. You cannot wear nice clothes and go to church, for boys do not wear clothes and there are no churches. You cannot hear the name of Jesus, so dear and sweet to little boys, for your own father and mother know nothing of Him, and there is no Sabbath school teacher to teach you. You cannot play nice games, for Bulu boys fight when they try to play. You cannot have a pocket knife, for you have no pocket, and some one will steal it if you lay it down. You cannot enjoy yourself at home, for your own father does not love you and your big brothers will whip and beat you if you do not run their errands. And every stranger will catch or kill you if you wander away from your town. You are taught to hate and not to love. You are taught to lie, steal, gamble, curse, fight, and kill. You are full of fear, and altogether wretchedly miserable, day after day. Would you like to give up all your toys, books, clothes, playmates; your loving papa and mama, your brothers and sisters, your home with all its joys? Would you give up all these and take up your abode in a native hut, to wallow in the dirt and be treated as a mean dog?

And you little girls, just imagine yourselves growing up in the native huts of the African bush. You have not as many privileges as your little brothers. Your fathers rejoice when you were born, but why? Only because they can sell you, and it means more goods for them. For they do not love you and will not turn over on their lazy

beds to help or please you. You must begin work in the gardens at an early age. And when you are anywhere from five to ten years old you are sold for a few goats, guns, beads, and handed over to another tribe. Perhaps to some old ugly man whom you cannot love or bear the sight of, yet you are his wife, (or better, property), and must go off with him to his tribe, to be treated as a slave or worse. Or perhaps you are given on some palaver to a hostile tribe. So your misery begins early. Your lot is even worse than the boys. Would you like to live as Bulu girls live?

Ye young men, the strength and pride of the nation, lay aside your education; your skill in the use of tools; your knowledge of agriculture; all your attainments which are the result of years of toil and training; all your cherished ambitions; leave them all behind and just for a few moments imagine yourselves in the place of the Bulu braves. You know nothing of the world but what little you can see in a few days' tramp through the bush. You have no books. No entertainment to go to, except the heathen dance. You do not know how to till the soil. You do not know how to use a single tool. You have no skill, except in the use of the spear, crossbow, gun and in beating the drum for the war dance. You are taught to steal all you can without being caught; cheat everyone with whom you trade; get all the goods you can, by fair or foul means; go to war at the call of your chief, whether there is a cause or no; kill everyone who contradicts you; avenge every wrong; trust no man; hate all men. What a fall from your exalted position! Would you like the exchange?

Ye husbands and fathers, let each one of you leave your dear wife and children. Give up your pleasant home; turn your back on all that is lovable and sacred; break every fond tie which binds you to your loved ones, your home, your friends, your country. Think of them as existing only in imagination, and your real self as in Bulu land. No, do not even imagine your previous existence. Whip all civilized thoughts from your memory, and take up your abode in an African village, as chief of the town and surrounding country. You have perhaps thirty, fifty, ninety, or more wives to look after, and a score or two of children. One of your wives runs off with a better looking man and you are pretty mad. You are in constant fear lest others do the same, and thus your chattels vanish. You see your neighbor whom you hate, getting more wives and goods than you have, and your heart rebels. You see a man pass your town with some goods and you stone, rob, and perhaps murder him. You get thirsty for the sight of blood, and you send your young men to fight. You are growing more and more avaricious every day. You have no peace of mind. You get into palavers. Your wives run off. Your children curse you to your face. They even plot to kill you and get your wives and goods. Every man hates you and you hate every man. Oh, wretched man

that you are, what can you do? Only the sight of blood will quiet you, and the first stranger who comes along is the victim. But your fears remain. Some one will bewitch you and you must constantly make medicine. Medicine for guns, goods, wives, and your own baby. You have no rest. Even your sleep is disturbed by the thoughts that your enemy is sneaking up to shoot into your house. So day after day your wretched life is prolonged. Fearing to live, dreading to die. May God pity you, and forgive us for leaving you in this hell on earth with no hope for eternity. Now go back to your loved ones, and, on comparison, see if you have anything for which to be thankful, and pray for your unfortunate brother.

But ye wives and mothers, listen. At eight years you are sold by father. Your owner (he cannot be called your husband) has many other wives, and you have a very small portion of his love, if love it can be called. You care nothing for him, but for fear you obey him. Every time you offend his tyrannical will he gives you a terrible flogging—not with a switch, but with a club, butt end of a gun, or anything at hand. If you try to run away and are caught, your body will be gashed with the cruel knife. You must provide food for your own house, and give to your owner every time he demands it. If his friends come to trade, you must give them food as long as they stay, which is not less than one month and sometimes three. You are not allowed to wear cloth, or eat meat. For if you did, the lazy man would not have enough—in fact they have not as it is. You may be sold to a stranger at any time. Or if you do not please your owner he may send you away, and in such cases you are not wanted anywhere. If you have children, blessed are you among Bulu women, for then you have some one to love and care for, for a few years at least. But, alas! how few are the blessed. You must toil in the sun and rain, day after day, with no ambition but to keep your life within you. Your heart knows no love. You are moved only by passion, hate and fear. You have no honor, no respect, no shame. You are bought and sold as a beast and treated as such. Can you imagine such a person without sending a prayer to God for her?

Once more. Ye, whose heads the frosts of many winters have glorified—the glory and honor of the home and church—lose yourselves in the jungle; forget your former days; transfer your abode to heathendom, and look around you. Your glory and honor are gone. Your snowy head is no protection now. Gray hairs are the signal for ridicule and laughter, and even for persecution. You can no longer go to war. You can no longer go to the gardens for food. Why cumber ye the ground? Why don't you die and give place to strength? Many of your old friends have been put out of the way, by starvation or worse, why are you left? You are not wanted any more. Why don't you die? Die, die! what is death? Where shall I go? Oh, I fear

death! Oh, catch me, for I am going to fall! What is this awful abyss I see? I cannot cross it. Oh, save me. Quick! What! Shall I perish forever? Must I die? Yes, you must, and be laid in a hopeless grave. All your life in bondage and fear, no one to comfort or love you, no one to care for you now, you are still in the hands of Satan. No hope here, none hereafter. Hell is your future home.

I have thus tried to paint a little word picture to show you how the heathen lives. But the colors are very faint. The real picture must be kept from you. What your eyes see cannot be told. You cannot even imagine a picture black enough to embody what is daily seen in this dark land. But I trust enough has been revealed to re-enlist your sympathy and your prayers. Can you compare your lot with man, woman, or child of the bush and not feel thankful to God that He has not left you as they are? He hath given us much. Shall He not require much of us? The harvest is so great, and the laborers are so few. "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees," by your prayers, your lives.

A SCHOOL IN THE BUSH.

I had fixed up an old shed with slabs for seats where I thought I could accommodate all who would come. But when the bell was rung on the last day of August, the children came in such numbers that I had to carry more slabs and prepare more seats. Some even sat on the ground the first day. And the interest was not slackened or the number decreased as the days go by. There are sixty-seven names on the roll, and the average attendance has been $39\frac{1}{2}$. This we think good for these people, for they do not know the value of an education, and there is so little inspiration for them to come. Only fifteen are boarding here. Two walk two miles every morning and return in the afternoon, and they are doing splendid work, too. Many boys have been refused as boarders because we have no house for them yet. With the new school house and a "dormitory," (a rough, cheap structure) which we hope to have soon, the number of scholars will be limited by the appropriation for the school work. We can have all the boys we can take care of. They are bright and seem to stick at it as well as any children I ever saw. One boy has, in twenty-five days, learned to read simple sentences and can print and write in a legible hand. The school lasts but three hours a day at present, and six days out of the seven. This boy studies hard the whole three hours, which is a difficult thing for a beginner to do. Several others are about up with this one, and only a few are of the slow order. Some of them lead in prayer at the opening or close of the school. Most of them can re-

peat the Lord's prayer, and some of them seem to believe the simple gospel truths which have been taught them. I have never heard a boy or a man gainsay, ridicule or scorn one thing which we have said, although to their minds most of the Bible stories are clear out of their range of thinking.

On the whole the school work is very encouraging, and we all feel like pushing it as far as our limited means will permit. It was this encouraging turn of affairs which led us to build the school house. We were a little over one week at it, and it is a real good house as Bulu houses go. It is 16x24 feet, with a high roof. For seats we are having medium sized logs sawed once lengthwise, and we will put them on stakes driven in the ground. They will thus be very firm if not handsome, and will serve the purpose as well as carved mahogany.

The morning services and the afternoon Sabbath school are well attended and are encouraging in every way. These are a hungry people, for they sit and listen to the Gospel story for a long while, and sometimes ask for more. They want to hear more of Jesus, that wonderful Son of God, and of His love to them. They will sit for hours after the services and listen to the songs and the guitar, and will beg us not to go. They are delighted when we go to the towns. But they are so many and we are so few. What can we do for all this starving multitude?

DOWN TO THE COAST.

August 15, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—These are busy times. I am at the coast. I left Efulen on August 9 and arrived here by noon of the third day, and you will remember it is seventy miles. Seventy miles in two days and one-half. I had a good trip, too. No rain at all and most of the path was dry.

I found every one well. Mr. and Mrs. Gault have just returned and are getting straightened up. I am now staying with them. They are well. Mr. Gault tells of his talk with father at the General Assembly. I am so glad to see some one who saw you so recently.

I will have a lot to write when I get back and settled. Now everything is rush. On the morning of the 13th we were surprised to see the steamer anchored near by. I went out with three of my Bulu boys and showed them the steamer. They could not take it in very well but I think it did them good. It opened their eyes a little. They got very sick going out and while on the ship. We have to go out about two miles in a small boat for the water is not deep enough for the steamer to come in.

Now, this morning we have another surprise; another steamer is

in sight and may be here today as it is at a point eight miles north. If they get through there and come to us we must go out even though it is Sabbath. One thing which grinds is that if they come on Sabbath we must go out and take our things or have them carried on. They never stop for Sabbath. Sometimes nearly the whole day is taken up by going out for boxes for the mission. But this is the only way we can get our things.

I expect to start back on Thursday, August 17, and stop over Sabbath at Efulen, then go on to Elat.

DANGER ON THE WAY.

Efulen, August 21, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—I left Batanga August 17, and spent four days on the road. Had but eighteen carriers, all Bulu. We could not get one man from the coast to come to Bulu. There is so much robbing and trouble on the road that all are afraid. Two days before I left the coast a caravan was robbed of everything between here and the beach, and as we came along, just as we stopped for the night, we heard the guns. Soon two men came in and said they had been stopped on the path. Two guns were fired, but no one was hurt, only the caravan was scattered; everyone ran his own way.

I had no trouble at all. Saw no one who looked suspicious. Slept out in the bush one night, and it rained. The little shed under which I slept leaked some, but I did not get wet. I gathered all my most valuable loads in a pile and tied them together so no one could run off with one. Two of the loads were worth \$50 each, and I kept my eyes on them.

Just the day before I left Batanga that little box arrived, and I brought it up. Soon after getting here I opened it and found everything all right. The slippers are nice and fit well. Please thank Ed Maxwell for the pair he sent me. The photos are splendid. I will try to write you about the pictures, now that I have all. I am thankful to get the seeds. Will plant them as soon as I get home. I am so grateful for all these things you send me.

My carpet may be left behind, for I could not get carriers. I left fifteen loads at the coast and there are eleven here. The carpet, being so great a luxury, may have to luxuriate a while at Efulen. Hope not, but cannot tell how many men I can get to go. The necessary things must go first.

I am feeling perfectly well. May God bless you all, is my prayer.

August 30, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—I am home once more and I am very glad to get safely back. On the way from Efulen we had rain every day and night. But we were not hindered much until Friday, when we did not get more than ten miles on account of high water. The men had to put their loads on their heads. From 6 to 12 I was in the water. One stream we waded took me just where my upper vest pocket ought to be. On Saturday morning we crossed the Mvile river with the water about one foot above the foot log and very swift. But we all arrived at Elat at 12:30 in good condition. I was away just five weeks and a half. I enjoyed it all but the last half day or two but they say I look worse than when I went away.

Mr. Fraser has had several spells, bilious attacks, etc., and is not in good shape for working. Mr. Kerr has been down again with the fever and has decided to go home at once. It will take him some two weeks to pack up and at that time I hope to tell you all about my trip. I have not the time to do so now. I could not get many men as carriers, so had to leave many things behind. There are some twenty loads waiting to come. Among other things my carpet was left. I am sorry, for I am afraid it will not get up for some time. It is all right, however, and safely tied up at Efulen.

The work is moving along nicely. The new Doctor is doing a rushing business. On Sabbath day the meeting house would not hold the people. The windows and doors were full and many could not even see inside. The new organ is a great attraction and a great help. The singing does a great deal better with it, for it makes a noise.

I will not write much this time for we do not know that this mail will ever reach the beach.

THE FATHER'S CONCERN.

New York, September 9, 1897.

Mr. J. H. McCleary, Crawfordsville, Iowa.

My Dear Mr. McCleary:—I am sorry to learn from your letter of the 6th instant addressed to Mr. Hand, that you have not heard from your son at Elat for so long. We have no letters direct from that station, either, but I have not felt any concern as there is frequently interruption of mails. Dr. Bennett, to whom you refer, arrived out in Africa some time in June. Writing to me under date of July 3, from Efulen, which point he had reached on his way to Elat, he says: "We leave for Elat, Dr. Johnson and myself, God willing, on Wednesday morning next and hope to walk there in about six days." As there is frequent communication between the two interior stations, and

these brethren were expecting to start on their journey to Elat, I see no ground for apprehension. You are aware that those insignificant but troublesome tribal wars have interfered a good deal with our transportation, so that our missionaries have been afraid to send caravans without the presence of a missionary. As it is not always easy to spare a man from the station, they have no doubt delayed sending I think, however, that we shall probably hear in the near future. When we do hear I shall let you know.

Yours sincerely,

John Gillespie.

A VACATION—A HARD TRIP—MR. KERR.

September 10, 1897.

Dear Mr. Reed and Friends of Trinity Church:—Dr. Johnson and I left here on July 21st. We had a very bad road for four days to Efulen. I enjoyed one week of rest at Efulen, then Rev. Johnston and wife and I went out camping for five days. We went about two hours walk from town and camped on the bank of a beautiful stream, right out in the jungle. We each had a guide who was well acquainted with the place, so had no fear of getting lost. We thoroughly enjoyed tramping around after game, being clear away from all the care and responsibility which weighs on us at the station. We secured twenty-three animals, eight of which were monkeys. The boys and men who were with us had a great feast for once. There is nothing quite so good to the Bulu palate as a piece of monkey. We saw four deer but did not get any, but we did get a good supply of squirrel, so we white people had a feast, too. This little outing did us all good.

August 9th I started for the coast in order to accompany the caravan all the way, for it is now unsafe for cloth and other trade goods to come even to Efulen without a white man along. I enjoyed getting to the sea after a year in the bush, but was glad when the time came for returning. Leaving Batanga August 17th with twenty men, and stopping at Efulen over Sabbath, I reached Elat on the 28th in good condition. It was a hard trip for the streams were up and we had rain every day. One day we did not get more than four or five miles and all the way we were in water. Eight times the men had to put their loads on their heads to keep them out of the water. The deepest I waded was very near to my shoulders. It is only due to the goodness of our dear Heavenly Father that I am not sick after such a trip. So far He has kept me in good health. I most sincerely hope that the time will come soon when we will not be compelled to expose ourselves thus. This being the dry season we cannot account for so much rain, but it came when I was out and I had to make the best

of it. I was glad to get back to our dear home. There is no place in Africa, that I have seen, where I like it better than Elat.

Mr. Kerr is going to start for home in a few days. He has promised to go to Montclair, and he can tell you more in an hour than I can write in a day. Don't be afraid to ask him questions. I am sure you will enjoy his visit for he has been through all the interior work from the start and can tell all about it. I cannot say enough in praise of what his brother has done for the work, and for me. He has been like a brother to me. When I stepped on shore at Batanga, he was the first to grasp my hand, and we have been going hand in hand ever since. He has helped me in so many ways. He has been the leading spirit at Elat, and we will miss him so much. But he needs the rest and we give him a God-speed, praying that he may have a blessed time in the home land and a safe return to us.

MORE LAND PURCHASED.

We have just purchased a piece of land joining our hill on the east. We consider it quite a valuable acquisition, for on it is the spring from which we get our water. Now we have full control of the spring. Dr. Bennett has analyzed the water of the several springs near the hill and this one has the best water and it is the closest.

Since Dr. Bennett came the medical work has gone on nicely. There is but one drawback—we do not give medicines away. The fee is very small, yet they think we ought to give to all who come, without charge. Many come and pay, however, and we feel much is being done in this way.

The Baby organ is doing good service. People come from far inland to see and hear the organ. And on Sabbath days some have even jumped up on the seats to get a better look at the wonderful box which talks. It is quite comical when some old chief loses all his dignity and jumps up in the midst of the service to come and get a good look at the instrument. They will sit for hours, if any one will play so long, and listen to it.

Wishing you a merry Christmas, I close.

DR. BENNETT'S GOOD WORK.

Batanga, October 20, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—Dr. Bennett returned the 18th with a small caravan, lots of mail, and for the most part good news. As we see it now it was the all wise ruling of Providence that took Doctor on this journey. When he reached Lolodorf he found Mr. Roberts dying, and was, with the help of God, able to restore him. Mr. Roberts was

taken down with the fever, and having no medical advice, took too much narcotics and was at the point of death. The Governor had taken charge of him, taking him up to his own house, but was able to do nothing. Doctor arrived just in time to save him. Fortunately he had with him just the right remedies, and after a few days they were able to take Bro. Roberts to the beach, where he speedily recovered. Another thing Doctor was able to do on this trip was to gain the good will of the government by caring for some soldiers who were shot in a late fight with the Bene people to the north of us. On account of the lack of ammunition the soldiers had to return to the station, and some were badly hurt. Eight hundred thousand rounds of ammunition have now arrived and more soldiers, so it will go hard with the poor natives.

Mr. Kerr reached the beach safely and started for home by S. S. Congo. He will reach New York long before this letter does. The returning carriers who will take this letter will start tomorrow and I will accompany them at least one day of the way, for they are afraid. This is the rainy season and we may get very wet. I will not write much for we are always afraid that mail sent in the care of natives alone may never reach the beach. But one of us will go down in a month to attend Mission meeting which meets in December. Then you can look for some mail. It is likely I am the one who will have to go, for Mr. Fraser is not able to go on the road. I would much prefer to stay here, study the language, keep in touch with the people and the work of the station, etc. But all things point to my going. It will take about two months. One pleasant side of it is that I will get to see many of the co-workers, and it will no doubt be a good spiritual feast.

That watch you sent came this mail and it is all right. So far it has run well. I am very thankful to you for it. I sent my other one home by Mr. Kerr, who will get it fixed and send it back.

Our cook broke out with a very loathsome and dangerous disease the last of the month. He had to go to town, and is now living in a house by himself. One of the school boys is cooking for us and he is doing well. It is so strange the way these boys take to our ways. The first trial he made good bread.

A COMICAL SIGHT.

November 3, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—One of the most comical sights we have seen for a time was the appearance of a newly married couple at church a few weeks ago. The groom was that old medicine man I told you about who went with me as guide up the mountain. He is quite an

old fellow and has three old wives. But he wanted another, so he began paying goods on one. Finally the day came when he had paid enough to warrant the taking of the bride unto himself. We knew when he went for her and we heard that she was quite young, but were quite unprepared for the spectacle which presented itself on his return. The marriage train arrived on Saturday. There was a big dance that night, and the next day, Sabbath, they danced most of the forenoon. Guns were fired and the drums roared and as his town is not far away the noise disturbed our services some. About noon the old reprobate came up and he looked like one just out of the pen. We lectured him for allowing a dance on the Sabbath. He said he could not stop them and I believe there was some truth in what he said. We asked him where his new wife was and he promised to bring her up. Sure enough next morning he came with her to morning prayers.

As he came in at the door I almost rolled off the seat with laughter. He was carrying the new woman on his back and when he let her down he took her in his arms. She was so shy, so cunning, and she clung to him like a leech. But she was only about six years old and small for her age at that. And so he comes every Sabbath and frequently to morning prayers with his bride on his back for she is not large enough to walk the short distance through the weeds. While this has a comical side there is also a very serious one. Think of the lot of that poor little one taken from her mother's knee into such a life of wretchedness and shame. But it is the common lot of the Bulu girl.

A sad event occurred a short time ago. An old man went up on the mountain to look after his traps. He did not return in the evening and the young men of the town went out on a hunt for him. They hunted all night and found him the next morning dead. What he died of no one knows. He had been at church the Sabbath before and it is hoped that he heard the word which if he believes he shall live.

A SAD SIGHT.

I have told you that the Bulu believe that every person dies of a witch. Whether one has a witch or not is never known till he dies and the way they find out is to have a post mortem examination. I saw the whole performance and it is a disgusting affair. An old woman died last Sabbath and I went down to the town. The women were wailing, as is their custom when one dies. I asked if they would hunt for the witch and they said they would soon. I came back for Dr. Bennett and we went down to see what they would do. A young witch doctor came and began his cruel cutting with a big jack knife. To the Doctor it was an old story but to me it was very

strange. He was inclined to laugh but I was inclined to run. I managed to stand it through, however, for I wanted to see to what length he would go. The operation did not last long, neither did it take him long to come to this startling decision. In less time than it takes me to write it he was done and with a knowing toss of his shaggy head he said, "Six witches. She saw a witch doctor." If a woman sees a witch doctor she will die soon. Now, these doctors pass through the towns frequently, but the women are supposed to hide their faces. This unfortunate woman saw one and death was the penalty. You see here some of their superstitions. When will they ever know better?

SCHOOL REPORT.

November 8, 1897.

My Dear Parents:—Last Friday was the last day of school for this year. I have just made up the report for this year. I will give it and you can see what has been done in this line.

School opened January 12, and closed November 5. During this time there was a vacation of five weeks. Number of days taught, 174; total enrollment, 117; lowest number present on any one day, 19; highest number present on any one day, 44; average daily attendance, 35 3-7; number reading the Testament, 20.

This has put quite a number of boys under our care and it is to be hoped that a little good has been done among them. Some have been very regular in their attendance and have tried to learn. I send in this letter a sample page of the work of one boy who has been here only fourteen months. He is now our cook and is a promising boy. His name is Mfu'u. It is a pleasure to see these boys grow from the start. When they come they are as raw as the law allows, but they soon begin to take on a new appearance. When they come they are usually covered with itch and dirt, and sometimes sores which are very offensive.

The above record is of the whole school, boarders and day scholars. Now a word as to those who live with us on the hill. The whole number during the year has been 48. Not more than 20 have been here at any one time and the average daily attendance has been 11. These have all come from a distance and work to pay for their food. These we call the boarders or the "Industrial School." However, the most industrious part about it is to keep them at work. They do like to play. But boys are boys in Bulu land as well as at home. We learn to love them. They have become to me about like white boys. In many ways they are just as bright.

There have been many visitors these days, and it is amusing to see them look at the pictures and listen to the organ. I have a few



Mr. McCleary and three native boys.

stereoscope views and even the old chiefs lose their dignity when they look at them. The fame of "that thing which you look through" has gone far in the interior and it is always asked for if any one comes around. There is one view of Christ on the cross and it is astonishing how they will look at it. One chief from the tribe east of us came one Sabbath with six of his wives and looked at the pictures for two hours. He looked especially long at "Christ on the Cross" and talked over it. It makes a good opening for one to talk to them and we feel that just this is a good education for them. We can talk to them better and they can understand more of what we say.

PERSONAL REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING NOVEMBER 15, 1897.

Before beginning to magnify what little I have done I wish to tell a little of what God has done for me. Every day of the year He has revealed himself to me in some new light. Some new manifestation of His divine attributes has been given. He has given direct answers to prayers, and so established my faith more firmly. He has made me feel the power of His Spirit working within me. He has made me feel more than ever before how He, and He alone, can more than satisfy every desire. He has wonderfully kept me from every fear and has been more to me than I asked. Many a victory He has given me. Many a burden he has lifted. Few have been the sorrows and many the joys. His love has been so great. Communion with Him has been so sweet and refreshing. I cannot say enough in praise, or use words strong enough to express my gratitude for His goodness.

HEALTH.

I have had but one sickness. In the last of December I was down seven days with the fever. God was very near at that time. The medicine taken during this sickness so affected my eyes as to render them useless for a time and has perhaps slightly affected them permanently. But I was soon restored to my usual strength and have been well ever since, with the exception of a day now and then when I felt a little too stupid for regular work. With a tramp out in the bush it passed away.

RECREATION.

I enjoyed a good rest during the visit of Rev. and Mrs. Johnston at our station in February. In June we had three weeks of vacation in the school, and at that time I had a few days off hunting which

were very refreshing. On July 21, at the suggestion of my fellow workers, I went on a trip to Efulen for a change. Had a hard tramp down but a pleasant time while there. We went out camping for five days and had a delightful rest. Then I went on to the coast and returned in a few days with a few carriers, arriving at Elat August 28, having been absent a little over five weeks. The change was good, but on the whole the trip was hard on account of the rains and bad roads. At the end of the year I find myself much poorer in flesh but on the whole strong and well.

WORK.

By the help of the Lord I was able to begin taking the Sabbath services in the native tongue the last of January, and have in all conducted sixteen of the regular services, taking my turn with the other brethren. Have taught a class in Sabbath school every Sabbath and have made twenty-eight trips to the near towns, talking to the people as I went. All this work I have enjoyed much. Have received much good myself, and hope that I have been able to do a little good to those who tried to understand what I said in a stammering way. It is so blessed to be able to tell those who never heard of Jesus something of His love.

Most of my time and exertions, however, have been put on the school. I taught 133 days. This work has also been a source of joy to me. It is a pleasure to start a boy who has not known a letter and soon see him reading in a Testament, or going over the multiplication table. Here one can see his work bearing fruit. The boys grow in knowledge before one's eyes. Then one is able to explain much of the story of Jesus to them as they read the Testament over and over. This part of the work, humanly speaking, has not been in vain. We see the fruit even now.

STUDY OF THE LANGUAGE.

I regret to report again that the study of the language has been crowded out somewhat. But the work in the school has, in a measure, taken the place of the more systematic study and I have been greatly helped from this source. I have also tried to write all my Sabbath talks and this has helped much in fixing the language.

OUTSIDE WORK.

Having spent most of my forenoons in the school I have tried to get outside in the evenings, and work in the garden or wherever my help was most needed. In this way a little was accomplished and received much needed exercise. All in all it has been a blessed and profitable year to me, and I trust what little I have done has helped, or will help, some one else.

Humbly submitted in weakness.

LETTER TO WASHINGTON GAZETTE.

November 18, 1907.

Dear Editor Gazette:—In a few days I will leave for the coast to attend the Mission meeting. We cannot all go to this yearly meeting and leave things in care of the natives, for we are not sure we would find much when we returned. Some one must stay by the "stuff" and, as it is not wise for one to stay alone so far from aid, two will stay and one go. It is my turn this year.

How quickly the year has rolled around. When it comes time to make out one's yearly report to the Mission and Board, there is so little to tell and the time has been so short. The dear Lord has been very good to us all in keeping us from sickness and danger of all kinds. And just here let me say a word in praise of Him who knows how to satisfy every desire of the longing heart. He has been more to me than I have asked. His love has been so great and communion with Him so uplifting. God draws very near to us out here, and, as Hudson Taylor said, "It is worth going to the ends of the earth to get nearer that great heart of love." He is more than father, mother, brother and friend.

The year has brought one change in the personnel of the station. In July Dr. A. L. Bennett arrived from the home land and rejoiced our hearts, indeed. We had been anxiously praying, hoping, trusting, waiting for a medical man to come to our station. Our prayers were heard. It is a great source of comfort to us to know that there is medical aid within reach. For nearly two years we were without such aid. He is the first doctor these people ever saw and it is wonderful how soon they learned to trust him. He has been able to relieve a great deal of suffering. Surely this is a work of the Lord.

While we were thus rejoiced to have Dr. Bennett come to increase our number we were made sorry by the hasty departure of Mr. Kerr in September. He left because he very much needed the bracing up in health which the home land can give. We hope to see him with us by another year.

The school report for the year is quite encouraging to us. There is a great deal of satisfaction in seeing the boys grow in knowledge. When they come here they have not so much as seen a book. Soon they begin to read and when they get into the Testament it is a real joy to explain the story of the Cross to them as they read. They are no longer black skinned boys to me, for I have learned to love them like the white skinned ones at home.

The war troubles have subsided for the present. This trouble was a source of much suffering from wounds and was the direct cause of nineteen deaths. Then it hindered our work much. Friendly relations have not yet been established and until they are we will work at a disadvantage, for nearly all the other tribes are afraid to send their children here to school and it is harder for us to go among them and do good work. It has also greatly hindered our Sabbath services. The average attendance at Sabbath school has been about ninety and that of the regular services about 100. These are interesting services and it is a joy to take part, even in the stammering way we use the language. We have made many trips to the near towns, telling the people of Jesus. They are always delighted to see us come to their town and will listen and promise to do better. We are trying to sow the seed and we have faith in God that sooner or later, we know not when, they will not only promise but they will do as they promise. There are many disappointments and discouragements, but they all clear away as the morning mist. The joy in knowing that we are trying to do the Master's will makes it a blessed work.

So the year has rolled on, bringing many things which have filled our hearts with gratitude and hope. Even now we see some fruits of our labors, but the Lord alone knows what the harvest will be.

MUCH SICKNESS.

November 30, 1897.

"Man may plan, but God overrules." You will notice that in my letter of November 3, I said that I was going to attend Mission meeting and would leave here on the 22d. It is now the 30th, and I am still here and will be for a good while to come if I take the advice of the doctor. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. I had all my things packed on Saturday night ready for an early start on Monday morning, the 22d, but on Sabbath morning I was quite sick and it took several days to find out what was the matter. Doctor pronounced it inflammation of the bowels, and it is due, perhaps, to over-ripe pineapple. It is still with me. I am up and around now, but have a very uncertain feeling and the Doctor says the hot sun or bad water might bring on a chronic state which would last for a long time. Hence I am going to stay at home for a while. Mr. Fraser has decided to go but he is far from well, and we are fearful of the result of the long tramp. To add to the complication Doctor took the fever on the 28th, and is still not in the best of condition. So we are all run down somewhat. But those who stay are going to try to take it easy for a little while. This is the first sickness I have had since last December. The dear Lord has been very good to us all. He knows how

to take care of us and give us just what we need for our good and His glory.

The Doctor is doing good work. From his report I take the following which covers a period of nine weeks. New cases, 91; return visits, 423; prescriptions refilled, 326; teeth extracted 14; operations, 2. He has relieved a vast amount of suffering and is doing a grand, good work. The people have complete confidence in him.

It is wonderful the way they trust the white man. If they want to go away they will bring any thing to us which they want in safe keeping. They trust us before any of their own people, and as they never get cheated or deceived they grow more confident.

A GOOD SHOT.

The other day we had an exciting, and in the end gratifying, little chase. A man came up and said there was a big monkey in a tree at the foot of the hill. I grabbed my rifle and ran after him. When we arrived the monk had started for the mountain but hearing him we took after. Soon we saw him on a high tree letting himself down from branch to branch by the tail. I took a flying aim and fired and to my surprise he came crashing down through the trees and struck with a thud. We ran to the place and found that the ball had passed through his heart. This is the best shot I ever made, I think. The tree was fully 100 feet high and 60 yards away, and the monk was running. He weighed fifteen pounds and measured five feet and eight inches from tip to tip. I have the skin and the boys had the soup. This is a mixed letter, but so is our life in Africa.

LETTER TO TRINITY CHURCH.

January 10, 1898.

Dear Brother Reed and Friends:—Even before I write this letter I feel ashamed of what it will contain. There is so little to tell. Very little, indeed, has been done since my last letter. Dr. Bennett and I have been holding the fort while Rev. Fraser was at the coast. He is now back with good news, a great stack of letters, and provisions, some of which we were needing badly.

Your unworthy representative has not improved as was hoped, but he has been doing what little there was which seemed necessary. We have had services every Sabbath and they have been well attended. That little organ is the life of the service. In fact they would rather hear it than my elegant addresses, which seems very strange considering the quality of my Bulu. But I praise God that they do understand what we say sometimes, and it seems to encourage them to tell them that they must hear God's words, and then they can hear the organ. The other day some elderly men jumped up on the seats to get a better view of that "box which talks," and they come every day and want it played for them. It always opens up a way to talk to them.

We have no school now, and it is encouraging the way the boys come and ask when we are going to "make" school again. They say they are tired resting and want to come back. I am so sorry that we will have to go slow for a while for we are not yet fit for good, earnest work. We must look first to our health. But by God's help we want to start up soon.

I have spent several delightful days in the forest. How I should love to conduct a party of Trinity people up our beautiful mountain. It would cure me sure. During my wanderings I have shot my eighth monk. You may think I have little respect for our hairy ancestors and I fear it is too little.

January 11, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—The mail will leave in three hours and I have not written you anything yet. Fortunately I have written John and Rob. Mr. Fraser arrived unexpectedly on the 8th. We were rejoiced to see him and to get the needed provisions and the mail. He is well, far better than either of us. Dr. Bennett is very sick. He has had haematuria with his fever, and other complications, and we have thought best that he go to the coast for a change and try to get help.

He has fought bravely, but has not been able to get ahead of his troubles which are all very serious; especially serious is the fact that he is losing albumen. If this is not stopped, he says it will run into Bright's disease. So there will be but two of us here. I see that you thought that I had been here alone. This we will not allow if possible. No one has been here over night alone. It is not best for one man to be at such a place alone. It is too far from assistance. I had a little more of my bowel trouble the other day but we think it is not so bad as it was at first.

THE CARPET ARRIVES.

My carpet is here at last. Now I will put it down as soon as possible and try to get some comfort out of it. It is very nice and I wish you to express my thanks again to those who had any thing to do with the making of it. It has been a long time on the road, but it is all right.

Mr. Fraser brought up some yeast and we will have bread again. And he brought butter, coffee, tea, milk, etc., for which we are so grateful. He also brought some potatoes and onions.

I have not time to write more now. There are about 200 natives all around the house selling food and talking. The carriers are tying the Doctor's loads and so I will say good bye.

CULINARY TRIALS.

February 21, 1898.

My Dear Brother and Sister:—I am the cook this week, or rather have charge of the pantry, and must try to scrape up enough for our African appetites. We have a Bulu boy whom we call cook. He builds the fire, cooks the porridge and all the Bulu dishes we use, and does other common work about the kitchen. He used to make the bread, but of late he has not made it good, and we have to try it. It is great sport (?) to make bread. The other day I tried to make some light cakes, and they are not quite a failure, either. They are the best kind of bread we have had for some time. Our trouble seems to be with the yeast. I have made all the yeast we have had at the station since Bitombi left, except when Mrs. Johnston was here and once when Mr. Fraser made a glorious fizzle out of it. But something is wrong somewhere in these days of trial and tribulation in Bulu land. Our cook does not heat the oven evenly and so our cakes often burn. Sometimes the bread is sour, and the biscuits are like bricks. We need cast iron stomachs with brass lining to stand the wear and tear of the various concoctions originated in our culinary department. Or if we had our alimentary canals made out of gutta percha we might live

longer. But perhaps we ought not to try to improve on God's plan, but rather fall in line with it and let some one get married. Thus, perhaps, we would have a decent cook. This strikes the root of the whole matter. But some of us are too old. Other's can't. So the trouble remains. One thing sure, I am not in the condition I was two years ago. But I praise God that I am as well as I am, for it might be much worse. I have had no sign of fever for over a year, for which I am profoundly thankful.

A MUTTON FEAST.

February 22d:—Long live the memory of George Washington. I was disturbed in my reveries yesterday and it is perhaps a good thing, for I might have said something if I had kept on. The disturbing cause was a big sheep which our workman was vainly trying to catch. I took my rifle, which is a terror to all Bulu (many of whom were standing around when I went out), and as Mrs. Sheep stopped to get her breath, I sent a ball through her head and neck, cutting the jugular vein. And now I must tell you why this slaughter of the innocent ewe. It is our custom now and then to give the school boys a little feast. At present we have several sheep and goats and they are making us some trouble. So to get rid of the care of the animal and to please the boys, and also that we might have some fresh meat, were the objects in killing the beautiful animal. After the skin had been removed, the meat was chopped into small pieces and put into the big kettles with rice. These were placed on the fire and boiled for three hours. The hair was singed off the skin and feet, and they were placed in a separate kettle and boiled, for nothing is thrown away when an animal is killed. After we had our supper, and had cleared out the main room, we opened the doors. I wish you had been there to have seen them rush in. We had invited all those who attend school, and our workman and his wife. One of the school boys is married and his wife came. They came in like a flock of sheep, seventy in number, and squatted down on the floor. About one out of ten had a cloth on. It was a black looking crowd. We sang and played for a while and then the kettles were brought in. Each boy had been told to bring a spoon and they were ready for work. We divided the rice and meat out into small kettles, dishes and pans. We had "kank" and bananas, also, and water to drink. So they feasted and cried for more. The supply was not as great as the demand, but they all said it was good, what there was of it. At 9 o'clock we dismissed them. This is the only social time we have at Ebolewo'e and we all enjoy it, heathenish though it may seem to you civilized people.

Mr. Fraser has the school now and it is more prosperous than ever. I have charge of the boys in the afternoon, and am supposed to show them work and keep them at it. It is a hard task to keep them

at it for they are very lazy. However, I manage to get some work out of them. We have thirty-three boarders now, and some, who do not live here, want work. We have done some clearing on the new piece of land, and will plant plantains, corn, etc. We do not expect it to pay, but we must have work for the boys if we expect to keep them. We have put up a house over the spring. The boys would wash in it and we had to protect it. We also dug out a place where they can wash. If left to themselves they will not wash and soon get covered with itch and sores. They are as dirty as pigs and their hearts are more filthy than their bodies. Oh, but they are low in some things; lower than the beasts. Their conversation is vile. Their thoughts are impure and they imagine vain things. Their deeds are those of a Nero inspired of Satan himself.

WAR TROUBLES.

It does us good these days of war troubles with the Governor to see them scared. They are trembling at heart. Their bravery is all gone. They all try to keep on our side, and many accuse us of being on the side of the Governor. We are in a helpless condition if they want to be mean. We have no redress. We praise God protection is coming. They are cutting roads so we can get to the sea without so much trouble, and perhaps we can get the mail regularly. Hindrances to our work may come, but for these we must be prepared.

I have killed another big monkey, making nine in all which I have shot. One time when I was out in the bush I saw tiger tracks just freshly made. We see gorilla tracks, also, and often see the nests, or houses, of the apes up in the trees.

February 24, 1898.

My Dear Father and Mother:—We have an unexpected chance to send mail by a Bulu man of Efulen. So I will send a note, hoping you may get it. We received word from Efulen today by this same man. We are all right. The Governor is making war on the Bulu but we are safe in the arms of God. Great changes are being wrought. Roads will soon be cut out to the sea. The work is more prosperous than ever. We have thirty-nine boarders and there have been seventy-six in school on a single day. Sabbath services are well attended. All is working smoothly. Will have lots to write in my next letter. This is only a note of greeting which may never reach you.

MANY TRIBULATIONS.

April 17, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—My head hurts too bad to write on the machine so you must bear with my writing.

Surely "all flesh is grass," and "the grass withereth." How weak we all are! We have been waiting long and anxiously for the Doctor and now comes the word that he will not return to us. So we are left but two to carry on the work of this station. We were also expecting a caravan for we have had nothing since January 8th, and our goods and provisions are getting low. Neither have we had mail from home since that date. The loads were ready to come but there was no white man ready to come with them. There has been serious sickness at Efulen and it is hard for anyone to get away from there to us. So we have talked and planned and this is what we are going to try to do. I will leave here tomorrow for Efulen and possibly for the beach. I will have three-fold reason for going, to bring up a caravan, to settle up station accounts with the Mission treasurer and last, but not least, to try and get some relief from the terrible pains in my face and head. For nine weeks I have had the toothache. Had one tooth pulled but no relief. Neuralgia then came along and has kept up a song and dance in my upper story. From the crowded feeling up there there are surely no rooms to let, but I fear there will be soon if this feeling does not stop. But the dear Lord knows best. His hand is in this, and knowing this, I have nothing to say. When the pain goes away, as it does sometimes, I am so thankful. Perhaps I do not think of Him often enough and He takes this way to remind me, or perhaps this is punishment for some of my many, many sins. However, if He will it, I am going to seek relief. If I go this will leave Mr. Fraser here alone. He stays willingly, but it is a brave undertaking.

Dr. Bennett goes to Angoin. He could not come back here on account of not being able to stand the long walks, and Dr. and Mrs. Friend had to leave Angoin on account of sickness, so he fell into their places very conveniently.

Angoin is on the river and all going is by water. We need help out here, but the Board is short of funds. Where, then, does the responsibility lie? Is it not with the Church, and with the individual members of the Church? We will do the best we can, and God is ever near so we will get along somehow. But we feel that we ought not to tempt the Lord in this way.

We have dismissed school. Mr. Fraser has had it for twelve weeks

and good work has been done. We had forty-four boys as boarders for a while and eighty-nine was the highest limit on any one day. This is more than ever before.

"OUR FARM."

You ought to see our farm. We have put a fence all around our land, a picket fence, so no one can get in except at the two gates near our house. Then we have planted corn—four or five acres—and plantains. There are about 4,000 plantains growing now. The corn is just coming out in tassel. We have quite a patch of old Iowa yellow corn, the start of which was twelve grains, which you sent me. The sweet corn looks nice, also; but that which pleases me most is the way the Irish potatoes are growing. They are out in blossom. Then we have rice, cotton, beans, pineapples by the hundred, beets, peas, okra, etc. In our flower garden we have roses in bloom, oleander, balsams, cypress, zenia, morning glory, etc. As to live stock we have six cats, seven goats and one monkey. Then there are fowls which we cannot keep count of, perhaps sixty or seventy. As to fruit trees we have nine cocoanuts, eight som-sap, four mango, twenty date palms, forty palm oils, pawpaw without count, eleven orange and about ten limes. So you see we have quite a farm. Come and see us.

Our Sabbath services have been well attended. I have had the boys and there have been from forty to fifty all along. Sometimes the meeting house will not hold the crowd which comes. At the last service about fifty went away because there was no room.

In another letter I have written something of the transformation which has taken place among the Bulu. It is marvelous, but it is also disgusting the way they do. There is no more shooting and robbery of caravans, but there is more robbery being done than ever, and this all in the name of the Governor. It is absolutely impossible not to offend these worthy men who have been elevated to the position of petty governors. If any one does not speak he is fined for disrespect. If one talks in the presence of his worthiness he is fined for disrespect. If one spits he is fined. Only yesterday a man was fined eight strings of beads for winking one eye. One cannot whisper, smoke a pipe, wear a hat, wink his eye, etc. The big chiefs are imposing on the lesser ones, but the German Governor is coming to visit us and he will fix these things up, perhaps. Everything is now unrest.

MORE TRIBULATION.

Efulen, April 25, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—I arrived in Efulen in good condition after four days' tramp. The road is being cut and the streams bridged, so ere long we will not have to wade in the water. But I was grieved to find affairs so bad at this station. Mrs. Johnston is very sick and helpless—paralyzed in upper and lower limbs. On March 13th she gave birth to a little boy. The boy is all right but the mother came near death's door. She will have to be taken home and Dr. and Mrs. Johnson will accompany them as Mr. Johnston cannot care for the wife and child both. Then it will soon be time for Dr. and Mrs. Johnson to go on a furlough. So they will close Efulen station for a time. I will stay here and help get ready and help them to the coast. Then I will go back to Elat. Mr. Lange will go from here now to keep company with Mr. Fraser. I am all right. From the time I left Elat, my teeth have not troubled much, but the Doctor says I have two very bad ones.

Efulen, April 30, 1898.

My Dear Friends of Montclair:—As I am away from home you must bear with my poor handwriting. I am sorry that my letters lately have been written in such haste. There are so many changes that we cannot tell three days ahead where we will be or what we will be doing. Perhaps you have not been able to keep up with us in our rapid movements on the field. It must be very discouraging to the people at home to see so much sickness on the field and so many removals from the work. The last stroke will no doubt be the hardest for it necessitates the closing of Efulen station for a time. All members of this station expect to leave within a week. You have no doubt heard that Dr. Bennett is not coming back to us. This will leave but three workers in the interior, namely, Mr. Lange of Lolodorf, and Mr. Fraser and myself. You will, perhaps, see the minutes of the Batanga station in regard to Dr. Bennett. He goes to Angoin. This leaves us in a bad way, humanly speaking, at Elat. But God has led us hitherto, and He will lead us on. We were three months without word from the coast, and were anxiously awaiting the return of Dr. Bennett, when word came that he was not coming, and worse, that there was serious sickness at Efulen.

The word came on Friday and I left Elat on Monday, leaving

Mr. Fraser alone. It was hard to go away and leave only one person, so far from any other white man, but we both thought it best, for three reasons. We needed supplies and wanted mail. No one could come to us, so one of us must go, not knowing that the road was safe for a caravan without a white man. Then we wanted the station accounts settled up, which could not be accomplished without a meeting of the station and Mission treasurers. Arriving at Efulen I found them on the point of leaving for home. But found, also, Mr. Lange. We persuaded him to go to Elat. I will help here to care for the sick, and the baby, and to pack, then help them get to the coast. From there I shall return to Elat and let Mr. Lange go to his station, Lolordorf. You see our force is too small. We need help. We cannot expect to do more than hold the ground already gained. We can do no aggressive work. I fear our reports will be very unsatisfactory to the people at home. But we will do the best we can. Word has come that we must hurry off to the coast to catch the north bound steamer. Will try to write more at the coast.

A TRYING JOURNEY.

Batanga, May 13, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—I think I wrote you last from Efulen. We finished packing and left that station on May 4th. We had about fifty carriers, seventeen of whom were hammock men. Mrs. Johnston had to be carried on a stiff bed, and she and the bed were so heavy that it took eight men to get her down. They carried two at a time and walked ten minutes, then changed. It was very hard on them. Then Mrs. Dr. Johnson had six men for her hammock, and two others carried Mary, their little girl. One man carried the baby. Fortunately the Commander came down just ahead of us, and he made the Bulu cut out a good road. Still we were six days on the road. We had a tent along which was put up every night. One night we camped in the bush. It rained one day, and we were kept back. But we were rejoiced to get to Batanga a little after noon on May 9th. Found the coast people all well. They came out to meet us. Found Mrs. Reutlinger of Benito at Batanga. Was so glad to see her for she is my African Grandpa and was on the Niger with us when we came to Africa. I room with Rev. Knauer and take meals at Mr. Gault's. Mrs. Johnston stood the trip well. Dr. J. had fever but would not give up, and he is much better now. Carriers arrived today from Elat with Dr. Bennett's things and word that Mr. Fraser and Mr. Lange are well. We look for the English steamer every day. A German steamer called yesterday, but brought us nothing. I am busy with the station ac-

counts. It is a hard job for in some cases I have to go back in the year '96 to get what I want. But with the Mission books and treasurer we hope to get out of the hole. Thanks be to God the roads are cut to Elat. Men came through this week, and no one thought of molesting them. We are going to try to have mail go through every month. I will go back as soon as I can get off. One day I was a little under the weather. I received a box of handkerchiefs for Christmas on the 10th of May. They are very nice. They came from Mr. Hickman's sister, Mrs. C. D. Hunt of Philadelphia. Had a ride on the sea yesterday in a canoe. Must close, with love to all.

THE BATANGA STATION.

Batanga, May 26, 1898.

My Dear Young Friends:—I am now at Batanga on the coast I want to tell you a little about this station. Heretofore I have written principally about the work at Elat and perhaps you are not familiar with Batanga or our relation to it.

Our Mission has three stations on the Atlantic coast, viz: Batanga, Benito, and Baraka, or Gaboon. Gaboon and Benito are in French territory, and Batanga is in German. Some years ago Gaboon was the center of our work, but of late years it has shifted somewhat to the north, so that Batanga is now our principal station. It is at Batanga that we gather for our yearly Mission meetings. Sometimes you will see it written Great, or Big Batanga, and perhaps you have an idea that it is a great city. In this you are mistaken. It is called great to distinguish it from a place some twenty miles north of here, which is called Small Batanga. There are perhaps 2000 natives in what is known as Big Batanga. At this place there are three trading posts, called factories, where there are from three to five white traders most of the time. Miss Nassau, one of our oldest missionaries, is also located here. But our Batanga station proper is located some two miles north of the native town, and is known locally as Bethel. Do not get these things confused. Bethel is the local name of the Mission station situated near Batanga. At Bethel there are dwelling houses for missionaries. Their names are: Seaside cottage, Syracuse cottage and Prospect cottage. The school house is at Bethel, but the church is at the native town near Miss Nassau. They have a new church about completed, and the lumber is there for a new school house.

AFRICAN NEW YORK.

All our mail and supplies are landed at Batanga. This is our sea port, our New York. How do our supplies get here? By coast steamers. There are two lines, one English and one German, each of which sends a vessel down the coast every month. Thus there are two steamers a month from the north, and these usually stop on their way home, so there are often four steamers a month which stop at Batanga. There is no harbor here, so the steamers anchor some two miles out from the shore and we must go to them in surf boats. Now, this is no fun and often extremely dangerous when the surf is high. Those of you who have not seen the ocean cannot understand this surf. The water is always in motion. Even when there is no wind, there is a constant rolling of the waves on the sandy beach. Wave after wave comes rolling up day and night. These break near the shore and may be anywhere from two to ten feet high. When the breakers are from six to ten feet high we make no attempt at going out, and the steamer must wait for a quiet sea. Very often we get wet and our goods usually get a shower bath or two before they can be carried on shore. When we missionaries go out the boat is first launched, then a big black man comes, picks us up, and carries us out to the boat which is tossing up and down on the breakers. Sometimes they let us fall into the salt water and we both feel and look queer. We always feel happy if a breaker does not go clear over the boat. As soon as the men row out beyond the breakers, we are in no danger for the boat rides the waves in safety. There are places along the coast where it is impossible to land for the surf is so bad that it would capsize the boat.

Thus all our goods and mails are landed at Batanga and are carried up from here by the natives. Now you see why everything sent to me must be addressed to Batanga. Elat is not known to the seamen and mail addressed to Elat, W. A., might never reach me. But every one knows Batanga, and at Batanga they know where we are and so send our things on. Now I hope you understand our relation to Batanga. It is pleasant to get down here and catch some glimpses of civilization and meet our fellow workers, but I am always in a hurry to get back to our mountain home, where the air is cool and bracing. Down here it is stuffy and the air is full of moisture. We are 2260 feet above the sea and the change is very gratifying. Yet many prefer the coast, and those who are here are doing a noble work for the Master. There are many native Christians here, and it is nice to see them and hear them preach to the others. Many of the natives speak English, but up in Bulu not one word can be understood if we speak in our native tongue. We must talk Bulu if we want to be understood.

This is my third trip to Batanga since I came out in November, 1895.

I will go back to my work in a few days. Oh, my dear young friends, there is so much to do out here in this big field. So many who have never heard of God or Jesus, and who want to hear. They are crying for more "white men who talk God's words." Remember us in your prayers. On my trip home I will meet hundreds who have never heard the Good News. May God help me to preach to as many as I can.

Do not forget to pray and study God's word. If you want to be really happy, forget self and think of and work for others. Self is your greatest enemy. Tramp that enemy down now, for every day he grows more powerful. Watch, work, and pray. Satan is ever ready to seize the careless, idle, and non-praying boy or girl. May the dear Lord bless you all abundantly.

Batanga, May 28, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—I have been so busy, and have written so many letters since I came to Batanga, that I really do not know what I have written to you. We arrived at Batanga May 9th, at 12:30 P. M. We were met by loving friends who came out a piece to meet us. We had all stood the trip quite well. The home goes left on the steamship Congo May 18. I was not well that day, and did not go to the steamer with them, but as I stood on the shore and watched them, as they were rowed out, I felt a little lonely. They were our near neighbors. Now we have no half way station as we go to Elat, because Efulen is closed for the present. But worse, the truth dawned upon me that it left the interior work with a small force, indeed. Just three of us, Mr. Fraser and me for Elat, and Mr. Lange, a newcomer, for Lolodorf, and the latter station is not opened yet. There is such a broad field—extending even to the center of this great continent, with millions dying without the Gospel, and there are but three of us weak men to tell them the life giving news. Oh, how we need more workers. Pray for us. As to the friends here there were three surprises for me. First, Mr. Merkel and Miss Babe were married some few weeks before we came down. This was a surprise to us all, but strange things will happen. May they live long in the service of the Master. Then Mrs. Reutlinger of Benito was here. She was on the same steamer with us on our trip out and was one of our counselors. We young missionaries used to call her "Grandpa," and some of us do yet. It is a blessing to be in her presence. She came to this field before I was born. She is filled with the Spirit, and naturally is very earnest in the work. Then Mr. Bates, whom I met the first time I came to Batanga, was here for a few days. He is not one of us officially, but he is doing some missionary work on his own hook, as well as doing much in the study and comparison of the languages and in collecting specimens. I enjoyed his company for a few days. The friends here are well.

THE BEAN BOX.

As you know I am Elat treasurer. We handle no money. Everything is done on paper, and is very much confused. This was my work for nearly two weeks—to straighten things up with the aid of the Mission treasurer and his books. It was a happy day when we finished, and most gratifying because we came out so near even. There was over \$4400 to account for, and we were able to find where all of it went save \$2.39. But in the midst of these accounts the steamship Niger came in. This is my old ocean home, and I went out to see her jolly captain, Fred Davis. He was just as jolly as ever. The Niger brought eighty-one boxes for the Mission and one of these boxes was an old bean box marked C. W. McCleary. Somehow it attracted my attention at once, and as soon as I could get at it I opened it. And there were those things, packed by loving hands at my old home—dear old home! Why am I thus remembered? I do not deserve it. You are all so thoughtful, so good to me. I cannot thank you enough. Everything was all right. The quilt, of course, was the center of attraction. What patient work of loving hands is here represented. I want to ask you to express to each one who had any part in it my most hearty thanks. And especially am I grateful to the one, or ones, who started it, and kept up interest in it until its completion. It got a few stains from the fruit but not enough to damage it. The fruit looks nice. Thanks to the senders. And the fruit cake was all right. Mrs. Gault put it in the oven a few minutes, and it was as fresh and nice as ever. The candy, too, was nice. The pictures from Rev. McAulay are fine. He has become quite an artist. Please thank Mr. and Mrs. Thompson for me. I think that picture book from Beth and Anna will please the Bulu children very much. I will tell them about it when I show it to my boys. The potatoes are growing. I will try to plant them when I get home. That little sachet bag is very pretty—the more so because of the hands which worked on it, and the mother's love which is woven in with every stitch. This box arrived nearly two weeks before the letter telling about it, although the letter was started first. So I wrote Mr. McAulay a few days ago, and sent the letter south. But another chance has come of sending mail much quicker, so this will perhaps reach you before his letter does. The mail is very uncertain as to time. I think, if we give it enough time, all our mail comes.

The last few days I have been buying some trade goods, and packing it ready for a start to the bush May 31st. Yesterday I was out to a German steamer and took three Bulu out to see her. Today I had three teeth filled by Dr. Cox. He did not hurt me and I feel that he did a good job. Two of my teeth were very bad. The one I had pulled at Elat is perhaps not the one which gave me the trouble. Too bad

to lose a good grinder. They will be getting few soon, but I trust they will not cease altogether. I am feeling first rate now and I hope to get home soon.

HOME AGAIN—A CORDIAL WELCOME.

Elat Station, June 13, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—Home again. Oh, how nice it is to get home. I was away nearly nearly eight weeks and things have changed some, but I am glad to get back. I love this place. I love these people. I love to work among them. The other day when I came near Elat the people along the road would gather around me, not from curiosity, but because they had a kindly interest in me, and they were glad to see me coming back. They called me their father, their white man, etc., just as though they owned me. And when I appeared at the top of Mvondo's street a shout arose which went echoing down the length of the town, was taken up at Elat by the school boys, and then passed on to the lower end of Ebolewo'e. The children came pouring out to see me, and it did my heart good. May God give me strength to help them all.

I left Batanga on May 31st, and arrived here on the 9th of June. Had a pleasant trip. I came the north route, by Bipindi, where I took breakfast with a German scientist on the 3d. Thence to Lolodorf, where I was kindly received by the German trader on Saturday evening. Sabbath day I sent the boys out to call the people and we had a good little service in the morning. In the afternoon I went out in the towns. On Monday morning, by appointment, I called on Herr Von Stein, the commanding officer of the German military station. This short visit was a treat. He is such a fine man. He could neither speak or understand much English, and I knew no German, but we got on nicely nevertheless. Monday night we reached the first Bulu town. I was glad to get among the Bulu again, and enjoyed the three days walk from there to Elat. So here I am, well and happy, and ready for work again.

Mr. Lange will return to Lolodorf tomorrow and Mr. Fraser will accompany him. This will leave me alone at the station. But we are no longer alone at Ebolewo'e now. Two white traders have come up and they are building stores. Now we will have to work and pray for there are new influences at work against us. The rum is here and these people have no restraint, no strength of character. Then these traders lead immoral lives. But the people are already expressing themselves as to their real friends, and some at least will stay by us.

You ought to see the fine yellow corn and the sweet corn which has just matured. And best of all we have grown fine Irish potatoes.

A LETTER TO ENDEAVORERS.

June 21, 1898.

My Dear Christian Endeavorers:—The chairman of your Missionary committee has reminded me of your annual meeting in October and asks for a letter from me. What shall I write? Or how shall I address myself to you, my true-yoke-fellows in the Master's cause? Your letters to me are so kind; your words so encouraging. Just now I am the only missionary at Elat, Mr. Fraser being away for a fortnight, but I am not alone. I realize the fact that I am upheld by the many earnest prayers which you offer for me both in public and in private. It rejoices my soul to read such expressions as these: "We are hand and heart in all that you are doing," and "You are not alone, but all that we can do or give to you is the thing we most want to do." Expressions like these come with almost every letter and they are like wells of water to the thirsty traveler. And then you are always asking me, "What would you like to have?" I am afraid you are too kind to me. Last year I asked for a Baby organ because I thought it would be a help in the work. And it has been. It draws these people to the services. Only last Sabbath I had a second audience just because the organ was here. We had a house full and a good service, and just as we dismissed, a crowd came from a distant town saying they wanted to hear the organ. So I told them to sit down and we had another meeting. They like the singing and they nearly all try to help. They also like to look at pictures, and I have thought if you can send "Bible Lesson Pictures" such as have been used in the Sabbath school, they would be of great service. We have a few but they are much torn. If they were pasted on cloth they would last much longer. Several members have asked, "Would you like a camera?" This is like asking a school boy if he would like a twenty dollar gold piece. He wants it, but he does not want to impose on the generosity of kind friends. I am not slow to ask for things which will help the work, but for personal gratification I can ask for nothing.

I wish to acknowledge, with thanks, letters from the following persons: Misses Edith and Annie Carter, Keller, Meade, Raabe, Laura Ferris, Debevoise, Caroline and Eleanor French. Messrs. Priest, Alin, and Edward Carter, and Strong. Madams Brown and Mills.

THE MISSIONARY'S MODESTY.

Now, what shall I write about? Do you not get tired of me telling you so much about what I do? The big "I" comes in so often. But please know that it is not me but the work which I try, with God's help, to do, that I want you to know about. I feel indebted to you, and feel that I ought to let you know where I go and what I try to do. With each letter I try to give a little personal report as your representative.

I left Batanga on May 31st with only twelve men, eight of whom were Bulu and four Mebae. Most of our cargo had been sent on ahead the week before. Now, things do not always run smoothly even in Africa. I had more cargo than I had men. Each man can carry but about fifty pounds. I had more than this amount for each one, but I could find no one that morning who would go. So we started out hoping to find some one on the road. After a half hour tramp and an hour of waiting at a little river, we secured a man who took part of the plunder. We went by what we call the north route, by Kribi and Lolodorf. Kribi is on the coast north of Batanga about seven or eight miles. We reached Kribi about 11 o'clock. I called on the District Commander and paid my respects to him. He was very kind; asked me to dinner, and even to stay all night. But my men were waiting and I had to refuse. From Kribi we took the Government road, which is a good wide road cut through the heavy timber, or jungle, and is a pleasant path to walk, for it is always shady and cool. A little after noon we came to a Mebae town and here we stopped for a rest and lunch. While we were thus engaged, the new man who came to help with the heavy loads took to the bush and did not return. I tried to find a man in the town who would help, but no one could be found, so there I was with an extra load. I could not leave it, and I had to retrace my steps to Kribi to hunt another man. After much running about I found one, but when we got back to where the men were it was time to put up for the night, so we made but about eleven or twelve miles the first day. The chief gave me a good house with a good bed, as native houses and beds go. He gave me a fowl and tried to treat me well. After supper I called the people to the public house and had a service, but after this was over they rewarded me by

PAYS FOR LODGING.

In the morning I had breakfast by candle light and was ready to start by daybreak. I gave the chief a candle, three boxes of matches, a comb, three bells, and a red handkerchief. The total cost of these articles is about 20 cents, but they made him very happy, and it abundantly paid him for his fowl and the use of his houses. The first thing we saw on the road was several men skinning a deer which

they had caught in a trap. It must have weighed 200 pounds. At 6 o'clock we passed the last town of the coast tribe, and were not to see another for days. But there are sheds all along this road where travelers sleep for the night as they pass. We made a long tramp that day, and passed many travelers on the way. At 3:30 P. M. we came to a fine shed and stopped for the night. This "nice shed" was built by sticking a few poles in the ground, with cross sticks tied across the top, on which were laid some large pieces of bark. The beds beneath the bark were the regulation pole beds. One never knows hard a piece of wood is, till you have slept on it. It was in this shed where I learned what a conglomeration of clans I had in my small caravan. One boy joined us on the road, so we were fifteen in all. There were four Mebae, eight Bulu, one Ngumba, one Kribi, and one white man. But of the four Mebae there were three different clans, and of the eight Bulu there were four different clans, so in all there were five tribes and ten clans represented. Such a thing would have been an impossibility a few years ago. The coming of the white man has brought the clans together, which is a hopeful sign. The only language which all could understand was Bulu, and we had evening prayers in Bulu. As we sat there in that great dark forest with our flickering little candle, how small it seemed and how immense the darkness. Those dim little rays did not penetrate very far. I could not help but compare the candle to myself; dim is my light and unavailing my efforts to lighten up the great mass of darkness around me. But praise God, it does not depend upon the size of my light. Wait till the morning and watch the darkness disappear as the sun mounts on high. So when the Son of Righteousness comes, all lights will be lost in the one Light and all darkness will be dispelled. God help us to labor and to wait.

The next morning I gave bells, red caps, and matches to the men with which to buy food, and I, with three men who carried my clothing and food, pushed on ahead, leaving the rest with their heavy loads to come at their leisure. This third day was much the same as the second, simply walking through the dense forest, passing sheds and meeting carriers on their way to the coast. On the morning of the fourth day at 7:30 o'clock we came out of the forest belt into inhabited land. At Bipindi, which is situated on a beautiful river, I called on a German scientist and took coffee with him. Crossing the river, we found a fine path which winds its way from town to town—a path well kept and well beaten by many foot passengers. We were in a new country called Ngumba. About 11 o'clock a rain came up, and we stopped in a public house where I took my lunch. I asked the chief for some water. He called one of his women and she brought a kettle full. He took it and drank out of it and then handed it to me. This seems rude to us, but it is the custom here. The host always takes a

taste of whatever he hands to the guest, to show that there is no poison in the food or water. After the lunch I talked to the people who had collected for twenty minutes. We passed on through several large towns. At 2 P. M. the boys were very tired and we stopped for the night. I had a good bath in the river. In the evening we called the people together, (about sixty), and I talked for an hour and still they wanted more. In the crowd there were some Bene boys who talk and understand Bulu well. They followed me and asked many questions.

EMBRACING OPPORTUNITIES TO PREACH.

They said a white trader had lived in their town for three year, and he never told them anything about God. They asked that one of God's white men might come and live with them. Next day, (Saturday), a heavy rain delayed us an hour, and I spent the time in teaching some young people who collected around us. At 3:20 P. M. we reached Lolodorf, where is situated a military station of the German Government, several trading posts, and where our Mission has started a station. Mr. Roberts opened this station up, but had to leave on account of sickness. I got our keys from a German trader and took possession of the Mission house for the Sabbath day. Had a pleasant time while there. Some of the natives talk English and most all understand some Bulu so I could converse with them. Lolodorf is a central point and is an ideal place for a Mission station. So many people pass going to the coast, and many come here to trade. There were crowds of interior people around all the time. If these men could be taught, and they, when they return, would teach their fellows, what a spread of the Gospel there would be. On Sabbath morning I called the people and had a little service, then I went among the towns and to the resting places and talked to both towns-people and travelers. On Monday morning, by appointment, I called on the commanding officer, Herr Von Stein, and was cordially received. Left Lolodorf at 10:15 o'clock and set my face southeast toward the Bulu country. Left the last Ngumba town at 1:30 P. M. and walked through the forest in a heavy rain till 4 o'clock, when we came to the first Bulu town. Oh, how rejoiced we were to get back to Bulu land. And the people were glad to see us. They showed us a good new house and were kind. After we had our dry clothes on and had taken a few bites of food, I went out to talk to the people who had collected. It was raining and I sat under the eaves of the house and the people stood out in the rain while I talked for about twenty minutes. This shows that they want to hear. On Tuesday we had a very bad piece of road to go through where it had not been cut out. About noon we came to the cut road, and from there on it was good. Had a good meeting where we put up for the night. Wednesday was a fine day and we passed through many towns. I stopped four times and held meetings with the people.

All seemed anxious to hear. We put up for the night in a small town near the Mvile river. When I talked to the people they seemed well informed on some of the more common truths about God and Jesus, and I asked them who taught them, and they said Ajom, a small school boy from Ebolewo'e who had been with us for two years, and was now stopping in their town. This made my heart rejoice. Here was a boy not over ten years old, teaching the people in the town where he was visiting, and he was teaching them well. Here is a little bit of fruit of our labors. Thursday was an interesting day. We were nearing Elat and everyone knew me. People came out all along the way to greet me, and sometimes they would follow from town to town after me, singing and dancing. I did not stop to talk much for I wanted to reach home. At 9:30 we reached Ebolewo'e and as the people saw me coming a shout went up which passed from lip to lip till it reached Elat where the school boys took it up and then it passed on to the lower end of the towns. The people were rejoiced to see me get back, and I was equally glad to get back to my people again. We call them our people, and they call us their fathers. We used to think there was no appreciation in these people, but there does seem to be some at times. About 10 o'clock I reached Elat and found the brethren well. I was absent nearly two months, but it was not a vacation by any means. It was a grateful change, however, and I feel that it will do me good.

And now I am left alone for two weeks. Mr. Fraser accompanied Mr. Lange to Lolodorf where they will look after the Mission property and Mr. Fraser on his return, expects to do evangelistic work on the road. At present we are not doing much at the station except keep up the Sabbath services.

QUICK CHANGES.

We are not in the same land we were six months ago. The conditions have changed very materially. We now have cut roads to the coast and many of the streams are bridged, so that it is a pleasure to make the trip. There are two white traders in Ebolewo'e, representing different firms, who are building houses. Old Bulu customs are passing away like the morning mist. The hearts of men are still the same but the outward appearance is a revolution. But with the traders come new evils. Rum, the curse of Africa, is becoming like water. The white traders are nice to us but rotten in their lives. They are immoral, they care not for the Sabbath, and they impose on the people. But they are here to stay and we must work the harder to fight the new forces which the Devil has brought to bear on these people. Dear young friends, I beseech you, pray more earnestly than you have done for us and for these people, laden with sin, held in bondage, and abused by so-called civilized people.

"REMEMBER THE MAINE."

July, 4, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—I suppose you are having fireworks in good earnest today. Just think, we have not yet had any definite word about the trouble between the United States and Spain. We heard of the Maine disaster, but that was about the last. Reports come that there is war, and we are anxious to get mail. We sent two men down and they made the quickest trip on record—eighteen days to the coast and back, and they say they were detained two days. But they had no foreign mail. The last English steamer did not stop and the last German steamer was wrecked on the rocks up the coast. We heard that the mail was rescued and will come on later. These men arrived here July 2, and tomorrow we will send two more down. The road is safe. Oh, what a relief that is to us.

One of the men who went down before had some trouble. He started with a large tin of kerosene and the tin began to leak. The hole became so large that he had to stop, buy gin bottles with his salt, and put the oil in them. He was a fine looking specimen when he came in with twenty gin bottles and the oil shining over the whole outfit. The local mail was saturated.

A funny thing happened in church yesterday. The house was crowded and many were sitting on the ground. Suddenly there was a great commotion in one corner. The children screamed and the men laughed. Soon the cause of the commotion appeared. It was a sandy wild pig. It is no longer wild, however. In fact, it gets a little too familiar with most people. It was captured when young, and is now tame, and follows one around just like a dog. It came to church with a trader and as he came up the isle every one got out of the way. He is cross at times and will chase the children.

The school has started up in good shape. There are about twenty boys on the hill and forty in school. We are now digging peanuts and gathering corn. Mr. Fraser was away but a little over a week. We are very well and are enjoying the work. Dr. Bennett was married June 23 at Gaboon. Mr. Hickman has gone to Benito in the south end of the field. Would that some one would come and help us in this inland work.

August 1, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—We expect to start mail off tomorrow. We received our mail on last Tuesday and were made glad on Saturday by the arrival of Mr. Lange, who will stay perhaps three months.

He belongs at Lolodorf, but has no one to stay with him, so he comes to stay here. He is a German and was in America but three years before coming out. He is teaching German in school and we are very glad to have him with us. We had a visitor last week. A German trader from the interior stopped over two nights. He came to get medicine for a sick man.

Last Sabbath the meeting house was overflowing. Mr. Lange is a fine musician and we had good singing. When the boys sang "Jewels" my heart swelled up as big as rain barrel. We also sang in the evening.

Our cook (?) and house boys went home to rest (?) so we have a lot of greenish black bipeds around the house peeling potatoes, washing dishes and sweeping. It is lovely these days. Yesterday, Herr Von Stein, the officer at Lolodorf, sent to us for some fruit, and for goods for the natives.

Our latest war news was June 2, when Schley bottled the Spanish fleet at Santiago de Cuba. Hope the war is over and those people set free. Seems to me this is almost a religious war—a crusade of modern days.

AN AGREEABLE EXCHANGE.

A man brought us some nice wild honey today and I gave him a brass arm ring for it. He went off with dancing eyes and I came in with a watering mouth. We have fine bread now—light and flaky, and plenty of good corn meal which we use frequently. Mr. Fraser played Job last week and left the work for me. The other day I gave my gun to a native and sent him to hunt me some game. He found game, but ran for his life, without shooting. We had a good laugh at him. A rain came up and he made for a cave in the rocks. As he entered the cave out burst four chimpanzees. All parties were scared and the chimpanzees ran one way while the man ran the other. The hunter stopped when he reached home, but we have not heard whether the chimpanzees have stopped yet or not. They look so much like a native that one can hardly tell at first sight whether it is man or animal. I am very well and happy. Hope you are all the same.

August 24, 1898.

Our new mail service is a great joy to us and perhaps it is to you. We send men down to meet every English steamer and usually between times some of the traders send, so we have it very different from what it was a year ago. These days we tell the men to rush, for we want the war news. The last trip was made in sixteen days, the fastest ever made. They had heavy loads.

A SCENE AT CHURCH.

We had a lively time about two weeks ago in the meeting house. While we were in Sabbath school a man came running in and took a seat, panting like a frightened bird. Soon two other men came running and crying, "Catch him, stop the thief!" They were going to take him out of the meeting house but we objected to a row then and told them to wait. So they did till we were through and then the tussle began. Fighting dogs and cats with all their yelps and spitting is no comparison. Oh, how they did fight! We tried to get them outside and when Mr. Fraser laid his hand on the thief the fiend caught him around the wrist and held on for dear life, thinking Mr. Fraser would protect him. He pushed them outside and let them have it out. We did not feel like protecting a thief. They pounded the poor fellow pretty hard, but he deserved punishment and as there is no law, nothing was to be done but let them fight it out. I wonder that Spain did not form an alliance with the Bulu. They are about on a par. The effect of the sermon was somewhat disturbed, but such things do not happen often. Of late we have been having our house crowded on the Lord's day. Mr. Lange has been teaching German in the school and he is helpful in many other ways. But just now he and Mr. Fraser have gone inland on an evangelistic tour and I am alone. They will stay about ten days.

August 23, 1898.

Dear Friends of Trinity:—Two months have passed rapidly since I wrote you. I have not much to write now, but am prompted to do so to try to express my gratitude to you for your beautiful gift, the camera, which arrived August 17th, being just two months on the way. This is as quickly as we have ever received anything, I think.

Now, I fear my debt is becoming so great to you that I can never think of repaying it. If words could express my grateful thoughts, I would be happy to make them known, but words are too weak. I can simply say, thanks—a thousand thanks—for every thought, for every prayer, for every penny. I trust I may be able to do some good work with the instrument, and that in the future you can look upon us as we really are in our lovely bark house with its beautiful surroundings, and that you may get a better idea of the true condition of the people.

On account of the box being too heavy for one man to carry, it was opened at the coast and part of the things taken out. The dark room lantern was put in the mail trunk without any protection, and the result is that it came with two sides broken, and no one is to be blamed. I have ordered three colored shades to take the place of

those which were broken (I do not know the proper name for these pieces of glass in the side of the lantern) and will have one to spare for a future accident. This is the only thing broken.

Now, I am only a "Yankee pig" and know about as much about photography as a "pig" does about skating, but I am bound to root around, and perhaps grunt a great deal, till I turn something up, if only an acorn, or perhaps only an escaped "Don."

AN EVANGELISTIC TOUR.

Last week I went out on an evangelistic tour of four days. I had two carriers and a boy. We started south then turned some to the east. The road was quite dry and partly cut out, so the traveling was nice. The people seemed very anxious to hear about God, and I was sorry to have to turn back. We held sixteen meetings in all, with an aggregate of about 1090 people. Many of these had never heard the Gospel and a few towns had never been visited by a white man. On the second day I learned that Dr. Good had taken much the same route and had gone about one hour beyond the place where I turned back. The turning point for him was the top of a big rock which could be seen from the town where I held our last meeting. The people say Dr. Good went to the top, surveyed the country all around, fired his rifle off in the air a few times, and returned. I wanted to go and climb to the same point, but my food was gone and the loss of time there might delay us another day. So we set our faces homeward. Some time I hope to be able to go again with "our camera" and send you a photo of that rock which marks one of the turning points of that brave, untiring man whose memory is so fondly cherished by you all. As we returned we had to walk fast, so did not hold meetings by the way. As we passed along the people would beg me to sit down and tell them more about God and Jesus. Oh, how I did wish for more strength and time. And it is the same every day. The day is too short and the flesh too weak. There is so much of this blessed work to be done, and we cannot do it. Pray for these poor people that the Light may be given them. Pray for your poor, weak, sinful representative, that he may be given grace and strength to do the work waiting on him. Pray, also, for my associates.

While Mr. Lange is here, the Baby Organ gives forth its sweetest strains to the praise of God, to the enjoyment of the people, and to our delight. Mr. Lange is a professional musician and he thinks the organ excellent. He makes it talk.

Messrs. Fraser and Lange have gone on an evangelistic tour and I will be left alone for a week or more.

May God bless you all and keep you as in the hollow of His hand.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

August, 1898.

1. Gambling is forbidden by the new "Governor" of Ebolewo'e, and lying is a punishable offense.

2. The Bulu ate a dog which had been killed by the bite of a poisonous snake, and no ill result followed.

3. In early days at Elat, our raw Bulu cook prepared us a stew of wild fowl and when we came to the table we found that he had put in the feet, claws and all. (Exit stew).

4. One of the attractions at Elat is a large mirror which hangs under the eaves of the front porch. It is the only one to which the Bulu have access in all the land. Some say it is bad, for it makes them look ugly. Still, it is visited by hundreds. Hardly one comes to the hill without a peep, and some stand and gaze for an hour at his or her beauty(?) Some of the older ones do not care for a second look. In this they have the advantage of us for we have to look at some of them more than once.

5. African sheep have no wool on their backs. It is hard for a tenderfoot to tell a sheep from a goat.

6. Some time ago a young man who worked for us took his pay and went to the coast to "buy himself rich." One of his purchases was an umbrella. It was amusing to see him come to church with his umbrella over him, and nothing on his body save the skin of an animal tied about the loins, and a broad smile on his face. Just why he wanted an umbrella is hard to tell, for the sun could not tan him, and the rain would do him good. Tastes differ.

7. We had a good laugh at the expense of the new "Governor" of Ebolewo'e not long since. One of the young men of the town went to a trader near the coast and there was crowned. He came back with a hat and dignity enough for a John Bull. He said the man who made him "governor," i. e., gave him a hat, also gave him a certificate. When he came home he "crowned" two chiefs and he became one of the Lieutenants. This was some two weeks ago, and they have been running the "government" around Ebolewo'e about like a Texas steer would do. After some time had passed we asked to see the certificate. Remember, it is a state document, and has to be kept with care. It was nicely folded up in leaves, but the mice had gnawed it some. We saw at once that it was a fraud. It had been cut down the center and only one-half the page was there. We could not make out a single word, but saw that the date was 1895, three years behind.

It is probably a piece of some letter which had been thrown away by the receiver, and picked up by some black man, then sold to some ignorant Bulu as big white man's medicine. So this is the authority on which our chiefs act, and the greater part of these new "governors" have probably the same backing. We laughed but the man was mad.

8. Oba, the old medicine man who has been my guide up the mountain, was out working on the road the other day. Growing tired, as Bulu do, he sat down to smoke his pipe. While sitting thus, fumi-gating, one of the new "governors" came along. When his highness saw that Oba did not remove his pipe his dignity was offended and he demanded two goats to make amends. In talking the palaver Oba said that he was a governor himself. This, being a lie, was resented by the Governor of our town, so poor old Oba had another palaver on his hands, and the last was the greatest. Mvondo, our greatest chief, demanded pay at once, and took one of Oba's wives, his favorite, as surety for the pay. Of course Oba would redeem his wife, so next day he took all his goats, fowls, boxes, cloths and even his trousers, the only pair he possessed, and went and got his woman. But still their greed was not satisfied and they were about to catch and whip Oba and try to squeeze more out of him. Oba ran for our gate, but was caught and dragged back. I chanced to come along at this time and perhaps not too quietly expressed my opinion of the whole matter. It was like oil on troubled waters. All the goods were returned next day and no one has troubled Oba since.

9. Within the last eight months two men have been killed, roasted and eaten between Elat and Efulen. And yet they say cannibalism is a thing of the past in these parts. We missionaries of Elat have all slept in the town where the deed was performed, (Zinzi). Perhaps we are too tough looking to tempt their appetites.

10. The people are anxious for Mr. Kerr to come back. They say he must bring a wife with him. Since he would not marry a real woman—i. e., a Bulu—he must put up with a white woman. They say she must be very young, ten or twelve years old, and let her grow up here. Their arguments for a young woman is—"If you were buying a pair of trousers you would want a new pair, not a second hand pair. So with a woman."

11. The pale horse and his rider have visited Ebolewo'e this month. The oldest man in this region died in his sins. He used to boast that he had killed twenty-two persons in cold blood. He never seemed to care anything about the Gospel, and about a year ago lost his mind. From that time it was useless to talk to him for he could not understand anything. No one seemed to be sorry he died. On the other hand his people seemed to be glad to get him out of the way. What a miserable end. No one to love him here, no one to receive or love him yonder.

12. A few days later the call came nearer home. Our cook, a Bulu boy of seventeen years, took sick and died suddenly. He belonged to the class of inquirers and spent most of the last night in prayer. His death was peaceful and we have every reason to believe that he received the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." On his death bed he was heard to say, "Oh, Holy Spirit, let us go home." When called by name he said his name was not Uso, "My name is Jesus. My mother's name is Mary."

13. Four days later a white trader died and was buried on the Mission grounds. We had to make the coffin. At his grave was the largest gathering of white people ever held in Ebolewo'e. There were thirteen, and they were not all there that day. (There are now over twenty white people in Ebolewo'e). Mr. Dager had charge of the services. After he was through Lieutenant Von Bulow made a few remarks. Three days after the above a Bulu chief, a young man, was shot by hostile natives and died at the Mission the next day.

14. More touching still was our experience with a little boy about five years old. He was very sick and one day was reported dead. The next day we heard that he was still alive, though hopeless. Mrs. Lippert went to see him and found them putting his grave clothes on him with the intention of burying him, though not altogether dead. Their argument was, "He cannot get well, why not bury him and be rid of the trouble of caring for him?" Mrs. Lippert thought there was a possible chance of his being restored and had him brought to the Mission. Dr. Lippert gave him stimulants and restored him a little, and then began treating him. The boy was literally being eaten by worms. The Doctor removed fifty-three large ones, an almost incredible story. In one week the boy was walking around. We told his people that he was no longer their boy and that he must stay at the Mission. They consented and the little fellow is now in my charge. (Later I gave the child back to them).

15. We have dismissed school. Mr. Fraser has had it for twelve weeks and good work has been done. We had forty-four boys as boarders for a while and eighty-nine was the highest attendance on any one day. This is more than ever before. The school work is very encouraging. I have had charge of the boys out of school hours, and of the workmen, and we have done a lot of work. You ought to see our farm.

GOING TO MEET NEWCOMERS.

October 18, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—Since we have had more chances of sending mail I have done less writing, it seems. I always put it off till it is too late. I expect to start for Lolodorf tomorrow, and will write a letter now for fear I will have no time there.

As you have heard, we are to have new help. It falls to my lot to go and meet the newcomers at Lolodorf and bring them up to their future home, Elat. We have been having very heavy rains and I anticipate a wet, muddy trip, but will tell you about this after it is over.

The other day I let a Bulu man take my shot gun out to the bush. In about three hours he came in with a big deer, the first venison we have had in Africa, and it was splendid. The next day he went out and shot a monkey. The second day he shot a large bird. He seems to know how to hunt. We will let him go often at this rate. The bush abounds in deer, antelope, wild hog, monkey, etc.

Last week two elephants were killed two days east of us. The leopard which took so many goats here was killed by a Bulu man in a near town. The leopard caught a child, when a brother of the child shot the leopard, killing it.

Day before yesterday a man died near us, and at the funeral they "talked" to find out who killed him. One of his wives was pronounced to be the guilty one, so she was killed and buried in the same grave with her owner. This is raw heathenism, sure.

A week ago last Sabbath I went to a town some two hours journey and held a meeting in the afternoon. Eighteen of the school boys went along to help in the singing. We had a good meeting. About 150 were there. Coming home we were caught in a very hard rain.

We have about forty boys boarding at Elat now. They keep us busy. Now that I will be away some two weeks I do not know what Mr. Fraser will do with them all.

Lolodorf, October 28, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—As I wrote you on the 18th that I was going to Lolodorf, now I write you that I am at that station. It took three days to come over. The streams were very high and made us some trouble. One river was one-fourth of a mile wide and we had to wade to our waists feeling our way. In the stream proper it was waist deep above the foot log. But we came through all safe to Lolodorf, arriv-

ing on the 21st. Found Mr. Lange and Dr. Lehman here. Sat down and waited for the new missionaries. On Monday, the 24th, Dr. Lehman took the fever and I turned nurse. His temperature went up quite high and for three nights I did not have my shoes off. He is up for the first time today.

Mr. Kerr and wife and Dr. Lippert and wife came last night. They are well and we are rejoiced to see them. Mr. Kerr will stay here and I will take Dr. Lippert to Elat. We will start, God willing, on the 31st. Everything is moving on nicely. The new people seem very nice. I am rejoiced to see my old co-laborer, Mr. Kerr. He is much the same only he is married. They have very fine outfits, wedding presents, etc.

SELECTIONS FROM ANNUAL REPORT.

Annual report of Elat Station for year ending November 15, 1898:

When our force was reduced to two members, near the beginning of the year, we feared that much aggressive work was out of the question. To keep up the work of last year was all that we could hope for, praying in the meantime for reinforcements. As to the latter our prayers are answered. The needed help has come, thanks to our God. As to the former we feel that the work of last year has been enlarged upon a little, in that the school has been larger, German has been taught, Sabbath services have doubled in attendance, and some evangelistic work has been done.

School.—Perhaps the most encouraging feature of the work has been the school conducted by Mr. Fraser, with the help of Mr. Lange in German, for fourteen weeks. The report is as follows: Number of days taught, 158; total enrollment, 189; greatest number on any one day, 89; least on any one day, 8; average daily attendance, 42.8; one boy attended every day; number reading the testament, 25; girls enrolled, 3; number of tribes represented, 14.

The attendance has been very gratifying and encouraging. The old tribal troubles have cleared up somewhat, hence the mingling of the tribes as never before. One great trouble is that we have no way of holding the boys. They come and go as they please, so we must make the school attractive in some way. We give them a chance to earn something outside of school hours, which aids some in this direction. In connection with the school, and included in it, Mr. Fraser has had some catechetical work with the boys each week. The greater part of these boys have been boarders on the self supporting basis, giving work equivalent to what they receive in books, food and goods. They are all required to work two and one-half hours for their food.



The schoolboys.

If they work more than this credit is given at the rate of 1 cent per hour, on which they can buy Testaments, books, paper, pencils, ink, etc. During the year there have been 120 boys at the station on the above basis, with a daily average, while school was in session, of 26. The work they do is mostly cutting weeds and hoeing in the garden. In large measure these boys take the place of yardmen.

Sabbath Services.—Another encouraging thing has been the good attendance at Sabbath services. There have been services every Sabbath with one exception, and we have estimated the average attendance at 200, just double that of last year. The so-called church is far too small and uncomfortable for the numbers which come, so that a larger and more comfortable house is much needed.

The Bible school, which has been held immediately before the preaching services, has also been well attended, the average being about 150, one-third of whom were children. In this connection should be mentioned morning prayers, held at 6:15 A. M. every week day, which all the boys and yardmen are compelled to attend.

Evangelistic.—A mere beginning has been made in evangelistic work this year. The small working force has made it impossible to leave the station for much of such work. Two trips were made by Mr. Fraser. One of seven days to the east of Elat, and one of nine days to the northwest, taking in Lolodorf. Mr. McCleary was out on one short trip of four days to the south. In addition to these, several one day trips were made to the neighboring towns by both members of the station.

Attendants and Work.—There have been on the average two yardmen at the station. Most of the work has been done by the school boys. We have even had to hunt work for them, who at different times reached the number of forty-four. To give them work and at the same time get returns from it we cleared a part of the new land and put it in plantains and bananas, about 4,000 of which are now on the mission grounds. We have also built a picket (pole) fence around the premises at a cost of about \$25. The reasons for building this fence were as follows: Goats were overrunning the grounds, people were stealing from the garden and also from the out houses, our spring was open to all, and some natives were cutting gardens near and there was danger of their coming over the line and causing trouble. No definite boundary line marked the limit of the premises. Now we are enclosed, the only entrance being near the house.

In closing the report we wish to speak of the changed conditions of affairs among the Bulu, which will affect our work from this time on.

Under pressure of the German government, whose colonial troops came within the border of Bulu territory, great changes have been wrought. The old custom of carrying weapons has been prohibited, walking sticks taking their places. Hats, coats and trousers are com-

mon now, where two years ago there were none. Tribes are mingling as never before. Natives are now beginning to travel even as far as the coast. We can send men for mail and provisions without fear of their being robbed, relieving us of much anxiety for the safety of our goods, and of much trouble in accompanying our caravans. The opening of these roads has brought in the traders, colored and European. The former can be found in every town of any size, and two white men have established trading posts at Ebolewo'e. They, of course, bring in rum, disregard the Sabbath, and, in fact, break all the laws of God, setting a bad example for the people. New influences are at work both for good and evil. The relations between the natives and the Mission have been good all through this change, although at first there was some talk that we had called the Governor to come and kill the Bulu. The feeling is now better than ever and they are beginning to distinguish as to who are their real friends among the white men.

Along with the external changes are to be seen many evidences of the inward working of the Holy Spirit. While we cannot point to any man and say, "there is a Christian," yet we can point to a goodly number and say, "there are men who are trying to lead better lives. They are seeking for the Light." There are many who pray, regularly attend worship and show evidence of a great change of life. We have great reason to praise our God for His marvelous works in our midst. Great changes have taken place. Whatever the agents used we know that God alone has all the glory, and to His name be praise and thanksgiving for evermore.

LETTER TO DR. REED.

December 8, 1898.

Dear Mr. Reed:—It is again a long time since I wrote you. These have been busy days. The working force has been small and the work great. Only a part has been done. But we are now re-enforced. Our prayers have been answered and we are rejoicing at heart. On August 30th, five new missionaries arrived at Batanga, and they were all for the interior work. Dr. and Mrs. Lippert for Elat, Dr. Lehman for Lolodorf, and Mr. and Mrs. Kerr to stay at Lolodorf till the new house is-built there. I went to Lolodorf to meet our new Doctor and his wife and while there had the pleasure of meeting all the others. We returned to Elat in the rainy season but we did not get wet. It took us but four days, arriving here November 3rd. Now, we cannot tell you how glad we are to see this addition to our station. We have never been sufficient for the work, and are not yet, but we feel greatly strengthened by the arrival of these new workers. Dr. Lippert has taken hold of the medical work in good earnest and is making a start in the language, while Mrs. Lippert has revolutionized the culinary department. This is a great relief to us.

Mr. Fraser has gone to Mission meeting. I send you a copy of our station report that you may have some idea of what has been going on the last year at Elat. Every department of the work has been encouraging. The natives come to Sabbath services in such numbers that the house will not hold them. Our church is too small and we have asked for a larger one in next year's estimates. And the school has grown rapidly. One great drawback to the school is that we cannot hold the boys long enough. They leave when they please. There were fourteen tribes represented this year. Old troubles are being settled, and the outlook for the school is bright, for now, most every tribe can send their children. Two forces are at work among these people. The Governor and the Holy Spirit. The former is working most forcibly among the chiefs and older men, but the latter is influencing the young men and the boys. The day is soon coming we feel when there will be an awakening. Pray with us that the Lord may hasten the day.

This letter is only a supplement to the report, which contains the news of the year boiled down.

Will each member and supporter of Trinity church hereby accept my deepest gratitude and kindest regards. May you all have a happy and blessed New Year for work in our Master's vineyard.

December 15, 1898.

My Dear Parents:—It is a long time since I have written you a long letter. I have not forgotten you, however. These days have been very full, and they will be so for some time to come, but I must take the time to write a little. November 23 I wrote you a card just as the mail was being tied up. This time will try to write more.

LACK OF FAITH.

You cannot realize just what life is here. One has to be here to really know it. The year has been full of blessings. The work has progressing nicely and we are not so run down as we thought we would be when our force was reduced to two members. I am frank to admit that my faith was too small at the beginning of the year, as it always is, and that I did not count enough on the Lord. We have been taught that it is not by numbers, but by His spirit, whereby great things are done. With Him on our side we have the majority. We can never be alone or weak if we only have enough faith. Right here is where we fail. Oh, for more genuine faith, faith which will lay hold of the promises of God, faith which will wrestle until the breaking of the day. "Lord increase our faith." I wish to add my testimony in praise of our God. He has been good to me a thousand times, yes, ten thousand times, better than I deserve. I know not why His wondrous love should be extended so to me, a worm. But it is so. Help me praise Him.

It fell to my lot to go to Lolodorf to meet the new missionaries. While there I saw Mr. and Mrs. Kerr. He told me why he did not go to see you. When the workers were taken from Efulen it left but three for all the interior work, and there was no doctor nearer than the coast. When the board realized this fact they urged all who were coming to come at once, that those on the field might have relief. Mr. Kerr was among those who were to come out a month later, but hurried up when this news reached him. He had to go all the way to St. Joe, and had but a certain number of days to make the trip. If he had gone to Crawfordsville he would have lost a day more. When he wrote you he did not know about the changes to be made in getting to you. Why he did not write I do not know. He was marrying a wife and therefore could not come. Please forgive him, he never did it before.

Dr. and Mrs. Lippert and I arrived at Elat November 3rd. We are rejoiced to have these new helpers. We are making some changes in the house. I will give my room to the new comers, so that they can have one side of the house to themselves, and I will go to the other end. I am putting on a little addition to my new room, and I will tell you how I am making plank for the floor. I split logs about eight inches in diameter and plane the flat side. It is not very smooth, but

is substantial. The sides are of bark, of course. Then we are going to build a store room for our provisions, trade goods, tools, etc.

They have no bushrope over at Lolodorf and we are buying it here and sending it over. I have bought 1,100 so far. So much of our time is taken up in such work. But we get to meet the people and have opportunities for teaching them by living examples.

WHITE TRADERS.

Heretofore we have been on friendly terms with the white traders, but fear we are coming to an issue. Rum is doing it. One of them gets dead drunk and stays so for days. The natives come and tell us and it makes him mad. He has threatened to flog our workman for he blames him for telling us. He refuses to let our workman buy in his shop. The traders are all trying to make the people drink, but some will not and so they try to make it uncomfortable for those who refuse. If the white traders do this we will shut down on them. We have the hold on most of the people, especially the young men, and the rum war will be on soon. Pray for us in this regard. New forces are at work. But the Lord is on our side and we cannot fear as to the outcome.

We have a man who takes my shot gun and goes out hunting for us. He has killed seventeen animals, four of which were deer. We are having the finest kind of meat, venison, squirrel, wild pigeon, etc.

I have been taking many pictures, but will not send them until later when I can send a good lot. Please remember me to all.

THE WAR IN BULU LAND.

December 29, 1898.

Dear Friends:—You will be interested in the details concerning the war in Bulu land, for our work is and will be affected in many ways by this war. The future we cannot tell, but we can predict more certainly and lay plans more definitely if we know the present thoroughly. It shall be my purpose to tell, as far as I know, something of the causes of the war, the manner of warfare and details about the fighting, the relation of the missionaries to the Bulu during hostilities, and the probable effects of the war.

CAUSES OF WAR.

The causes of the war are complicated. It was not born in a day as are so many of the tribal wars among the natives. It has been long coming. The Bulu have never known what law is. They never had a ruler and are slow in accepting one. They do not know what it is to be told "you must do this" or "you must do that," and like small children which have been spoiled, they resent the idea. They want their own way. They are jealous of another's power. Added to this is their greed for goods which is perhaps the root of it all, causing the Bulu to rob and plunder. But these things might have been overcome and peaceful relations established between the Government and the Bulu, who have great fear and a certain reverence for the white men, had it not been for the middle men who caused trouble. Between the Bulu country and the Government stations at Kribi and Lolodorf there are other tribes who have taken upon themselves too much conceit and authority. These people have either stolen, begged or traded for a few shirts, hats, and trousers, put them on and gone among the Bulu, pretending that they were sent by the Governor. They treat the Bulu as dogs, beating and stealing from them. They take goats, fowls, food, rubber, all kinds of goods, often women, and give nothing in return. They style themselves Governors and are very offensive. The Bulu were afraid not to obey them and submitted for two or three years, paying dearly for it. But this kind of thing could not last. It was carried too far and the Bulu resented it at last. Another cause of trouble appears through the jealousy of the different Bulu tribes. The natives close to where the white men settled naturally had the advantage. They reaped good rewards and became conceited and no doubt offensive. Other tribes grew jealous and in order to get even, wanted to drive out the white men.

Another hard thing to bear for most of the Bulu between here and the coast, is the fact that trading posts have been established all through this part of Bulu land. This brings trade, but it also brings many foreigners and it takes away many chances which the Bulu near the coast had of making a fine profit. Formerly all the rubber and ivory were handed along from town to town till they reached the coast, and the pay for these things was likewise handed back from town to town, each man handling them taking out his share. Now this source of gain is gone. The goods are carried direct to the interior, and the rubber and ivory are likewise carried direct to the coast. Therefore many of the Bulu would like to see all foreigners driven out.

All these causes were at work and having their effect. Then, the Governor kept putting off coming so long after the report was out that he was coming. Some of the Bulu in their ignorance and conceit said that the Commander was afraid of them. Others said there was no such thing as a Governor. When they saw that those who began, from time to time, to rob and plunder were not punished, they became bold and began their mischief in good earnest. Caravans and trading posts were robbed, and violence was done to many of the black traders, most of whom fled from the country. These reports reached the ears of the Governor at Kribi, who sent out soldiers and caught two or three big Bulu chiefs. This last act was the immediate cause of the war, the Bulu say.

THE WAR BEGUN.

The war began. Soon after the capture of the Bulu chiefs by the officials at Kribi, the Bulu near the coast, around Efulen, and up to within one day of Ebolewo'e, rose in great numbers and made war on the Mebaya and other coast tribes, killing many, robbing all, and burning their towns. Many trading posts were robbed and destroyed, also. Great quantities of goods were secured. This success crazed the Bulu, and they went to attack Kribi. Here they met with sterner stuff in the persons of four white men, the Governor, custom house officer, one trader, one priest, and four colored soldiers, who kept the Bulu back by hard fighting for two days until troops came from Kamerun, when they were driven back, leaving, it is reported, 172 dead on the field. No one was killed on the side of the Government. Flint lock guns are no match for Mauser rifles, but the Bulu cannot see it that way, it seems. This was early in October. At this same time two chiefs were caught who have brothers near Ebolewo'e, and these brothers talked of violence to the white men of Ebolewo'e. But the reports died away as soon as the chiefs were released. Another attack was planned and attempted against Kribi, but it ended in disaster to the Bulu, who were surprised at night by a body of soldiers and dispersed.

Reports of this outbreak were sent to the Commander of the troops, who was at the time far in the interior in the direction of Lake Chad. One Lieutenant, with a white under officer and sixty black soldiers, was sent down to look after the white men at Ebolewo'e. He arrived October 24th, and had his first fight with the natives the next day after his arrival. The fight took place in Ebolewo'e in full view from the Mission house. It was not with Ebolewo'e people, however. Other tribes collected in the town to see the new creature so long talked of and feared. They brought their guns with them. When the Lieutenant heard that there were armed Bulu in town, he took twenty-eight soldiers and went down to disperse them. He was very mild and asked the leading chief to come and shake hands. This was refused. Then the Bulu were commanded to lay down their guns, which they refused to do. After the third command was refused, the soldiers were bidden to fire. In the fight which ensued, two big chiefs and many other Bulu were killed. One chief of Ebolewo'e was killed. This caused much bitter feeling and there was a general uprising of the Bulu.

THE MISSIONARIES REMOVED.

A guard was put around the Mission premises and the missionaries were taken into the camp near by. All portable goods were taken to the same place for protection. On October 28th, the missionaries were escorted out of the Bulu into the Bene country and started off for Lolodorf. When the missionaries were out of the way, and the main body of the troops arrived, the fighting began in earnest. The troops were sent out and fought the Bulu and burned their towns. The Bulu collected for an attack, and on November 2d an attack was made on the guard and the Mission station. The shooting was heard and soon four white officers and a squad of soldiers were on the ground and the Bulu were driven away. They returned several times that day, and the next day made one assault, but were easily kept from doing any damage. There is one mark on the dwelling house made by a shot from a Bulu gun, and many bullet holes through the church, out buildings and trees, but otherwise there is no visible sign of the attack except the path through the bush where the Bulu fled dragging their wounded and dead. The reports differ as to the number of Bulu killed—from seven to fifteen. Two soldiers were wounded. During this fight the Bulu collected in the lower part of Ebolewo'e, so, to prevent this, the soldiers were ordered to burn all that part of the town, which is the greater part. They burned 150 houses in Ebolewo'e. They followed up the Bulu and burned the town of the leading chief in the fight and this destroyed his plantains.

THE MISSIONARIES RETURN.

So the matter stood when Mr. Fraser and I returned to Elat station November 9th. That same day an officer and sixty soldiers were sent east from Ebolewo'e, who fought and burned towns everywhere they went. When they returned, peace was made with the leading tribe which was in the first fight. The chief, Evina, gave 100 men to go as workmen to Kamerun. Then an expedition was sent south about thirty miles, destroying the towns as they went. This expedition lasted till Christmas. On Christmas day word came that the Bulu had made another attack on the coast, and on December 27th the Commander started for the coast, leaving two white officers and forty soldiers to protect interests at Ebolewo'e. The troops will go to the coast and come against the Bulu from that side, so war news may grow scarce at Ebolewo'e.

Summary to date. We have nothing definite, but reports have it that about 300 Bulu have been killed, and nearly that number taken prisoners. About fifty towns were burned. Perhaps fifty soldiers were wounded, four died from wounds, and one guide was killed in battle. Most of the chiefs from nearby have come and made peace with the Commander.

The fight has been a very unequal one. The Bulu have only flint locks, a poor quality of powder and no bullets. They use broken iron pots for shot. The only chance the Bulu have is that which the bush affords. They hide in the bush, wait their chance, shoot and run. If it were in the open they could not get within gunshot of the soldiers with their old guns, ere they would be shot down.

RELATIONS BETWEEN THE MISSIONARIES AND THE BULU.

The relation of the missionaries with the natives has been good, for the most part. There has been some blame put on the missionaries by a few who live at a distance; but those who are acquainted have only good feelings for them. Some of the traders tell us this is not true and the officials were inclined to doubt it; but as proof we can cite the following: The leader in the war made on the coast, lives one day east of Efulen station. Mr. Johnston went to his town to see him and stayed in his town all night between the two attacks made on the coast. Efulen station has been unmolested and the missionaries go and come as they please. On the night of October 25th, Dr. and Mrs. Johnston and baby and I put up in a town near Efulen, where one man had lived who was killed in the fight at the coast and we were well treated, though the brothers were thirsting for revenge. They told us that they had nothing against the missionaries. Since our return to Elat we have been joyfully received by all the Bulu we have seen. We have been out among the towns which were burned and

everyone has been glad to see us. As to the attack on the guard at the station, I have talked with the leaders in that fight and they say if the missionaries had been there the attack would not have been made. They wanted to kill the soldiers and thought that the small guard would be the easiest to get at. Moreover, our station is so situated that they had to pass it to get at the camp. All missionaries were away and soldiers were there, so it was natural that they should begin fighting there. Had they wanted to burn buildings they were in the boys' dormitory and the school house, which are off to one side and why did they not set fire to them? On the contrary they were told by their leader not to touch anything at the station; but only to shoot the soldiers. If there is any change I would say they are warmer friends than ever; but this does not include those who live at a distance and do not know us.

RESULTS OF THE WAR.

The effects of the war. There can be no doubt as to the outcome. The Bulu will get a good whipping and they deserve it. Whether they can take the lesson or not time will tell. For the present it will be very helpful. Roads are and will be cut out and the streams bridged. People can travel in safety. They have seen the power of the Government and will learn to respect it. We told the Bulu to quit their mischief or they would be punished. Many of them laughed at us; but now they see that we told the truth and they seem more ready to accept our words. They see the difference between the harsh, compelling power of the Government and the easy drawing power of the good old Gospel and they like it all the more. There will be a mingling of the tribes. There has been established at Ebolewo'e a Government station (it may be only temporary) which will have a bearing on our work. There seem to be new desires on the part of many, especially the young men. They want to get away from the old things and take on the new. There is a feeling of unrest. May this continue until they find rest and peace in Jesus.

P. S.—I was not at Elat when the troops arrived, having gone to Efulen to help open up communication with that station.

January 14, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—Mr. Fraser returned from Mission meeting January 15th, bringing with him the home mail and other good things. I am always pleased to get your letters.

STRANGE PROVIDENCES.

Perhaps you have heard of the death of Mrs. Boppell. Mr. and Mrs. Boppell reached the field in August of last year. She died November 20th, of fever, and he has had a sunstroke. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr arrived the last day of September and they left for home the last of December on account of Mrs. Kerr's health. She received an injury, coming out on the steamer, which developed after she reached the field and became so serious that the Mission thought best for her to go home. Mr. Kerr will accompany her home and then come back alone. These are all sad providences which we cannot understand. So many have been taken from this field this year. It seems hard to keep the work going. But all things are in His hands and He knows best. It has been said that experience has shown on this field, that for every new station opened, it requires the sacrifice of one life. So far there has been but one death in the interior and three stations have been started. But even if the experience of former years should be repeated, is it not a very small price to pay for the salvation of these people? What is a life given for the Master's cause, if thereby even only one soul should be brought to a knowledge of a Savior mighty to save? So, however discouraging it may seem to the people at home, we here are but spurred on to greater effort, lest our day be too short.

"WHEN ARE YOU COMING HOME?"

Mother, to your much repeated question, "when are you coming home?" I cannot say when. Unless my health fails it will be at least two years. I am just getting into the work nicely and the longer I stay the better I like it. The last month has been the most encouraging of all. Our prayers are being answered. The Holy Spirit is working in our midst. Increasing interest is being taken in our work. Let me tell you about it. On Wednesday night, December 15th, about twenty young men and boys came without invitation and asked for a little meeting. In answer to questions as to why they came, they said they were thirsty for the "good news." They wanted to hear more about God. We took them onto the porch and had a good little meeting, after which they asked very practical questions in regard to how they should live and act. They asked to come again Sabbath night and at that meeting one young man led in prayer. Another stood up and said he wanted to live a better life. He said he had been very wicked: but he had not known any better. Now he wanted to learn to walk aright. They came again the next Sabbath night, and last Sabbath night forty came just after supper and we took lanterns and went to the meeting house and had a good meeting. This has originated with the people. We did not

suggest these meetings, so it comes with more force. We are greatly encouraged. Then every Sabbath the meeting house is so crowded that we can hardly stand it, and many stay on the outside, while others go away. The boys, too, are anxious for school to begin. It will open the 23rd, and I will have charge, except the German, which will be in charge of Dr. Lippert, who speaks German.

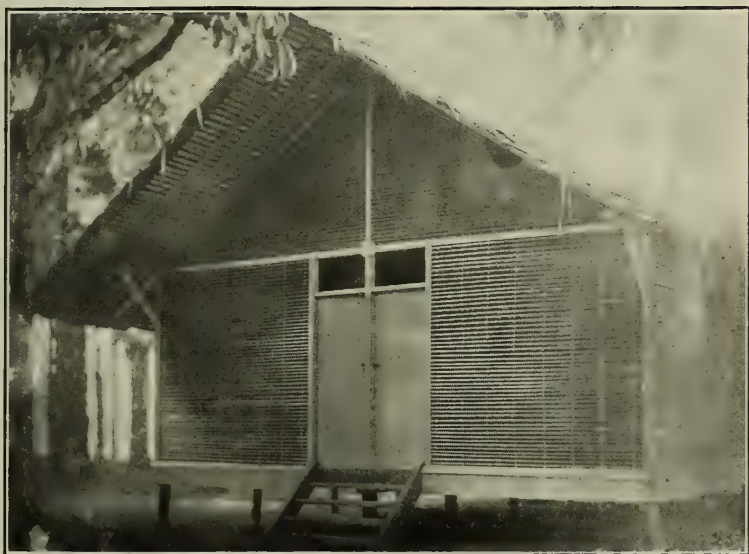
A new kind of work comes up this year. The Mission has assigned to Mr. Fraser and me the work of revising the Bulu gospel and translating the book of Acts. This has to be sanctioned by the Board before we can go at it, for all such things must come from them as well as from the Mission. The Board may say no, but we do not think they will. Now, in the face of all this work and these encouragements, together with good health, could you expect me to come home? Impossible. Do not ask it, for I must say no.

Now you have one more hope of getting to see a worker from this field, who can tell you all about us out here. It is Rev. W. C. Johnson, who went home last May with his sick wife. He has been appointed to represent our Mission at the General Assembly, which meets in Minneapolis. If he has time he will surely make you a visit and I know you will enjoy it if he does. He is very enthusiastic in the work. He was raised on a farm in western Pennsylvania, and has a good supply of good sense, mistakenly called common. Write him and urge him to come.

We have just completed a new store room, which it took thirteen days to build. We have always been crowded and since the new missionaries came we have been living on top of boxes almost.

January 24, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—I cannot write much tonight. We are getting on nicely. School opened yesterday with thirty-nine boys. The dirty little brats smell like—sixty. Two young men went out last Sabbath and talked to the people, and they say they are going next Sabbath. This is encouraging. God is giving us great victories.



The church.

HOPEFUL SIGNS MANIFEST.

February 20, 1899.

Dear Fellow Workers:—You will be rejoiced to hear of the encouraging trend the work has taken at Elat of late. The power of the good old Gospel, fresh every day, is being felt. The Holy Spirit is working. It is quite possible for one to labor on for years, and even for a lifetime, without seeing results, leaving that to God's own time, but how helpful it is to weak mortals to see that something is being accomplished as the time passes. We of the Interior are being helped in this way almost every day, for which we are so grateful. One encouraging thing is that these people really want to hear the good news. Curiosity might, and no doubt does, bring them to our services for a time, but curiosity will not make them come for three years, with a gradual increase in attendance. I think I told you our meeting house was too small. Well, we have abandoned it altogether, and are holding services in a little grove near our home. We put bark and sticks on the ground and the people enjoy them as much as Fifth Avenue people do their cushioned pews. People come for two, three and even six miles to attend these services. Old men and young; women and children; chiefs and chiefs' sons; all in one crowd. Yesterday there were 150 in my Sabbath school class. Just imagine a very wicked man in America walking five miles to hear a preacher who can speak his language very imperfectly; rake him over the coals for his bad conduct, and tell him if he doesn't mend his ways he will land in the house of fire. That is just the position of these people, and yet they come over and over again.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

But merely coming to services is not enough, if those who hear do not heed. Here, too, we are encouraged. A trader from a day's journey east of us, told me yesterday that he could not get men to work on Sabbath, and that they have a little piece with seven holes burned into it, with a peg which they move one notch each day, lest they forget when Sabbath comes. He also said they would come to him and ask him to tell them of God.

The young men are refusing to work for the factories. They are regular in attendance on Sabbath; they go out into the neighboring towns and hold meetings; they are building better houses and are trying to fix them up decently. They promise to marry but one wife, and they are being abused by their people for their actions and be-

liefs. Now, all this is very encouraging to us on the field, and we trust those at home will be encouraged to pray more earnestly for us and these people. May we not pray for a great awakening, and trust and pray till it comes?

In January we put up a new store room, 18x24 feet, which cost the great sum of \$28.00. Heretofore our store was in one room of our dwelling house. Now that there are four missionaries, we needed the room, hence the new building.

There are some trying little things which come up here, which are interesting only in that they show the dependent, childish nature of the people. Lately some of them have bought white men's axes, and they think because we sell them the axes, we must keep them ground. This we can do sometimes, but not always, and if we refuse they get very much out of humor and abuse the white man. So with their boxes. When the lock breaks, they invariably come to the Mission to have it fixed. So with guns, umbrellas, etc., they seem to think the Mission is a general repair shop. So if they want a hole bored in a stick or a door made, there is but one place to go. These demands are so numerous that we have to shut down on it, and so we are mean. And they do not want to pay anything for our services. Why should they? We came to help them, so we tell them; "Why should we pay?"

Let me close with one incident—A big, burly man was caught for stealing. He put his mother in fetters and went free himself.

February 22, 1899.

Dear Parents:—Mail will leave for the coast tomorrow and I must write you a little. School opened January 23 and we now have eighty-one names on the roll. But they are not all regular. We have forty-seven boarders on the hill; more than at any one time before. They make it lively day and night.

Dr. Lippert has taken a little girl with a written pledge from her father that he will not sell her off in marriage for at least one year. She is the first Bulu girl or woman around Elat to wear a dress.

February 27—We started mail to the East a few days ago but the carrier has returned, reporting the roads as impassable. He met some men who had been caught and robbed. Later one of our carriers whom we had sent two weeks before, came in without his load, and said they had been caught, and two loads and one man taken. The excuse for this work was that some one near us had stolen a woman from the robber and he wanted us to call the man who took his woman, and make him pay up; then our loads would be released. This is very disagreeable for us. We have not yet decided what to do. Tomorrow we will start men on another road, hoping they will get through.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

March 21, 1899.

My Dear Little Friends:—I wish you might all spend a day with us. Just one day, for more than that might give you the dreaded fever. I could show you more in one day than I could write in a year. You would see our bark house, set up on posts, with a roof of mats. There is no chimney, for we do not have any fires in the house. This is the only house you would see within sixty miles of here that has a board floor, and it is a palace as compared with the native houses. Then you would see the native towns with their low huts, about as high as a man's head. These huts have no windows and only one little door. In them are the native beds, made of bamboo poles and not over six or eight inches from the ground. There are no bed clothes; but there is a fire on the ground at the side of the bed, to keep the occupant warm. The smoke having no outlet, spreads through the whole house, making everything black and dirty. In such houses are kept all earthly possessions. Now go out into the street and see the children playing in the dirt like little pigs. One good thing is that they do not have any clothes on to get dirty, so that their mothers do not have the trouble of washing and sewing for them. The girls and women do not know how to sew. The men and boys do all this kind of work. Before we came they did not have needles and thread, so they made their own. For thread they would take the fibre of the pineapple or plantain and twist it into a sort of thread. For needles they used to take pieces of bamboo. They did not use to have cloth either, but would make bark cloth. You could not see a native with shoes on. They go barefoot all the time. If you stand on the street a while you will see women coming home with great loads on their backs in huge baskets. The women do most all the work. The men are too lazy. The women go out to the gardens near the towns in the morning, work till about noon, then gather a load of food or fire wood and carry it home. Then you can see them take up a big earthen jar, native made, and go to the spring or river for water. Then they cook the food and take it to the men, who eat first. Women seldom eat with the men. If you stay long enough, you will see some chief whip one of his wives. Our big chief has eighty wives; and some of them are very bad, and when they displease him he takes a big club and beats them, till, down at the Mission house, we can hear their screams. Then I would take you into school, where you would all laugh to see fifty or sixty little black fellows sitting:

on long benches and trying to keep out of mischief long enough to get their lessons. Most of them have their feet up as high as they can get them, to keep them away from the jiggers. Oh, the pesky jiggers! What misery they make! The jigger is a small insect of the flea family, which lives in the dust and gets on the feet. They penetrate the skin and there hatch, if not removed soon. If left long, they make bad sores, which sometimes deform the feet. They are very numerous and are one of the worst pests in this land. Many of the boys have ulcers and they are all very dirty. Sometimes one can scrape the dirt off with a stick, and often I have to send them to the stream to wash, before I can permit them to stay in the school room.

But you would laugh the hardest when I call the roll, if you could understand the meaning of their names. Let me give a few, with their meanings: Nloze, leopard head; Mba Zok, beautiful elephant; Edu, rat; Okos, thunder storm; Ngu Zok, strength of an elephant; Edun Niam, noise in the town; Ngon, moon; Leopard, Heart, Prisoner, Doubt, Two Legs of an Animal, Free man, Open Door, Biscuit. And so I might go on with their ridiculous names.

After school you should go to the house where the boys live while at Elat. It is a long house with ground floor and a row of beds all around the side walls. Here thirty boys sleep, eat and live. They cook their own food in kettles, tin cans, or leaves. They are not at all particular what they eat or how clean their food is. Some days ago they found a caterpillar's nest up in a tree and there was a great scramble as to who should have the most, for they are very fond of these. When they had secured all there were to be found they put them on the coals to singe the hair off, then cooked and ate them. We have seen them eat grasshoppers in the same way, and they think snake soup is fine.

But the thing which would grieve you most is that they are so very wicked. They do not love each other. They do not love their fathers and mothers. They love only self. They curse each other. They even curse their parents. They tell lies and steal, and do everything which is bad, and nothing which is good. They do not know God, who made them and cares for them. You look at them and see their bright-looking faces, but you see only human animals; the image of the Creator is gone. There is no love in their hearts; no response when appeal is made to their feelings. They are moved only by passions and fear.

But some of them who have been here the longest, are beginning to do better. Some try to pray and they all learn to sing the gospel songs. They are not afraid to open their mouths, which are very large, and sing loud. It is pleasant to hear them sing, and a real joy to be able to teach them about God.

Now you must bid them good bye for the present, but do not forget to pray for them always. May God bless you all.

NATIVES MAKING MORE TROUBLE.

March 28, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—Since the scare of the Governor is over, the Bulu are returning to some of their old ways. Some troubles are starting up on the road and we fear the Bulu will soon suffer, for the Governor will make a raid on them that will count. Last month our caravan was stopped on the road, and one man and a boy and two loads were taken. We sent word to the chief of the town that he better let them go without trouble, but he only laughed at our messenger and asked what we could do. In the meantime we sent word to the Governor, telling him of the trouble. We received word indirectly that he could not do anything at present, but would come soon. We took this as another put-off, and so we took the matter into our own hands. We did not want to go on police duty, but we wanted the mail and our goods, and more than all else we wanted to free the prisoner. So Mr. Fraser and Dr. Lippert, with about ten natives, went to the place, which is two days from here, walked into the town and released the prisoner, and brought away the loads. The natives were there with their guns, but they could not scare the white men one bit. And since that time we have word that the Governor is coming this week. If he comes, there will be a lively time about here, we suspect. Our last caravan was twenty-eight days making the trip. They found the road very bad, and some of them were sick. They were so long coming that we feared something had happened, and the word reached us that in crossing the river the boat capsized and seven of them were drowned. At first no names were given, and not knowing who was dead, the whole town set up a great howl. Friday night, word came that one young man, a favorite son of one of our chiefs, had been drowned. This caused great excitement. Some of the young men went to see if the word was true, the women wailed all night long, and the people in the neighboring towns, hearing the news, came and added to the confusion. Some of the mothers of the men who were in the caravan, came to us wringing their hands in despair, and oh, such looks as they had on their faces. And we were quite restless at Elat, too. But the best part of it was that it was all a big lie. The next day the caravan came in all well. Then the mourning was turned into rejoicing, and we were more firm in our belief that it is easier for a Bulu to lie than it is for him to tell the truth. We now have men out hunting carriers to go to the coast tomorrow for more loads which are there. We want sixty men,

but it is doubtful if they can be had at present. The traders take many of them.

Our hunter was out today and killed a monkey, a squirrel, and two big birds. He shot at and crippled a chimpanzee, but it got away. He is a good shot.

April 13, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—Your letter of January 17 arrived at 8:30 this morning, and twenty-six men are now waiting to go to the coast. I will write this note to let you know that I am all right and all at Elat are well. I was never so busy as I am this year. I have not time to write you a decent letter even. But we will take a little rest soon, I hope. "When will I be home?" The Lord only knows—in two years, perhaps.

IN LABORS MANY.

May 6, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—This is the busiest time I have ever spent and it will remain so for three or four months, so if you do not get long letters, you will know that it is because time is too precious. Mr. Fraser and I have been assigned the work of translating Acts into the Bulu language, and of revising the Four Gospels which were translated by Dr. A. C. Good. This, with the work of the station, makes us "hustle," as they said of the man who wanted to catch the train after it had started. Mr. Fraser wants to start for home not later than September 1st, and this work must be done before that time. It is very confining, and will, no doubt, tell on us, but so far, we have stood it well. One cannot do the work here that he can at home. The climate is very trying on one in every way, and especially on the nerves. It is almost necessary to be in bed by nine in the evening, and it is hard to get up early, and when one does get up, he very often feels worse than when he lay down.

It is peculiar the affinity the colored man has for the chicken coop. It is commonly reported of him in our land, and it is certainly true in Africa. Some months ago we had a number of nice fowls, but gradually they have disappeared and we did not know what became of them. Just lately I found a boy with one which he had killed, and on investigation we learned that our school boys had been stealing them for a long time. And not only fowls, but tins of meat and trade goods have been stolen. Nearly all the boys are implicated and especially those in whom we had the most confidence. They can not

stand any temptation. If they are where the goods are, and no one is looking, they can not keep their hands off. And we can not blame them very much either, for their parents have taught them to do this very thing. With a Bulu it is not wrong to steal if he is not caught at it. Our confidence is well-nigh gone in the Bulu honesty. This last affair was a disappointment to us. We feel these things. After trying so hard to teach them, and doing so much for them, then to find that they are trying to cheat us at every turn is one of our trials in the work. But the troubles and the trials are not to be compared to the joys in the same work. We cannot be too hard with these people, for they are very low in the scale and have a great leap to take. They will fare better than thousands in Christian lands who know better and do worse.

The white population in Ebolewo'e now numbers seven: four missionaries and three traders. The traders are building new houses. Mvondo is moving his town from the hill above Elat, down to the east of us. It is the Bulu custom to move their towns every few years. It makes them lots of work, but they must rebuild their houses every three or four years at the most, for the posts and the roofs rot in that length of time, and so it is not much more trouble to go and build in a new location. A Bulu town is a very temporary affair. It is somewhat like a tent life they live.

Please tell Mr. McAulay that I received the "class letter" by the last mail, and I am sending it this mail to Mr. J. T. Pence, B. A., of Lamoni, Iowa. It was a treat for me. Thirteen letters in one and much good news.

June 1, 1899.

Dear Parents:—Another month has gone, and mail will leave tomorrow and I can write only a few lines. I have some very important news to tell. There is a brand new girl at Elat—Miss Nellie Lippert, born May 22. Mother and child are both doing well; indeed, much better than we feared they would do. Things looked very serious for a few days. Two lives were in the balance, but God held the balance. Our prayers were answered, and Elat has a new missionary.

It is 10:30 P. M.—Raining hard, my roof is leaking, and I am sleepy; think I better quit or I might say something. We have finished translating Acts and are now revising the Gospels. It is extremely hard work, and we are working night and day at it. The white traders are both sick with the fever. They lead such wicked lives they deserve to be sick.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.

June 2, 1899.

Dear Co-laborers of Trinity Church:—Yesterday the want of parental love was exemplified. An old woman died with the "Mebate," a loathsome and painful skin disease. She had been sick about two months, but died more from hunger and want of care than from the disease. She has two strong sons, grown men, and one nephew, living in the same town. Soon after she took sick and was not able to care for herself by hunting food, carrying water, and fire wood, they all left town on a visit, leaving only one woman, a wife of one of the dutiful sons, to care for the old lady, and this woman had three children of her own to provide for. Thus the old woman, covered with running sores, unable to walk or provide for herself, was left to suffer and die, with no one to love and care for her; no one to comfort and cheer her. Her own sons even deserted her in her time of need. She was a pitiable sight. Three days before her death I was in to see her, and tried to tell her of Him who did care for her even if all men did not. Whether the spirit took her to himself, we can never know on this earth. Pray for such neglected ones.

In another town near by, a young man died of heart disease. His relatives came to mourn his death, and when they were about to leave, they asked the unfortunate man in whose town the young man died, to pay them. This seems to be a custom among them. In their manner of thinking, no one dies a natural death, but all are bewitched by some enemy, and so the relatives demand pay when one of their kin dies. This is no doubt a scheme whereby their insatiable greed for goods is partially satisfied.

We have just seen how cheaply human beings are held by the Bulu. A trader, black, from Kamerun, gave out goods to the amount of \$12.00 and for security took two little girls. These girls were kept by the trader for many months, but the father did not come to release them. When the trader left for the coast a few days ago, he was going to take the girls along, but was stopped on the way and the girls taken from him, as well as some of his rubber, and his gun. So the trader gets nothing for his goods or trouble in caring for the children, and he deserves none because he was dealing with human souls. This shows how little a father thinks of his child, and especially if that child is a girl. They are bought and sold like so many cattle.

WHITE TRADERS DESCRIBED.

But the greatest objects of shame to us are the white traders. It is impossible to tell you the depths to which they go in sin. Some of them are well educated and respectable men when they arrive, and

some are fugitives from justice. Most of them come because of trouble or failure at home, and come out here to get away for awhile. But whatever their station in coming, they soon all arrive at the same place, namely: drunken, licentious, brute-beasts, lower than the lowest native. They are a curse to the soil on which they tread. Even the natives recoil from them. They bring in the cursed rum and teach the native to drink, both by example and precept. They are unrestrained in every vice and surpass the natives in the lowest. They are a great hindrance to our work. Would that they were gone.

THE WORK OF TRANSLATING.

At its last meeting the Mission asked Mr. Fraser and me to translate the book of Acts, and revise the Four Gospels as translated by Dr. Good. This is a very interesting kind of work, and we are spending most of our time at it these days. Mr. Fraser expects to start for home in the early fall and we must have this work done by that time so that he can take the copy home and see it through the press. We have been in great need of more literature in the Bulu language, and are glad to see this addition coming in the near future. Then, too, the Gospels need much correcting. As you well know, Dr. Good was called to his rest before he had completed his work, humanly speaking. His manuscript was not prepared for the press as it would have been had he lived. Consequently there are many mistakes. Dr. Lippert has kindly taken the school, so that I may have all my time for this work. We have finished translating Acts, first copy, but will go over it again. Mr. Fraser has the odd chapters and I have the even. We are now revising the Gospels. Mr. Fraser has Matthew and John, and I have Mark and Luke. We find it very hard to express some of the Bible thoughts in this poverty stricken language. The thoughts are entirely foreign to them and so there are not words in their language to express them. Such words as justification, sanctification, redemption, regeneration, spirit, etc., all so rich in meaning to us, have no place in their thoughts and never have had. In many cases we have to introduce words and teach them the meaning. It is like making something out of nothing, to try to translate some of our most beautiful thoughts. But this is no more than could be expected of a people as low as these are.

The work of the station goes on as usual. Sometimes the sky is clear, and sometimes the clouds arise, but ere the day is done the clouds disappear and the sun sets in all his glory, leaving a quiet, refreshing glow of hope for the coming day.

June 29, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—Mail will leave tomorrow. Something was wrong with the last mail. We did not get home letters and many

papers were missing, but we think it will come by the next time. So I did not get your letter telling about that box you sent. The box came but, I am sorry to say, everything was spoiled. The box smelled so badly that they opened it at Batanga, and a few things only were worth sending on. Everything is saturated with spoiled fruit. It is best not to put fruit in with clothing. I am very grateful to you for sending these things. Even if they are spoiled, your good intentions are manifest. Please thank Margaret Twiman for the cards. Part of them are good. I will try to wash the blanket. The socks are all right. I cannot at this writing tell who all the senders were, so please tell them that I am very grateful for these kind remembrances.

Mr. Presset, our French teacher at Benito, came up today for a little visit and rest. He came out when I did. He has not been very well, and no wonder for he has an average of eighty-four boys in his school. We are getting along nicely, only we do not have enough time.

GREATLY HELPED BY MONTCLAIR CHURCH.

June 29, 1899.

Dear Co-Laborers of Montclair:—You must not set your hopes for an interesting letter this time. I feel that a note of thanks must be sent for your kindness, and then I want to ask for a few more favors.

First, let me thank you most heartily for your offering for the school work. It is a great stimulus to me to know that your hearts are in this work out here, and that your interest goes deeper than mere words. When one gives he is in earnest. Words are good but deeds are better. You young people seem to be descendants of Dorcas, who was "full of good works." The Bulu, perhaps, will not be able to show "coats and garments" which you have made, (much as they would like to), but they ought to be very grateful if only they had sense enough to understand what you are doing for them. As to what will be done with your gift we have not yet decided. I will tell you about it later.

I wish also to express my gratitude to you for the scrap books you sent to me. Whoever made them did excellent work, and if they could see how tickled the natives are, they would feel well repaid for their work. The scrap books arrived on Saturday and on Sabbath afternoon I took one of them and went down into the towns, and showed the pictures to the people and explained them. Not only children, but old men and women were delighted with them. The second chief in power in Ebolewo'e looked, laughed, and questioned, like a five year

old boy. They were delighted, especially with three of the pictures, namely: "The Infant Jesus," "Jesus Blessing Little Children," and "The Crucifixion." These books will be very useful in attracting attention, and can be carried around without any trouble. But they are too small for large crowds. Now, if you have any of the large size, about 2x3 feet, such as are used in some Sabbath schools, they would be of service here. These are what I had reference to when I first wrote. We have a few on the life of Christ, and a few from Old Testament scenes which we show nearly every Sabbath, and the people never tire of them. They are a great attraction. Many people come just to hear the organ and see the pictures. And they are instructive as well as attractive. If you can get ten or twenty of these and put them on cloth so they will not tear, (old ones will do, and any kind of cloth), and send them out, it will be of more value than many sermons. Think a moment. These people have no pictures of any kind, so you can imagine how delighted they are with any thing in this line. If any of the little folks have old scrap books with pictures of people, horses, dogs, animals of any kind, etc., they can be put into use. Fancy pictures of flowers are not so suitable as animals, people, etc.

BLACK TRADERS.

Another line of work has been suggested recently, in which you can help. There are many black traders among the Bulu who have come from various stations on the coast. Most of them have been taught at some Mission school and many can read English. They come up here away from their people and soon go into sin if they are not looked after. Some have asked for Bibles but we are not supplied with English Bibles. Could you get for me a dozen Testaments, and two or three cheap Bibles? (I have reference to the five cent Testaments). Sometimes, too, they call for English dictionaries. Is there such a thing in print as a 5 cent, 10 cent, or 15 cent dictionary? If there is, and you will send say six, it might help some of these men in reading their Bibles intelligently. It may be of interest in this connection to Mr. Ben. Strong to know that the Observers which he so kindly sends me, are passed on to traders after I am through with them. The traders, both black and white, are glad to get them.

"How is the camera getting along?" I have been out of material and so have not done much for a while, but by last mail a fresh supply came. Will try to get some films soon. When I sent "our negatives" I suggested that they be put in the hands of a photographer. Perhaps that was not wise. They are at your disposal; do what you see fit with them.

July 4, 1899.

Dear Parents:—We have a chance of sending mail tomorrow so I will write a card. Mr. Presset has been with us five days, and we have enjoyed his visit. Yesterday, he and I went up on the mountain and had a good day. He is a fine musician and we have been enjoying his music. Last Sabbath the baby was baptized and there was such a crowd out that we could hardly control it. We are rejoiced to hear that we are to get \$50.00 for a new church. This will build a good shelter from sun and rain, and that is all we need. A great deal of robbing and plundering is being done by the natives. Many appeals have been made for protection, but the Government has made no reply yet.

July 26, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—I was very much chagrined the other day when I read one of my letters to you which was printed to find in it a glaring grammatical mistake. Now, my letters to you are usually rattled off in a hurry and often not gone over after they come from the machine, knowing that you are not at all critical. But when these things are printed they go out to the cold, critical world. The parental love no longer guards them, and sometimes when I see some of my mistakes printed my temperature seems to go down several degrees. But the tropical sun soon thaws me out again, and I am disposed to believe that at such long range the critical eyes will learn to forgive and forget.

DIFFICULTIES IN GETTING MAIL.

The mail, which I spoke of the last time as not reaching us, came in just one month late. I remember at college when the fast mail was even an hour late it was a topic for discussion. Something serious had happened. But here we can wait for a month and not worry much, either. We get mail now every month and we are glad to get it so often. One peculiar thing was that the box you sent arrived a month before the letter which was started at the same time. Now let me send my thanks again for those kind remembrances. Most of them were spoiled, but the kindness was none the less for that. Please tell John Buxbaum that the Bulu boys say that tie he sent is "aben" (beautiful). Please thank him for me. The boys say he must be my "big friend," and want to know why he won't be big friend to them. They are very fond of those little cards, also. They cannot read the writing, but can look up the references in the Bulu Testament and find out what the picture is about. May I suggest that when you send, you must keep the perishable and the unperishable separate, if not in separate boxes, at least with a tight partition between.

GETTING AN ANTELOPE.

A few days ago we had a little sport which turned out nicely for us. One of the boys came and said he had seen a little antelope just outside of our fence. I took my shot gun and went down and hunted a while, but we did not see it. Getting tired, I gave the gun to a boy and started back. I had not gone far when he shouted that he saw it hiding in the weeds. It started to run and he shot, breaking one of its hind legs. It got out in the path and tried to run on three legs, and I took after it. My two legs were better than its three. When I came close it tried to jump through the fence, but bounded back and fell, and I fell on top, grabbing it by one leg. The boys say that I did not run, but flew. We all had a good laugh and a good stew. Yesterday our hunter, whose picture I will send you this time, came in with a red deer. This makes the fourth deer, or perhaps better antelope, which he has shot for us. It costs us nothing but the ammunition, and we give him one-half the game. Wild pigeons are very plentiful now and we get some every few days. We do get so hungry for fresh meat that this game is thankfully received.

A DAY OFF.

Week before last I took one day off and went out among the towns. We heard that there was to be a great gathering of people about three hours' walk east of Elat, for the purpose of establishing the society which is called "So." I have told you of this society before. It is a secret organization. But one secret which is not a secret is that one object of the society is to band together and rob caravans. But it was reported at this time that many big chiefs were to meet and try to fix up some of their old troubles. They said they were going to "make friendship," and they would use the "So" society medicine when they took the oath of friendship. Here was a good chance to see a lot of people at one time, have a talk with them and ask them for school boys. So I took my camera and went. The day was fine and the people were kind. I had a nice trip and took eleven pictures. I went one road and came another, and passed through nine towns and villages. Most of the crowd had gone home, they said, but still there were 250. Six big chiefs were there talking when I arrived. I took their picture standing together shaking hands. Some time ago they were at war. It is gratifying to see them settle their old troubles. When I had finished taking the picture I gave them a talk on friendship, and especially friendship with God. They were as meek looking as school children and listened attentively, notwithstanding one of them is said to have 100 wives. (It is a good thing for him that they do not have to wear hats and dresses). That day I saw some people who had never seen a white man, and most

of them are not at all familiar with the animal, so there was a staring crowd. Would that we could get out more among the people. Three of those towns had never been visited by us, and that within three hours' walk from the station. It is a shame. But our numbers are so limited and there is so much work to do at the station. When we get through our translating we hope to do more of this work. One of the most interesting parts of the work is to go out this way and get among the people. They gather around us and listen so attentively.

A few days before the above gathering four or more chiefs met in Ebolewo'e to "make friendship." Mr. Fraser and I went down and I took a picture of them as they stood in the bush where the "So" society used to have its den. The old medicine is still there and they swore friendship over the medicine. Those who had not "ridden the goat" had to blindfold their eyes, for if they should see this medicine they would die. They told us not to go in, for we were not members and we would surely die. But we were not so superstitious as they were and strange to say we have not died yet. The same day I took a picture of the sign of this society, which you will see in the picture. It is a log on which has been carved three animals, namely: A hog, an elephant, and a lizard. It used to be up on posts, but has fallen down. It would be nice to send home to some museum.

The translating is slow work. We have translated Acts, and revised the four Gospels, first copy. Now this will all be gone over again, but will not take so long next time. We have started and are in the 8th of Acts reviewing.



Mvondo and one of his wives.

WEST AFRICAN CUSTOMS—A TASTE OF HEATHENISM.

August 14, 1899.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." The force of the psalmist's words is being manifested now among the Bulu. This people have not God for their Lord, and they are in most abject misery. The heathen nature is asserting itself these days. It would seem that Satan himself is here working out his fiendish designs. A great black cloud hangs over this place. It appeared first about a week ago and is growing blacker and blacker. May God forbid that it burst and pour more misery on these wretched people. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Even though at times quiet and peace reign, yet wickedness lurketh near. The "habitations of cruelty" are here and when opportunity comes the bounds of those habitations break, like the dam before the Johnstown flood, the black winged monster bursts forth and spreads desolation and sorrow over these people.

MVONDO'S DEATH.

The immediate cause of this outburst was the death of our chief, Mvondo. Many people have died since we came to Bulu, but no death has caused such an uproar as this one. There was a time when "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." But in the Bulu land a man is famous according to the number of women he has married. There is only one Bulu chief in all this region who has more wives than Mvondo had, so he was counted a "famous" man, and when he died the four corners of the Bulu earth were shaken.

Mvondo was feared more than loved. There was a certain awfulness about his person which impressed one at first sight. He was large and bony, with small, squinting eyes which would penetrate one to the very bones. He was always begging for something and one could see at a glance that he fully expected to get what he asked for. Usually people were afraid to refuse his requests. He had a mind of his own and did not want to be crossed. He was "fierce" as the people say, and very heartless. His tender mercies were cruel. He used to beat his wives unmercifully for the least offense. A husband's love! About four years before his death one of his sons, a mere boy, took the "mebate," a very bad skin disease, and was a constant

trouble to his father. The boy was forbidden to get on his father's bed. One day the father found him on his bed and became so angry that he went and took his gun and shot at his boy. The wounded lad ran for his life, and the father after him, beating him till he finally killed him, and then threw his little form into the bush. A father's love! One day one of his brother's refused to obey his orders and Mvondo took after him with a handful of spears. The brother fled across the Mission premises with the old man after him. Fortunately the young man was the fleetest footed and escaped unhurt. A brother's love! He attended church about eight times in three years. The last time he came he was drunk. Once as the missionary was talking to him about God's love and how he ought to love God, he refused to hear him more, and told the one talking to stop. Love to his God! Self was his god. None was of such consequence as Mvondo. In his mind the whole world knew Mvondo. The white man heard of his fame and power and came to seek his protection. Nearly all the white men (seven) are in his town now. After the arrival of the white men his fame increased among the tribes. He became quite noted as the man whose medicine had captured the foreigners with all their countless riches. Trade was drawn to his town. He married and gave in marriage many days. He grew and became great in the eyes of the Bulu. He said he had eighty wives, but this is doubtful at any one time. Possibly he had married that number, but many have run away with better looking men, and others have died. Sixty would probably be nearer the number.

Like most great men this king started out in a humble way. His father had about sixty wives at his death, but as he had been dead only about fourteen years and Mvondo was about fifty when he died this would leave Mvondo an "obedient son," and one among many, for about thirty-six years with no prominence whatever. But when his father died Mvondo was the most fierce of all his brethren, and in the scramble for the spoils, he took by force the greater share of his father's wives. Starting from this heritage he built up a great town, and drew many people after him. His brothers, as well as chiefs of other tribes, came to fear him, so that he stood first man of the Yen-jok, his tribe. Moreover, he formed an alliance with a strong chief of the Esakoe tribe who lives about five miles to the southwest. He was feared and hated everywhere. So when his sudden death was proclaimed from town to town and from tribe to tribe, there was naturally a commotion, for a "mighty man" had fallen.

MOURNING FOR MVONDO.

As if to add trouble to the affair Mvondo died in a distant town. This makes it more complicated. About July 20th, Mvondo took three of his grown sons, four boys, and seventeen of his best looking wives, and went on a trading expedition into the interior. He took sick and after three days died there. The word reached here late in the evening of the next day, the whole town set up a great howl, and nearly everyone, especially the women, went to his house to mourn. His brothers, wives, and children rolled in the dust and yelled as loud as they could. They did not cry, but just screamed themselves hoarse. They poured dust on their heads and beat the ground. It was a pitiful sight. All night long they mourned and groaned and gave forth their hideous sounds. There was perhaps but little genuine sorrow in this mourning. It was more from custom and from fear as to the consequences. The next day brought hundreds of people from various towns and all the women kept a continual wailing. Most of them, especially the relatives, were daubed from head to foot with white mud. This is a sign of mourning.

The people of the town caught all of Mvondo's wives who did not go with him, put them in a house, and tied the door. And most of those women are there yet—one week—without being permitted to set foot outside. Some of them were released at the intercession of the missionaries, but their lot is worse in some ways than those who are still penned up. The sisters of Mvondo came en masse and began to beat and abuse his widows, demanding goods from them, because they say the wives were responsible for his death. This is the Bulu custom. No one dies a natural death. All are bewitched. Somebody is responsible for every death. The greater the man, the greater is the demand for pay. Greed for goods is at the bottom of it all.

But those who put in the greatest claim are the people of the tribe of Mvondo's mother—that is, his cousins and uncles on his mother's side. They came and sacked the town the first night while the people were excited and mourning. If they would only stop with their desire for goods it would not be so bad, but they demand that at least six people be killed to avenge Mvondo's death. He was so great in their eyes that it will take six ordinary mortals to equal him. And to make good their claim they have caught those sixteen wives and four boys who went with him on his trip. There is another tribe connected with Mvondo in some way or other which demands the death of five or six. And some of the chiefs around here say some of his widows ought to be killed on general principles. They wish to instil fear into the hearts of all the wives of great men.

Mvondo's own sons and brothers are itching for the spoils, and are watching like crows for the carcass. And as though the matter

needed more complications, the tribes from which his wives come are on hand to protect their daughters from being killed and threaten war if they are killed.

Now you will agree that this is a sorry mess. It has stirred the whole country. "For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Brothers and sons are waiting for the spoils. Uncles and cousins are demanding pay in goods, and revenge in the blood of from six to fifteen souls. The fathers and brothers of his widows are ready to fight for their daughters and sisters. In the meantime the poor women are half starved, beaten and bruised, and skinned of everything they possess. The missionaries, much to the discomfort of certain chiefs, are pleading for the lives of the innocent women. Some tribes at a distance lay all the blame on the white men, and in revenge are capturing cargoes from the traders and misusing their agents, even threatening to kill some of the black ones.

So the cloud hangs black and lowering. The palaver will be talked in four or five days. Surely wretched is that people who know not the Lord.

A VERY INTERESTING LETTER.

August, 1899.

Dear Parents:—On Sabbath evening I was in one of the towns near by about the time the natives eat their principal meal of the day, which is anywhere from 4 to 8 o'clock P. M. The school boys happened to be there and some one in the town gave them food. Before they ate it they asked a blessing aloud. As this took place in a public house it must have taken some courage. Another young man who lives about a 40 minutes walk east of Elat, and who comes to service quite regularly, seems to be trying to lead a better life. He says when he asks a blessing the people all laugh at him, and sometimes when he opens his eyes his food has disappeared. You see there is but one big mess pot, and the first hand gets the biggest grab. It costs these people something to be religious sometimes.

There is an old woman in Ebolwo'e who has a very bad cancer on the back of her head. It is one of the hard kind which, in this case, the doctor says cannot be cured. She used to attend services regularly, but cannot come now. She suffers greatly, and still there seems to be a bright spot in her life, too. We tell her that she cannot get well and that she ought to prepare to meet her God. She says she prays, and I know she does, for as I passed one evening I heard her praying. I believe the light is dawning on her dark soul. May God claim her from this mass of darkness and pollution.

Sometimes these people are exasperating in the extreme. They lie, beg and steal so much. They will lie when the truth will serve them better. They steal fowl, foods, goods, in fact anything they can get their hands on. There is only one crime with them it would seem, and that is the crime of being caught when they are doing something bad. It is no crime if they are not caught. They break down our fence for firewood. The boys take their beds for the same purpose. They give our fowls and goats poison to make them die, so they can eat them; for it makes no odds to them how or when a thing dies. They do not beg as much as they used to, but some are at it continually. It is not the poor people who beg the hardest. The chiefs are the worst. Sometimes their begging takes a funny turn, as when a woman who came to have her tooth pulled asked the doctor to pay her for letting him pull her tooth. Sometimes a man will come to exchange a cloth for one he likes better and almost always asks for something on top, although he alone is favored. They want pay for coming to church and school. But with all their faults I love them still.

The attendance in school has fallen off this year for some reason. Perhaps because we have not put so much stress on it on account of the other work taking up our time. But we are much encouraged by the good attendance at Sabbath services. We have Sabbath school at 9 A. M. and preaching immediately after. In the school we have but two classes. Mr. Fraser has the children and I have the grown people. The former averages about forty, but sometimes goes as high as sixty. Last Sabbath there were 121 in my class and there are scarcely ever less than 100. We have not built our new meeting house yet, but are gathering the material and preparing for it. It is badly needed, for at least twenty-five stood up last Sabbath and others went away for lack of room. It is peculiar the way they come, for we hit straight out from the shoulder and strike everybody—and some very hard—yet they do not become offended. The glorious old Gospel has a drawing power which is hard to understand. We speak the language in a very unattractive manner. Why do they come? Is it not the power from on high which draws them?

DEATH OF A GERMAN TRADER.

September 9, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—This has been a peculiar day. I was awakened at 4:15 A. M. by a boy who brought a note from Dr. Lippert stating that a German trader whom he had been attending had just died. Doctor had treated him several days and had been with him all night, but was not able to stay the poisonous effects of the dreaded black-water fever. Death claimed him. Now that it was over the first thought was where and how to bury him. There are two other white traders here, but they were as helpless as children. They were scared and had no suggestions, so Doctor and I took the affair into our own hands (Mr. Fraser is absent). There was not a coffin within 300 miles. There was not a board over two and one-half feet long at the traders' houses. they had no nails and there is no carpenter here, so it was Hobson's choice. I started out to hunt up some boards which were lying around the station. They were unplanned and very crooked, but they were the best we had or could get. Now, I am not in the habit of making coffins, but have found out that a missionary in Africa at least must be prepared to do any kind of work from preaching the glorious Gospel to digging stumps and graves. I did not plane the boards, but nailed them together roughly, making a box six feet long by eighteen inches wide, a little narrower at one end than the other. By this time the Doctor came to help me. For a cover we took box lids and nailed them to two poles. After it was all nailed together we covered it outside and in with white muslin so that it looked real pretty. It took us until noon to finish it. By this time the men had the grave dug, on Mission premises, and they came and took the coffin from the workshop to the trader's house to receive its burden. The burial took place at 3 o'clock. I, being the only minister here, took charge. We had a short service. There was nothing to say about the man, for there was nothing good to say. He had no friends here. In the cold earth we laid him. No tears were shed.

This was a sad case. This man came from a wealthy Catholic family in Germany. But when a young man he took to drink and kindred evils, and went so low that his own father turned him out of his home. Giving him 5,000 marks (\$1,250) he sent him out to look after himself. The outcast went to England, where he got a good position through the influence of an uncle, but he soon lost the place as well as all his money. Thus cut off and in disgrace he came to trade in Africa for the firm of C. Woermann. He arrived at Ebolewo's

about the first of May. He led a very wicked life here, but did little trading. He had the fever slightly two or three times, and did not take care of himself. He drank hard, dissipated and took no care as to the kind of water he drank, using water from a small stream. On September 7 he took sick suddenly and called for Dr. Lippert. When the Doctor returned he said there was no hope for his recovery. He could not retain either food or medicine. His organs refused to work, and the Doctor could not free his system from the poisons which were rapidly collecting. He turned very yellow, and lingered along until 4 A. M., September 9th, when he died. A vile life; a hopeless death. Some days before his death he received word that his father had forgiven him and asked him to return home. He did not go. How willingly his Heavenly Father would have done the same thing if he had only gone to Him. How sad a blow it will be to his earthly father. How much sadder it will be to his Heavenly Father.

DEATH OF MR. GAULT.

About one hour after this man was buried Mr. Fraser returned from Efulen with the mail and word that our beloved brother, Mr. Gault, was dead. You will perhaps ere this know more of the particulars than we do. It seems that he did not die of any particular disease, but that the machinery ran down and he passed away perfectly at ease and conscious up to the last, giving detailed directions to his wife and son, Harry, concerning his affairs and their future. This is a sad loss, humanly speaking, to our Mission, for Mr. Gault was a pillar in the work. But what shall we say? It is the Lord's work and He can supply the workers. Mr. Gault has been at work in Africa since 1881, about nineteen years. He always seemed to me like a great elephant, if I may use the term. Large and strongly built; a little reserved, but always at work; a steady, even, powerful tread, unmoved by little "fly-bite" annoyances. Others might worry and fuss, but he, quiet and unruffled, would go on his way. Nothing flashy or dashy, but doing his work well and commanding the respect of all. He could always be depended on. A giant, a mighty man has fallen.

What a contrast in these two deaths. The trader, a vile outcast, not fit for the society of man, dying in a strange land with no one who cares six straws whether he lives or dies, for such is the love of traders. If he dies, well, for there will be less competition. A Catholic, indeed, (and a good one, I trow). It is not ours to judge, but when one sees a man do deeds which make the heathen turn away in shame, deeds which cannot be mentioned for vileness, committed not once but repeatedly, in the light of God's word, what is to be the lot of such a brute when he dies unrepenting? Better for him if he had never been born.

But it is a joy and comfort to think of the earnest, Godlike life

and sweet death of Brother Gault. A goodly number of years, not a long life, of active service; loved, honored, respected. And at death calm, trustful, fearless, he went to sleep in the arms of Jesus. His reward is sure. He hath entered into his rest. His memory is refreshing to the soul, his example stimulating. May God help us to live lives like this, spending and being spent for others.

JOTTINGS.

September 17, 1899.

The cruelty of these heathen comes out in almost every act. The boys are always catching little birds. This is not cruel in itself for they catch them for food, but when they catch them they do not kill them immediately. They break their wings and legs and hang them up to suffer and die of pain. Sometimes they run a splinter through the beak and hang the poor bird up to die. When they want to kill a goat they often beat it with clubs till they pound the life out of it. They seem to enjoy killing animals, and like to prolong the act as long as possible. They even killed a woman this way not long ago. They beat her with clubs and left her for dead, but she got up and started to run away. They repeated the act five times before they succeeded in killing her. "The quality of mercy" is surely "strained" among the Bulu. It is not so plentiful as the "gentle rain which droppeth from heaven."

COCKROACHES.

My recollection of cockroaches at home is not very vivid, but it has become painfully vivid here in Africa. A Bulu house is a perfect hotbed for roaches. Between the pieces of bark on the walls and between the mats on the roof they find excellent hiding places for the day, from which they sally forth on their nocturnal raids. Nature having provided them with three pairs of jaws (it is well they do not talk) they are peculiarly fitted for their destructive work. Like Captain Davis' goat on the steamship Niger, they have a great literary taste, but preferring the covers of books to the inside. They especially like the titles. It is not pleasant, to say the least, to have a fine volume completely disfigured in a single night. Much as we dread the driver ants, we would enjoy giving up the house for a night that they might come and make a raid on the cockroaches. They cannot escape the drivers. But the drivers have not made us a visit for a year or more. We are praying for them. The roaches cannot fly up, but they can come sailing down like Darius Green and his flying machine. When one is snoring serenely and dreaming of pleasant scenes, or

even when he has the nightmare, he does not like to be suddenly brought to his senses by a lubberly cockroach floundering in his left ear. But there are worse things than cockroaches. We had a native work for us once whose name was Cockroach.

When the Lord turned the captivity of Job, and his friends and companions came to comfort him, "every man also gave him a piece of money, and everyone an earring of gold." This would seem like a plausible thing to do. Job had been in trouble; he had lost all his earthly possessions. He was brought very low. But when he abhorred himself and repented in dust and ashes, the Lord came to his rescue. So why should not his friends give him a "lift" to get started again in life. Not so the Bulu. When one has been sick or in trouble and gets well or relief he must pay his friends instead of receiving pay. A few days ago a woman who had been unable to walk for many years was sent home well from the hospital. Ten minutes after she was sent out some women began begging from her. She ought to pay because she had been healed, they said. She was happy at heart, and ought to show her joy by paying others, "lest she get sick again."

PURCHASE MORE LAND.

Batanga Kamerun, W. A., Elat Station, Sept. 21, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—The Mission premises at Elat had a peculiar growth. Mr. Good and the committee sent up by the Mission selected a very fine little hill. It has proved a splendid location, but as they took in only the top, it has been too small. Two years ago we bought more on the east side, taking in a good spring. But still we felt crowded for sometimes the people would build or make gardens too close, so we asked for more money this year with which to buy more land. We have just now completed the purchase of a strip on the southwest and north. Most of this new land is good soil and has much food on it. There are near 300 plantains, pineapples, 20 young palm-oil trees which will be valuable later on, and other food. The trees and food made the cost quite high, in fact the land was the least valuable of all in the eyes of the people, for they never sell land among themselves. We took in about six acres and it cost about \$25. There must be about 20 acres belonging to the Mission now, in all. It will be sufficient. You see we are expansionists.

A WOMAN TALKS.

It is very hard to trade with these people, for time is of no value to them. They are never satisfied, and will talk an hour for one needle. In buying the land one old lady (?) who had some plantains made a great fuss. She made a speech praising the property. She

lifted her masculine voice up to the sky and belched forth like a volcano. She walked about, she stamped her feet (of the Chicago type) she bowed and scraped, and stretched out her brawny arms as if she would encircle the eastern hemisphere in her maternal embrace. She wanted goods in abundance. Had Dewey met her in Havana harbor I fear he would have fled and gone Maying in other waters. Macbeth's witches were good looking compared with her. She has a hole punched through her nose, into which one could stick a lead pencil. How she talked! And when she finished, she turned to the Bulu and asked if she were not telling the truth, to which they all assented with a great shout. We finally settled with her and her illustrious son and all parties concerned, and the land now belongs to the Mission.

We are greatly rejoiced that our Mission is to get seven new missionaries about the end of the year. We do not know whether our station will get any of them or not, but we are glad, nevertheless. Would that the church was as good at sending out reinforcements as the government is. Our brave soldiers are waging a good warfare and freeing a needy people, and they deserve all praise. They care not for hardships and exposure. But they go well equipped. When needed, they ask for recruits. They get them. They win. But how about our Christian soldiers? The ranks are thin. The enemy is strong and aggressive. Recruits are called for. The volunteers are enlisting, but the means are wanting. What are seven men and women when we look over this great field? We could use them at Elat. Here are perhaps one million Bulu, with seven missionaries located at two stations seventy miles apart, with no helpers in the way of Sunday school teachers, Y. P. S. C. E. workers, or elders. What can we do? And other portions of the field are as needy as this. One thing we are not going to do is, that we will not be discouraged because we are few. The Lord is on our side. Though a great host encampeth round about us trying to overcome us and our work, we know that a great host, invisible to the eye of flesh, is on our side. The influence of the missionaries does not die with them. A good illustration of this came out the other day. When Mr. Good first came to Ebolewo'e he got a promise from the chief Mvondo that he would not kill any more people, as was the custom, when some big man died. Mvondo kept that promise and it was mentioned many times when they were talking the palaver about the death of Mvondo himself. All who were here at the time remember Dr. Good very distinctly and often refer to things he said.

The mail has been delayed on account of the trouble over the death of Mvondo, but will go today, so this partly finished letter will go with the rest.

P. S.—Two people were killed in town the night of Sept. 4.

MORE ABOUT MVONDO'S DEATH.

October 14, 1899.

The king's business requires haste, but when the king is dead affairs move more slowly. Over two months have passed since Mvondo died, and the affairs of state have not been entirely settled yet.

In order to get the thread of the story, recount the events of the previous chapter. Mvondo died August 6th, in a town two days east of his home. Seventeen of his wives and four boys who were with him on his trip, were caught and held by the people there until some pledge would be given that some one would be killed, or goods paid, on account of the death of this great man. The oldest son came to talk the affair over with the chiefs here, who were great friends of Mvondo. Thus the matter stood when the last letter was written, August 14th. That same day they took one of his widows for a pledge and went back to get the prisoners. The woman was given to the people who had the prisoners, and they killed her. Remember that she was entirely innocent. No blame was put on her. Only, some one must die, and she was selected as the first one. She was beaten with clubs till her life was gone. This done, they gave up the captives and they were brought back. The party arrived at Ebolewo's August 22nd. The first act was to catch and tie one of Mvondo's brothers. His screams reached our ears at Elat and we went down to see what the trouble was. We found the man tied hands and feet. His arms were tied behind his back so tight that his elbows met. He was screaming with pain. This man, they said, had killed his brother and must be killed. Several men were preparing logs, "stocks," for the feet of this man and all the widows. They were afraid the women would run away. Three women were secured with special care for they, too, must be killed, it was said. No blood was shed that day, however, for the chiefs must meet and talk, and make some pretence at a trial. The next twelve days were anxious ones for those poor women, and also for the missionaries. The outlook was very dark. People began to collect in Ebolewo'e from all directions and tribes. By Saturday, August 28th, most every one was here who expected to take any part, and they said they would talk the next day; but at our request they put it off till Monday. This was quite a concession, considering the fact that there were some 2000 heathen concerned. But they all acquiesced and scattered out in the near towns to wait. There were 500 of them at our services on Sabbath day, and they remained very quiet during the day. In talking with the sons of

Mvondo and the chiefs, in the afternoon, they said at least three of the accused must die. All that we could say or do would not influence them to change their minds. I had a talk with those accused, and tried to point them to Jesus, so that if they were killed they would be prepared to stand before their great Judge, who is a just one. One of them laughed at all I said, but the others seemed interested, and one broke down in tears.

WHO KILLED MVONDO?

Monday morning the people began to assemble. The place where the trial, so-called, was to be held was in the street of the town where Mvondo had lived. His section of Ebolewo'e consisted of one street 140 feet wide and one-fourth of a mile long, with houses on both sides; fifty-five houses in all. In the upper end of this street the people gathered and settled down under the eaves of the houses, or, when the shade was all taken up, built booths of plantain leaves and gathered under them. About eleven o'clock the men of Ebolewo'e came in. (No women appeared.) There were 100 of them, all with their guns. They came in single file and paraded the street, amidst the booming of guns. After the parade they stopped long enough to have their picture taken and then settled down. Just at this time the orator of the day, Nloze, meaning leopard head, the second chief of Ebolewo'e came in and took his seat in the street. All grew quiet and every one seemed a little uneasy, for there was a sound heard in the east, in which direction the opposing tribes had assembled. There was much fear that there would be a fight between the different tribes, and much "medicine" had been made to prevent it. The hour had arrived and many hearts were fearful. The sound drew nearer. Drums were beating and war songs were heard. Soon they appeared at the lower end of the street, and came tramping up to the place where the crowd was. There were 200 of them, mostly with guns. They made a circuit of the town and then spread out and came up with a rush as though they were making a charge. They did very little shooting, presumably because they had bullets in and wanted to save ammunition, expecting trouble. They soon settled down on the opposite side of the street from the Yenjok. Then the Yenjok and their friends paraded again, this time about 200. After they were through, the orator arose. He was an old man, and usually slow and feeble looking, but new life seemed to stir in his darkened soul that day. He carried a fetich in one hand and an old "fly-killer" in the other. His first act was to run, actually run, all the way round the assembly, making a hissing sound, thereby attracting their attention. Then he began to talk and kept it up for one and one-half hours. After each point made he would run up and down the street

for 15 to 25 rods, each time yelling at the people and trying to get them to yell at him and give assent to what he was saying. All along the guns were booming, and when he had finished every one who had a gun, even the white men, began firing and kept it up for half an hour. The town was enveloped in smoke. They all seemed to agree to what he had said. The sum of the speech was this: Six people were accused of killing the chief. Three of them were brothers and three widows of the deceased. They were accused of various things. One man ran off with one of his wives, so these two were accused of taking part in his death. Another man was accused of stealing his lordship's box in which he kept his medicine, so when he took sick there were no medicines to heal him, thus the thief helped to kill him. One woman was accused of helping another woman to run off. The other two were accused of adultery. But the night stopped the proceedings and the crowd dispersed. Next day they assembled, and the accused made their defense. When they had finished a number of men went aside to "cut the palaver," much as our jury would do. They soon came back and gave their verdict. The two who eloped were acquitted, and each of the other four were to pay the equivalent of a woman. No one was to be killed. But this did not suit the sons of Mvondo and the bloodthirsty chiefs of the opposing side. They demanded a higher price so that the friends of the condemned would not ransom them and they would then be killed. So the most accommodating jury went out again and soon came in, doubling the price to be paid by each one accused. This was accepted. Just at this point the friends of the accused came up and said they would pay the price and ransom them, and gave pledges. Thus the affair was settled for a few days until the ransom could be paid. Then we asked what would be the result if the pledges were all fulfilled. They said that at least four of the eight women would be killed. It was plain they were determined to kill some one or ones. We talked and pleaded with them. The next day the oldest son and one chief came to the station and asked our permission to kill at least one. They said they wanted to kill five, but if we said no, then four; if not four, then three; if not three, then two; if not two, then one. Of course our answer was that they must not kill anyone. They finally went away much grieved, and said they would kill at least one or two. So the matter rested till September 4th, when the ransom was to be paid. Eight women were hard to get, and the friends hated to part with so much goods. At the last moment, two backed out, and said they would not redeem the condemned. This was a sad day. There came near being a fight. Harsh words were spoken and guns were cocked, but they finally parted, leaving two unfortunates unransomed. This meant death to them. I went to see them and pleaded for their lives. The promise was given, but only to get me away. I stayed till

dark, and every one had apparently gone, but soon after I reached the mission house we heard screams and surmised the cause. Sick at heart we went to bed that night. Early next morning I went down there and saw the two corpses. The woman had been put under water and drowned. The man had his throat cut. The vile deed was done. That day friends buried them side by side. A pathetic story, full of romance. Lovers through life, killed the same night for the same offense, not parted at death. They were not guilty in any way in causing the death of Mvondo. May God forgive these heartless murderers. Three innocent people killed in cold blood. Surely there will be a reckoning. The other two were ransomed. The people say this man killed will gather fire-wood and the two women will cook food for Mvondo in the spirit world. It is hardly probable he will need any firewood.

While we are greatly grieved at this Satanic work at our very door, yet our efforts were not in vain. The people say had we not been here and opposed it so strongly, there would have been at least ten killed to accompany the departed, as is the custom when a big chief dies.

WAR TROUBLES CONTINUE.

Efulen, October 24, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—I am writing under peculiar circumstances tonight. Perhaps you have heard of the Bulu war on the coast tribes and the governor. I have no time to explain it now, only that our work is much broken up on the north end of the field. Efulen is in the very center of the war district, and there was much anxiety about our missionaries there. Word reached Lolodorf that all communication was shut off. So Dr. Lehman came to Elat and he and I started for Efulen to find out, if possible, about our brethren.

We came through and part of us will leave tomorrow. Dr. Lehman will stay with Dr. Johnston, and I will help Dr. Johnson with his wife and baby to Lolodorf. Everyone here is excited, and it is very unsafe to remain, but the two brethren will try staying for a time, and go out later.

There is but one road out, and that is the one we came in on from the northeast. We were held two days by friendly chiefs, for they feared if we went on we would be killed. But we wrote a note to Mr. Johnston and he, knowing the people, came out after us and took us to Efulen. There was no danger at Elat when I left, but we cannot tell when there will be a general uprising. So far they have spared the missionaries of the interior. But the Bulu burned the Catholic Mission and one church at Kribi, near the government station.

Please do not worry. Most of the Bulu are our warm friends and would fight for us. We trust all will work out for the best. The Bulu are mad at the government and are going to fight. But we pity them, for they will get a sound drubbing.

Lolodorf, October 30, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—I will write another note from this station. After a hard, wet trip of four days we reached Lolodorf. By we I mean Dr. S. F. Johnson, wife, baby, and myself. We left Efulen October 25, and arrived here on Saturday, October 28. We met soldiers on the way, who were going to protect the missionaries and property at Efulen. They went on to look after Dr. Lehman and Mr. Johnston.

Now the war is on in earnest. On October 22 a lieutenant and 70 soldiers started for Ebolewo'e and had a fight the next day after their arrival. Two big chiefs (one of Ebolewo'e) were killed and 30 men in all. The word is that the Elat missionaries, Mr. Fraser, Dr. and Mrs. Lippert and baby, are in the camp and the station is guarded by soldiers. This word came yesterday, and this morning four white officers and 200 soldiers started for Ebolewo'e. A great slaughter of the Bulu is threatened. The commander went along. The officials think the missionaries had all better get out of Bulu land. I do not know what we shall do yet. I did not go back today for I was not feeling well enough. When we get word again I may go, for we do not like to see the station left alone for a number of months. Our things and the grounds may get much damaged by an absence. A week will certainly tell whether the Elat missionaries will come out of Bulu land or not. For the present I will remain at Lolodorf. Our station here is located just across the river from the government station. Our work among the Bulu will be greatly hindered for a time. But they must have a severe lesson. The Bulu started the war and must blame themselves if their homes are burned out and many of them killed.

I am sorry to be away from my home, books, clothes, work—everything, for I brought nothing along. We are in the hands of a tender, loving Father, and cannot fear.

THE MISSIONARY ON POLICE DUTY.

Elat, October, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—Among those who came to mourn the death of Mvondo was a daughter who is married into a tribe living one day and a half west of Elat. Her brothers here would not let her go back home, but said they would marry her off to some one else and get more goods. This, of course, made her husband very mad, as well as his tribe. A man does not stand alone in Bulu in a thing like this. The whole tribe is in it. These people waited their chance to catch some one from here.

Just at this time our caravan was returning from the coast, and disobeying orders, they tried to pass through this town where the trouble was. The result was that two men and three loads were caught. The other loads and men were sent on to give the word. We did not know just what to do, but finally decided to go after our goods and try to get the men also. Mr. Fraser and I started October 3, with eight men. We walked hard through mud and water from 8 in the morning till dark, and then put up for the night. Next morning we left our baggage with two men to watch it, and went on with the other six. We were warned all the way that we would be killed, for the people would fight. But we knew we were in the right and so went on. In about two hours we came near the place and there met a crowd of men who begged us not to go on, for they said we would all be killed. The people had prepared for us and had men in ambush along the path. All our men backed out but two, so we went on with these two, Mr. Fraser in the lead. As we neared the town we saw men running back and shouted to them that we were not for war, but for peace. We went on into the town, and found a crowd of angry men with guns, standing around. We saw the prisoners and two of the loads in the public house. We asked who they had caught; white men or Bulu. They answered Bulu. But as we lived with the Yenjok they put us all together. They wanted their woman back and thought if they had a hold on us, they would be more apt to get her. The prisoners begged us not to try to take them, for they would be shot on the spot. So we thought best not to try to take the men but we told them we were going to take the loads, for they were ours. They said no, and would shoot the first man who went in to get them. We waited a little, hoping that they would give up the loads, but they would not, so we prepared for action. I stood guard outside with my rifle, and Mr. Fraser went in for the



Crawfordville Presbyterian Church.

loads. He had a scuffle with one man inside, but after the man got a rap over the head he ran outside and cocked his gun. Four men stood outside with their guns cocked ready to shoot. I went up to one of them and hit his old gun a whack with my rifle and he drew back. When they saw there was no scare in us, they sobered down.

We put the two loads on the two men who were with us, and walked away to the first town. We opened the loads and found a few things missing. Having sent these loads on with the other men, we went back to get the third load and things which were missing. We got all save about 50 cents worth of goods.

While we were gone on this trip the river rose and we had to make a sort of bridge before we could get back. We had a hard three days' tramp of it. It is hard to tell under what head to put this kind of work in our report, but we have decided to call it "Police Duty." Surely we get variety in our work here.

STILL MORE OF MVONDO.

Another result of the death of Mvondo was a strange heathen rite performed in town the other day. It is hard to give it a name, but I will try to describe it. The man killed to accompany Mvondo was a member of the "So" society. The people feared they might have offended the fetich of that society, so they assembled to do sacrifice and cleanse themselves of any and all guilt. They first made "medicine" and put it in earthen jars filled with water. These jars they placed in a row about eight feet apart. Along this row they placed pieces of the plantain stock. Then the women and children came and sat down on these would-be seats. There were ninety-four of them in this row. Then the members of the society went into their den and made more medicine and came back bringing with them a sheep—a male of the first year. Every man there tried to get hold of that sheep, and did, before it was killed. It seemed they wanted to put the sin onto the sheep, as was the case with some of the sin offerings in Moses' time. After they had all had hold of it they took a short knife and divided it asunder while it was still alive, letting the blood run into a jar of water. Then they took it and dipped it into all the jars which were standing in the row where the women were. This done, they all washed in the blood-stained water, and the rite was finished. How like a sacrifice it was! But to what, or whom?

The Bulu people are in more of a turmoil than at last writing. We have had no direct word, but great reports have reached us about the war the Bulu are making on the government, or quasi government, at the coast. We started men and mail some three weeks ago, but the men returned, saying that the road was blocked. They left the mail at our station at Lolodorf, and we trust it is safe. The reports are that the Bulu near the coast have made war on the government,

and all coast people, including white people. We hear the Catholic Mission was attacked. How much of this to believe we cannot tell, but there is some truth in it. Some threats have been made here, but we are all right and expect to be. The roads have closed and we may get out of some things before they are opened. But we have plenty of native food, and could get along, even if all provisions were cut off.

RECOUNTING WAR TROUBLES.

Elat, November 10, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—I am home again, but under peculiar circumstances. It is a long story and full of interest. For fear you did not get my last letter, I will recount the events which led up to the present.

In September the Bulu people near the coast and around Efulen went to war against the coast tribes and the government. This shut off all communication with the Efulen missionaries. For two months no word passed. Naturally the friends at Batanga were anxious. They sent word to Lolodorf, and Dr. Lehman, of that station, came over to see what could be done. It was decided that Dr. Lehman and I go to Efulen and find out how they were getting along. We were told not to go. Nloze, our chief, stormed about it. He said we would be killed. We had a hard trip in mud, water and rain, but were well received by the people. We went all right till within six hours of Efulen, when we were stopped by friendly chiefs, who said we should not pass, for we would be killed. They would not let our carriers pass, for they were of the same tribe, and the men said they would not go. We had reached the line between the Bulu who were at war and those who were not. We did not know the attitude of the Bulu ahead, and knowing they had gone seventy miles to fight the white men, we thought best to go slow and feel our way. So we wrote a note and sent it over to Efulen. The next day Mr. Johnston came for us. He knew the people, and that all was safe for the missionaries, for they were not counted in with the governor. But there was some uneasiness on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. After a conference it was decided that Dr. Lehman and Mr. Johnston, the one who was at your house, should stay at Efulen, and Dr. and Mrs. Johnson and their baby should go to Lolodorf. I was to accompany them to Lolodorf and then return to Elat. We had hard work getting men to carry, but finally got enough for a few of the most necessary things. Mrs. Johnson rode a mule about as big as a jack rabbit. We had to carry him over one stream. Eight men did it, but we came near losing him, for he fell back down the

bank. But after four days we reached Lolodorf all safe. The next day we got word from Ebolewo'e that there had been a fight and that the missionaries of Elat were in the camp under the protection of the government. Two days later we heard that they were coming to Lolodorf with an escort of soldiers. They arrived on November 1, all well. This made quite a gathering of white people. There were eight grown people and two babies. We had a good, social time, but we did not rest easy, and were not to be long together.

But here I must go back a little. When the war started there were not many soldiers on the coast or at Lolodorf. The general or commander was on an expedition in the interior and had all the soldiers. When he heard of the war he sent a lieutenant and 60 men down hastily to protect the missionaries and traders if they needed it. When he arrived at Lolodorf he found there a trader who represented that the white people were in great danger, and that he should go in all haste to that place. The lieutenant went, arriving just one week after I left. The Bulu saw him and only a few white men and thought they could fight him. So they collected in Ebolewo'e in the street of our chief, Nloze. The lieutenant, hearing of this, went down with 28 soldiers, and asked the chief who brought the men, to come and shake hands. This he refused. Then he asked all men to lay down their guns. They put them down at their feet. The officer told them they must put them out in the middle of the street. This was refused. After the third request, the soldiers were bidden to fire. So the fight began. The Esakoe chief was killed, and about 20 of his men. Then the soldiers were turned loose on Ebolewo'e. They killed Nloze, our chief, and five other innocent ones. They sacked the town.

TROUBLE WITH GOVERNMENT BEGINS.

We recognize the fact that the government can take our ground, but if they do take it, we told the officers we would consider it an unfriendly act toward our mission. But we must not talk too soon. We have had only good feelings between us, so far. We hope there will be no break, but there may be, and it will be very unpleasant for us. We are free-born Americans and do not like to be tramped on. They are German noblemen and want to lord it over everyone.

But the commandant himself is a gentleman, and a kind-hearted man. He is very fair. But as he says, "The state is a dog." There are many heads and we can never tell what will happen. He warned us to make our claim as secure as possible, so today we send papers to the government at Kribi to try to get our land recorded. We have no deed for it yet. Only lately have we had witnesses before whom we could make out the papers.

There was much fighting yesterday and we saw the smoke of

several towns which were burned. We took our goods from the camp yesterday, so we are at home again. The guard was taken away from Elat.

November 13, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—You will be anxious to hear from Elat and I will take every chance of sending mail out. We are in the midst of war, yet at present we are safe. Our house is under guard day and night, but even without the soldiers we do not feel any danger, for some days at least. Herr Hauptmann Von Dannenberg, who is the commander, wants us to get out. He has made several requests, but we will not go on requests. Not until he gives us a direct command, and that in writing, will we leave. There is a lull in the storm just now around Ebolewo'e, but there is much fighting off to the east. Scores of Bulu are being killed, according to the reports. On Sabbath morning a squad of soldiers (black) passed the Mission, carrying the head of a Bulu man they had killed. They are going to do bloody work and things will get warm around here. But we have been feeling the Bulu pulse a little, and we are persuaded that they do not blame us any in this affair. These people in and near Ebolewo'e are as meek as kittens. On Sabbath morning they requested a service in the town. I went down, and nearly all the men of Ebolewo'e were there, as well as lots of women and children. There were seventy-five men. Ebolewo'e never turned out like that before—and so penitent! There is but one "jal" of the nineteen which made up Ebolewo'e. Seventeen are burned and all the people are crowded into the one village of the old chief who died. So most of them have no homes. No wonder they look sad. Thousands of poor Bulu are now homeless. They are living in the bush and eating whatever they can get.

It is hard to keep from offending the commander. He has a high position, and received high honors in Germany. We often transgress and he feels it. But still, we get along nicely, so far. He has many questions to ask about the Bulu.

Come over and dine with us when you have nothing else to do.

December 4, 1899.

My Dear Parents:—There has been no fighting this week. About a week ago the report came and was verified that the tribes out southwest had gathered for an attack at a place two and one-half hours from here. Then word came that the troops off to the east were recalled and an attack planned on the crowd southwest. But the evening before the attack was to be made word came that a big chief,

Evina, had told all these tribes they must not fight, and he sent them home again, and sent word that he wanted to make peace. He was told to come in two days with all the Esakoe chiefs and he would be told on what conditions he could make peace.

The commander wrote the conditions on paper and asked me to translate them into Bulu. I did so, and then he asked me to read and explain them and interpret for him. The most important condition was that Evina must give the government 100 workmen to go to Kamerun. Yesterday Evina came with 83 men and the commander accepted his good will and let him off. Now today these 83 young men are taken to the coast to be used almost as slaves. Most of them go willingly, but they do not know what they are going into. You will remember about those loads which were stolen. Well, the commander has made those people who stole them pay us three sheep and a chicken for our trouble, and as punishment to them.

We have had service every Sabbath since we came, and they have been well attended. Yesterday the church was crowded, but no strangers.

What do you think of this? When we came I brought a two-pound tin of butter, and I opened it November 10. It has lasted me ever since, and is as good today as when I opened it. They have some good way of preserving it, and so have I when there is but one tin in the pantry. Never since we came were we so near out of everything. We are on the last tins of sugar, lard and rice; no coffee or cocoa; about three tins of meat. But we have plenty of native food and we like it, so we are all right. There will be an escort of soldiers for our men coming back, so we will have provisions in two weeks or three.

MORE GOVERNMENT TROUBLE.

Elat, December 7, 1899.

Another chance of sending mail has come.

The worst news we have had since we came to Bulu land came the other day. The commander of the troops said the government might take our location. He did not say they would but that they might. For the present they will not. They will build a temporary station now and perhaps will build a permanent one a year hence. They wanted to build the temporary one on our grounds. We protested. Then the commander himself said, "You must either consent to our building on your ground or sign a paper that you do not want any protection from us." This we thought pretty hard, but after prayer and meditation we thought best to be driven out by the Bulu rather than by the white men. So on December 4 we signed away all right to

protection during the period the temporary station will be at Ebolewo'e. We thought this way: We have been here four years fighting with heathenism, and God has kept us. So He will keep us.

When the war began no one knew what the result would be, so the officer told the missionaries to go to his quarters for protection. The Bulu attacked the soldiers the next day, so the lieutenant ordered all movable property to be stored in his quarters, and then told the people they had better go, and gave them an escort. So Mr. Fraser, Dr. Lippert and wife and baby went to Lolodorf, as I told above. But the next day we began talking about someone returning. It was decided that Mr. Fraser and I go back to Elat and stay there, if possible. We were not sure we could get there, but we wanted to try. So we left Lolodorf with eleven of the school boys, who had fled with the missionaries, and two men with a few needful things. We passed by the Bene road and had a fine trip. When we reached the Bulu towns we found the people as friendly as ever, but the tribes on the northeast of Elat are not in the fight. This gives us a road out and in when we need things.

We arrived here on Thursday, November 9. We found the commander (he came a week later than the lieutenant who opened the fight) and his seven white officers and doctor in the factory with 150 soldiers and about 200 workmen and carriers. They had made a good fence all around for protection and cut all the trees and brush nearby, so it looks quite like a fort. The commander was not pleased to see us, and said at once he would not be responsible if anything happened to us. We told him we took all responsibility. So we took the keys and started for Elat, which is near by the fort, or camp.

DESOLATION.

How things were changed ! Our fence was down. Some two or three hundred plantains were cut. There was a guard of soldiers around the house. We looked down the hill for the town below, but there was none there. Then we learned what had happened. There had been fighting nearly every day. At least two-thirds of Ebolewo'e was burned. Our station was attacked on November 2, but the Bulu were repulsed and lost seven men. One soldier was wounded. They came very near the house. We see marks of the shooting on the walls of the house. One pane of glass was broken. There are several bullet holes through the church. But nothing was damaged. This is when the plantains were cut, so there would be a better chance to protect the property.

There was no fighting yesterday, but there was some today. Another big chief was killed today. We do not know how long we can stay, but will stay until we are driven out. One thing, if our guard is overpowered, there is help within calling distance and a refuge.

The people of Ebolewo'e are very glad to see us. Our only danger is from distant tribes sneaking in from behind the house. But we feel safe. Many of the Bulu are tired of this one-sided war. Some say there are seventy Bulu killed. Three soldiers have been killed and fourteen wounded. We find only twenty-one of the hundred fine chickens we had here a month ago.

As yet we are not settled and are eating mostly native food, but we are all O. K., and when things settle down we will bring our things back and go to work.

NEW MISSIONARIES.

January 5, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—At present all is quiet around Ebolewo'e, and we are sending men to bring back the Drs., and the new missionaries for Elat, namely, Rev. and Mrs. Dager. We are glad to have these reinforcements. We are working harder than ever. We were delayed so long that we must work hard to catch up with our work. Mr. Fraser and I are now translating Matthew, but will get through in three days. Then we will take up the translation of John.

I told you we were out of provisions, but we were not out long and now we are safe. We have 68 carriers booked to go to the coast tomorrow. Let me tell you what I paid for butter—just \$1.17 for two pounds, and poor at that. Those two pounds lasted me one month.

We had a happy Christmas. All the boys and men working at the station, twenty or more, were invited to dinner. We killed a sheep and had a good time. After we had dismissed the crowd, we were surprised when thirteen boys came to us and said they wanted to be Christians. We had a meeting. Others have since joined the number, and there seems to be a general interest manifested. After our regular service last Sabbath I went out south about seven miles and held two meetings, at one of which there were 300 people, and at the other, 144. About 700 people had the gospel preached to them that day. There are thousands of these poor lost sheep and only a few poor shepherds to look after them.

In the mail which came at 8:30 tonight I did not get any word from home. I trust you are all well.

MANY TRIBULATIONS.

January 16, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—About ten days ago I wrote you things were brightening up and that we sent for the rest of the missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Lippert and Rev. and Mrs. Dager, to come to Elat. Two days after the men had started, the lieutenant called us, and said he thought we had better leave, as there was likely to be more trouble soon. One big chief was acting in a strange way. But we thought we knew more about how the Bulu felt than he did; so both Mr. Fraser and I said we would not leave. He then said we might stay, but he could not permit ladies to come to Ebolewo'e at present. So we sent a man, telling the missionaries not to come. We are very sorry that we will be delayed with our regular work. This thing may continue two or three months. We feel that there is comparatively no danger, but the officers fear there will be much trouble yet. Three days ago thirty soldiers went out and burned a town where the chief had been doing mischief. Yesterday this same man tried to rob a caravan, but failed. The soldiers went off again today after him. But this is only a small affair, for even the father of this man is against him. It is possible there will be an uprising, but we do not look for it.

Sabbath P. M. I went out north and had a gathering of 180. A crowd of boys went along, and we sang and talked for two hours. At the morning service twenty-five or thirty had to stay outside for lack of even standing room. We will be so glad when we get our new church. The people seem hungry for the gospel. May God give us the strength to preach and live it to them.

JOYS IN HIS WORK.

Mr. Fraser has postponed his home-going for a month or two longer, that we may finish the revision of the gospels. Mr. Hickman expects to go home in July. You may be expecting me back in the five years talked of when I left home, but if my health continues I cannot leave this glorious work. I am just getting well started, and I do not want to be interrupted. I want to do all the evangelistic work this year I can. There is a great field here which has not been touched. Station work has kept us here, but now we get more help, and I want to improve the opportunity. Your letter of October came by the German steamer and reached me yesterday. I was glad to get it.

Father, your check in behalf of the new church was received.

I wish to thank you for your interest in the work out here, and especially for the remembrance of it in hard cash. I have not heard from the Board yet, but will inform you about the details later. We are now buying mats for the roof. A new dwelling house has been asked for, to cost \$500. As you know, we have but one dwelling house, and we are to have two married families and an old bachelor. We are growing, you see.

A big chief was shot this morning by the officers. Yesterday they flogged another. This is something new to the Bulu.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

We have had today direct answer to prayer, and an example of how faith and works go together.

Yesterday evening we heard men cutting near our ground on the east. I went down to see what it was and discovered that the workmen of the government were cutting a path direct for our ground. Just then the lieutenant came up and I asked him what he was doing. He said he was cutting a path to the hill back of the Mission, where Mvondo used to live. I told him he was cutting through the Mission ground. He said he did not know it was Mission ground. I objected because the path would cut our spring off from the house and would endanger it, for a public road near the spring and just above it at that point would surely be a detriment. But he said he must pass somewhere, and below the spring the hills were too steep. He asked for a passage through Mission ground. I told him I could not give it, but would see what Mr. Fraser would say. After consultation we wrote a note to the lieutenant stating that we could not give our consent. This morning we heard the cutting and went down and found them at work. We went direct to the station and protested. Mr. Fraser talked very sharply to the officer and there was a little feeling on both sides. We all went and looked over the ground, but he was determined to cut through. We have not a deed for our land and the officers know it, and therefore we are at their mercy. We suggested other routes, but to the lieutenant's eye they were all bad, so we asked him until evening to decide and he consented. We returned to the station and ate our breakfast, for we were called out early by the cutting. Then we worked the remainder of the forenoon at the revising work. After dinner I went out and took a survey of the ground and thought we could find a route good enough for the purpose. I came back and got down on my knees and prayed that God would help us as He has done so many times before. At 2 P. M. Mr. Fraser and I took six men with cutlasses and went out to try to find a good route for the path outside our premises. We worked three solid hours

with the sweat running down our backs; we cut down one side, crossed the ravine and up the other side, taking nearly a direct route from the hill behind our station to the government station. Then we called the lieutenant and took him through. He was not well pleased for we had to admit the new route was not quite so good as the one he picked on, but when we got through he said: "Gentlemen, while I do not think the new path will be as good as the one first selected, yet I will take it because you ask it." My heart went up in praise to God. It means much to us. The object of the path was to reach the hill behind us, where the government will have a rifle range and gardens. Soldiers and workmen will be constantly passing. We are so thankful to God that He so influenced the officer that he gave up the project of cutting through our ground. God has ever protected us. This is the second attempt the officers have made to get onto our premises, and in both they have failed, not because they were not able to take the ground, either, for we have no deed, but because of some higher protecting power. Elat premises have been well cared for, indeed. God loveth and careth for His own. Praise His name forevermore.

February 8, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—I feel like a thief, for it is late at night and the mail will go tomorrow morning and I have not written you. There is much to write about, but I am very tired and I will probably make a mess of it.

First, our monotonous life was broken a week ago by the arrival from Lolodorf of Dr. Lehman, who will stay with us until the war troubles are settled, and the ladies can come back. We are glad to have him with us, for he is a great help.

WAR STILL CONTINUES.

Last Sunday morning another Bulu chief was executed, and a party of soldiers was sent out on a raid to some towns where there has been a little trouble. They have returned with a few prisoners and a lot of goods, goats, etc. They burned two towns, and chased the people around, but met no resistance. The Bulu around here have had enough of this one-sided war,

On the emperor's birthday, January 27th, we were invited to the government station to help celebrate, and we went and did our best at a nicely spread table. Everything was very fine for this country. The lieutenant is very sociable, but we are sorry we cannot meet him half way on account of the immoral life he is living. He likes to have the natives come to his station and dance, and he gives

them rum to drink, and this is not the worst of his evils, either. But there is an end to such a Godless course, and we have faith to believe that God will make even this man's wickedness to bring praises to Himself. The natives are disgusted with him, but obey him from fear. He is having a fine road made just back of our grounds, and is fixing up a rifle range quite close to our house. I suppose we will get to hear all the banging we want soon.

The attendance at Sabbath services still continues to increase. I went out to a town seven miles south last Sabbath and found about 300 natives gathered there, and on the way back, at another town, there were something over a hundred. This is the most pleasant work. The people seem more interested now than ever. Last Sabbath after service, six persons came to us for private talks. One of them is a chief in Ebolewo'e who has ten wives. The Spirit is working, and when He works even the lawless, soulless officials of the German government, who blaspheme His good name, cannot stop Him.

February 14, 1900.

Dear Brother Reed:—Feeling that you will be a little anxious these days, I will write the more often. We are safe and all right. Dr. Lehman has left his wife at Lolodorf and has joined Mr. Fraser and me at Elat. I think I wrote you that we had sent for the new missionaries and Dr. and Mrs. Lippert to come on. But the officer felt there would be more trouble and told us he could not permit ladies to come now, and not for from two to four months.

So Rev. and Mrs. Dager are at Batanga, and the Dr. and Mrs. Lippert are at Lolodorf. Things are very unsettled, but we feel that we are in no danger. Mr. Fraser is still here and we are working hard on the gospels, expecting to get through next month.

Our services are well attended—from 200 to 300—and when we go out to the towns the people come to us. Four Sabbath afternoons I have been out, and have had from 250 to 325 people in attendance. This is encouraging.

February 14, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—Another chance to send mail has come, and I take the opportunity to let you know that we are all safe at Elat. There has been no more fighting, but two big chiefs have been caught, which may lead to trouble, but we have no fear for ourselves. We were rejoiced today to get word from Efulen that all was well at that station. I admire those two men for sticking at their post of duty. The troops are fighting near there and they are unprotected by any earthly power, but still they stay on, and their

wives and babies are in other climes, Mrs. Johnston in America, and Mrs. Dr. Johnson in Benito.

From the enclosed letter, *Two Days Among the People*, you will see how the people are hungering for the gospel. Would that I were free to be out more like that.

The government has made a rifle range near our premises and the shooting began today. It will be very annoying. Dr. Lehman has been reroofing our old meeting house. He has made it larger, also, and it may have to serve for school and meetings of all kinds for a time, until we become more settled.

The government is making the Bulu fix up the roads in good shape. This will be a blessing to us.

TWO DAYS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

For a long time we have not been able to get out among the people except on Sabbath afternoons, on account of the confining work at the station. Since our only way of traveling is on foot, an afternoon will not let us go far away from Elat. So the people at a distance have been going without that food from on high, which if a man eat he will never hunger. Apparently they are hungry, and we receive many calls to go out among them. It was my privilege to get away last Saturday and Sabbath and have two good days with the people, and I want to tell you about the trip.

I put two light blankets, a change of clothing and my camera into a rubber bag and gave it to a man to carry. A schoolboy carried my guitar (I cannot play the instrument, but the people do not know the difference) and two other boys went along to help sing. We started off to the southwest among the Esakoe people. This is the principal tribe which fought the troops in and around Ebolewo'e and had sixty-eight men killed and nearly one hundred taken prisoners. Yet they are very friendly to us and I had a good day among them. Old Sol hid his face behind a cloud and the day was cool and pleasant. We stopped first at a small town on the top of a hill and about thirty people soon gathered around us. We sang and talked with them awhile and then went on to one of the largest towns in the country. Azem, the chief of this town, had from ninety to one hundred wives before the war. We did not find him at home and very few of his people were there. We had a nice meeting with about eighty natives present. I took a picture of the gathering and also of the whole town, which was burned by the troops. From this place we turned off to the northwest and passed through three small villages which had never been visited by a white man. In the first of these there were about forty people gathered around us to hear the singing and gospel

message. They seemed very much interested and anxious to learn. In the second of these villages there were about fifty gathered in the palaver house. We found a little boy here who had been at the school at Elat. The people said that this boy often told them about the things he had heard at the Mission. Between this and the third village there was a long stretch of uncut path which passed through mud and water. This was the only unpleasant part of the road on the whole trip, and when we got through we found a small place in the bush with only about twenty-five people. But we had a nice little meeting and very attentive listeners. It does one good to get to these people who never hear the word of God and tell them of God's love. By this time it was getting late and so we hastened on north to the Yevo people, to a town by the name of Akom, which is nearly due west from Elat. In this town I had promised to spend the night, and I was glad when we reached it. The people were looking for us and had a great quantity of food prepared. The chief of the town is very friendly and is a decent man for a Bulu. He showed me a good native hut and gave me two fowls, sweet potatoes, ground nuts, plantains and "ngon" (a very fine dish). While the food was being prepared I had a meeting in the twilight with about fifty natives. When this last meeting was over I was very tired, having walked fifteen miles and held six little meetings. After a supper on native food, I took to a native bed, which had a large piece of bark for a mattress and a block of wood for a pillow, and slept soundly.

A happy surprise awaited me the next day, which was Sabbath. The chief, knowing that I was coming, had sent to all the near towns and told all the people to come. They began coming early, some getting there about 7 o'clock. They did not come by threes and fours, but by twenties and thirties. Whole towns would come up at once. There was no building to hold them, so they sat in the street and I took my place under the eaves of a hut. There were about thirty boys there who had been in school at Elat, and so we had good singing, which lasted for nearly an hour while the people were gathering, and then I talked for an hour and a half to the largest crowd of natives I have seen, save one, and that was at Ebolewo'e at the palaver over the death of Mvondo. I counted a section and estimated the crowd at from 900 to 1000. And though so many they kept very quiet and orderly. Even this long meeting did not satisfy some of them, for after I had dismissed them many of them came and wanted to hear more, and I had another short meeting with a hundred or more. Can anyone dispute the power of the good old gospel to draw? What brought that crowd together? There were old men and young, women and children, big chiefs and little. Some of them came as far as ten miles, and they all seemed eager to hear what was said. I never felt my weakness so much as when I saw that crowd sitting

"in darkness and the shadow of death" with their faces turned up to me and seeming to say, "Show us the Light," and the feeling of responsibility deepened when a chief got up just as I arose to speak and said, "We have come to hear God's work. We are tired of doing wickedness. Now tell us plainly just what we must do." I tried in my weak and stammering way to point them to Jesus, the Lamb slain to take away the sin of the world.

After dinner we turned our steps toward home and held two meetings on the way, arriving at Elat about sundown. The boys were tired and so was I, but I think we were all happy. I am sure I was. This is the most interesting part of the work to me, and I enjoy it. In this way we reach people who cannot and will not come to the station. On this trip I reached about 1300 people who do not come to the services at Elat. I hope to do much of this kind of work this year.

I am telling you of this to enlist your prayers and sympathy, and to show how the people respond to visits of this kind. Please remember this department of the work fervently in your supplications.

MORE OF BULU WAR.

March 6, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—My usual letter from home did not come today and I was quite disappointed, but I know how hard it is for you to write, and I also know that there is a possibility of letters getting lost. I missed two papers in this mail also. But it all goes in with the ups and downs in this far-away place, and I want to say that the ups are by far the more numerous.

Everything is quiet at Eboewo'e now, but they are having a hot time between here and Efulen. About two weeks ago a lieutenant and 100 black soldiers came through from Efulen, making the trip in four days, fighting constantly the first three days. They had to break through eight or ten barricades which the natives had built to keep them back, but it was not hard, for the natives soon fled when the firing began. On this trip no soldier was killed and only fifteen wounded. One big king was killed, and they say many Bulu fell. Now the officer who was stationed at Eboewo'e is down there fighting. He had been gone a week and we have heard nothing from him. He will fight as long as the Bulu want to, but as soon as they want to make peace the government is ready if the Bulu will pay in goods and workmen. It is said that the government is selling Bulu women at the coast to the highest bidder. I do not know as to the truth of the report. It may be the soldiers who are doing it. Just before the officer left, we went and asked him to give his consent to ladies returning to Elat, but he was as firm as ever in saying no. So here

we are, Mr. Fraser, Dr. Lehman and myself, keeping back. How long this will continue we do not know, but we hope it will not be long.

OPENING SCHOOL AGAIN.

We felt that we could not wait any longer, and started school last Monday (yesterday), and as a proof of the confidence the people have in us about 80 boys came to board, and counting those who came from Ebolewo'e there were 123 enrolled the first day. Today there were 89 boarders and 133 in all. This is the largest number we have ever had, and as far as I know, the largest in the Mission. What the attendance will be we cannot tell, for the news was not well circulated. Many more will want to come. Dr. Lehman has taken the school now and he has his hands full.

We finished revising the Gospels today. We will now go over it all again and see if there is any correcting to do, and then we will copy it on the machine and we will be done, and Mr. Fraser can take his long expected vacation. It will probably take a month or a little more yet. The interest in the Sabbath services still continues. Last Sabbath three boys came and confessed Christ, and two weeks before three women and one man came and said they wanted to try to live the Christian life, and asked for our prayers. There are now twenty-three in the class of those who have confessed Christ as their Saviour. These things are very encouraging. Pray for us all.

March 19, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—I have time for only a note to go with this mail. The belated mail with your letter of December 16 was received March 17, and I was glad to get it. We are all right at Elat. There is no fighting nearer than three days' walk from here. There is much unrest however. We are now planting corn and potatoes, pineapples, plantains, etc. The rainy season is on. The school is still flourishing with about 140 on the roll.

HAS MANY CARES.

April 5, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—Can you wait another month for good long letters? I have not been so hard pressed for time since I was at college. And I never had so many things to try my patience and nerves as now. We are working under high pressure, for Mr. Fraser wants to get home. But there is an end, and I am thankful that we can now see our way out. Then besides the work there is the

anxiety and annoyance which arises from the strained relations between the Bulu and the government. To us the outlook is worse now than for some time. The officers are godless sort of fellows, who treat the natives like slaves, and they are resenting such treatment. Only today the big chief, Evina, sent word to the government that he would not come again or send any of the things which the officers ask for. This will mean trouble as soon as the lieutenant gets back from his expedition to the west. Even the people of Ebol-ewo'e say they cannot stand it and will run off somewhere. The officers do not take the right plan, it seems to us. They ask the people to go to the coast and carry for them and then pay them about one-sixth of what is fair. They compel the women to come and work at the station and give them no pay at all, and sometimes catch some of them. More officers and soldiers are expected in a few days, and then there is likely to be trouble and our work will be affected. Word comes from Lolodorf today that Mrs. Lange presented to the Mission a six-pound baby girl March 30. Dr. Lippert will get back to Elat in a few days with his family and our bachelor life will vanish again. They have been away since the last of October. Mr. and Mrs. Dager are still at the coast. Mrs. D. has been sick. We hear that Rev. Knauer has had a hard fever at Batanga, and that Dr. and Mrs. Axtell have been compelled to leave the field for a while at least, and they came only last November.

April 17, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—We are glad to have with us again Dr. and Mrs. Lippert and the baby. They have been away from the station since last October, and just got back April 13. Oh, what a change in the house! That bachelor air is gone, and then the food is better and the whole outfit more homelike. Then the baby, though noisy, is a bright spot in the house. She will soon be a year old.

We are glad, also, to have a new officer in charge at the government station here. His name is Gustave Radtcke, a common mortal like the rest of us, not burdened with a little "von," and it seems to make a man out of him. He is very kind and obliging, and seems to be more than a Christian in name. He has called on us, and came to church last Sabbath. He goes out among the people and shakes hands with the children. He has said four times that he wants to work hand in hand with the Mission. This is very encouraging, for it is the first friendly expression from any officer. There has always been friction between the Mission and the government. We hope this man can be retained here. The Bulu were about ready to flee away off to the interior on account of cruel treatment, but now they are taking heart a little.

We expect to get through with our translating work in three weeks, and then I will probably take a trip to Efulen and possibly to the coast, and bring up Rev. and Mrs. Dager, who have been anxiously waiting for over three months to come to Elat.

I am feeling much better than at last writing. My Xmas box is not here yet, but I am living in hopes.

May 7, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—We are sending men to the coast today for mail and provisions and I will write you a note. I am well and hard at it. Mr. Fraser and I will finish our work of translating, which has taken about eighteen months, in two days. Then the next day, May 9, he will leave for America, and I will leave for Efulen, where there is to be a church organized on May 13. Then Rev. and Mrs. Dager are at Efulen and we expect to start back May 14th for Elat. The war is still on with the Bulu, but nevertheless, we are going right through to Efulen, and expect no trouble. I was out yesterday among the Yemesem people, who are still on fighting terms with the government, and they were so glad to see me that they followed along after me from town to town, and two boys came back with me to go to school. About May 21 I expect to take a long breath and take it easy a few days. It is wonderful the way we are kept in the power of God.

A TRIP TO THE COAST.

May 23, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—As I wrote you about the 8th of May that I was going to take a tramp to Efulen, now that it is over I must tell you something about it. It was a very interesting trip in many ways. I left Elat on May 9th and went the Esakoe road, which is much longer than the other, but the people are very friendly and I wanted to see them. I had three men and two boys with me. We were three nights out, arriving at Efulen Saturday about 11 o'clock, on the fourth day. We had a good road part of the way, and another part was very bad. But we did not have much water to wade and had but one rain, so it was not as hard as I had expected. I would judge that it is 85 or 90 miles by that road. Somehow the word went on ahead of me that the governor was coming, and the people were much afraid until they found out who it was. It was laughable to see the people run to the bush when they would see us coming, but more so when they would come back after seeing who it was. They would laugh at their fear of a harmless missionary, and come dancing around me like a crowd of school children after an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" procession.

I had a good meeting with the people at the town where we stopped for the night. On the whole it was a pleasant trip. I found the people all well at Efulen and Rev. and Mrs. Dager ready and anxious to get started for Elat.

EFULEN CHURCH ORGANIZED.

Sabbath, May 13, was a glad day for Efulen station. The missionaries have been working faithfully for many years, preaching and teaching, working and praying for the conversion of these people. Now they are beginning to gather in the fruit of their labors. It was our blessed privilege to organize a church with six members and to ordain an elder. These six stood a very good examination, showing what faithful work the missionaries have done. And besides these there are about thirty others in the inquiry class, or classes, for they have several grades, all under special instruction. It was a grand sight to see Mr. Johnston baptizing those six natives, the first fruits among the Bulu. There was no house large enough to hold the crowd, so they held the meetings under the plantains, and when those six, four women and two men, arose out of the crowd to be set apart as believers in God, it was an impressive scene. Then after the organization of the church and the ordination of the elder we celebrated the Lord's supper, and those six took part for the first time and the people saw this most sacred rite performed for the first time. You may be surprised when I tell you that this was the first time for over four years that I have had the opportunity to partake in the celebration of the Lord's supper.

On Monday morning we were up early and ready for another start, but the rain kept us till 11 o'clock, at which time we started, although it was still raining some. There were fifty altogether in the caravan. Mrs. Dager had a hammock, but the rest walked. We had good roads and made good time that day, not stopping till near 5 in the evening, and then we put up in a little town in the bush which had been hastily built. The houses were mostly made of leaves and very small. So were all the houses we saw for three days. All along that road there had been fighting about a month before we passed, and all the houses were burned. (We returned the south road). The people were just beginning to rebuild, and they were in great terror when they saw a white man coming. We saw very few people on the return trip, for they were still in the bush. But the road was good much of the way, for the first thing the people did when they returned after the war was to fix up the roads. We had one-half day of very bad road, but on the whole the trip was a pleasant one and we made good time, arriving at Elat on the fourth day at 10:30 in the morning.

GOVERNMENT REQUESTS MISSIONARIES TO LEAVE ELAT,

Mr. and Mrs. Dager are fine people and we are rejoiced to have them with us. We have been building up great hopes for the work this year and we came back with light hearts. But the first thing we heard on our return was that the German government had made an official request for us to leave Elat and they would build the government station there. This, you will remember, came up in December, but was not pressed. Now they came to us with a letter from the governor at Kamerun, which orders the officials here to take the hill and build on it. They say they will pay for the houses we have built, but will give nothing for the ground or the trees and food which we have had so much trouble taking care of. There is no justice in it, and we consider it very unfriendly to the Mission. They have all Bulu land to pick from, yet they want to drive us away from here, this little spot which we have fixed up and cared for all these years. So when they asked us to make out estimates of the houses we answered that we would not do it until we had word from the Mission or the Board. Then they said they would make out estimates, pay us and take possession. We told them that they had the power to do so, but we would not leave till we heard from our Mission unless they carried us out by main strength. Then they backed down and said they would write to Kamerun for further instructions as to what to do. We told them we would take the matter to the home governments. So it stands. We are very unsettled and do not know what the end will be. It will hinder our work and stop our building for a while and possibly we will have to leave altogether. Then there will be a big row, for the Bulu all say they will go with us and leave the government alone. This will cause trouble. The truth is, we feel that the German government does not want us here. They are jealous of our hold on the people, and they cannot do just as they would like. I feel this matter very keenly. I love this place and these people and it will be very hard to leave all. But the Lord rules even the German officials, and we know that all things will work out for good. The Lieutenant who was doing so well has been ordered to another place and the rule of terror has begun again.

June 27, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—Another chance to send mail has arrived. What a blessing it is to have the roads open and good. Now we can send men any road we wish between here and the coast. The shortest route is via Efulen but that road has been closed for caravan travel since last August. Last week we sent a man that way for the first time since last August. We have just received word that there are

seventy-five boxes waiting for us at Batanga, so we will send men down tomorrow and get at least part of what is there. Just think, my Christmas box is not here yet. It will be well on in July before it can get here, and possibly not then, for I do not know that it is at Batanga.

A NEW HOUSE.

We were greatly rejoiced by the last mail from our Board. Our appropriations for the year came, and Elat is to have a new house. We have but one dwelling house here and we are all living in it—two families and one "old bach." We are glad to get the house but it means lots of work. Most of this will fall to me but I enjoy it. The only thing that I regret is that it will keep me from getting out among the people. We have begun work getting boards ready. We have to go to the forest, cut the trees, hew them down, cut the log in convenient lengths, carry them to the saw pit, and there saw them into boards. It is a long, hard process, but so we must do if we wish boards for our floor. The sides of the house are of bark, of course. The men began sawing boards today. We cut a fine tree which we think will make about a hundred boards. As the log lies it measures eighty-eight feet to the first limb, and as straight as a needle. We will cut it into ten sections and then it will take about twenty men to carry one section. As the tree stood, it was about a hundred feet to the first limb, but the men cut it about ten or twelve feet from the ground. Like many other trees in this country it has spreading roots which are very hard to cut through, so the usual way is to cut the tree above the place where it begins to spread out. They first tie a big vine around the tree where they want to stand, wrapping it around until they get a good foot rest, then they take a vine and tie it in a loop around the tree, large enough to let a man get inside the loop. Then they take their axe and crawl inside the loop and go to work.

We have not built our new church yet, and we will not build much of anything till our affairs are settled with the government, and we are sure that we are to stay here. Nothing more has been said but we think something will be done soon one way or the other.

The Spirit is still working in our midst. Since I came back from Efulen, May 17th, seventeen have come to me, saying they wanted to be Christians.

The medical work is progressing nicely. The small hospital is overcrowded, and we are to have a new one. Mr. Dager has charge of the school. He has a native assistant. There are five white traders in Ebolewo'e now, and two horses. We had some wild hog to eat today which was fine.

July 16, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—Mrs. Lange is so sick that it is necessary for her to go home. Mr. Lange will go along. So our ranks are being thinned out. We hear also that Mr. and Mrs. Knauer may have to go for a health change. This is a hard climate. Mrs. Lippert is not well either.

We are still at Elat unmolested by the government. The affair is now in the hands of the Board. School closed last Friday. There are six white traders in Ebolewo'e, and more coming. This makes fifteen white people in this neighborhood. All work on the grounds is stopped but the sawing of plank for a new house. The inquirers now number seventy-three. Five came last Sabbath, five the Sabbath before and five during the week.

TWENTY NIGHTS ON BULU BEDS.

August, 1900.

While we were waiting for word in regard to Elat property, as to whether the Government would take possession or not, I took advantage of the delay and made a twenty-one day's trip interiorward among the Bulu. Our party consisted of two Bulu men, seven boys, and myself, ten in all. We had with us the baby organ and fifty large Bible pictures. We started out July 19th, and returned August 8th. The organ and the pictures were great drawing cards and were of great help in the work, thanks to the good people of Montclair. The boys were helpful in the singing. The Lord prospered our journey by not sending rain in all that trip, save one little sprinkle which did no harm. The roads were dry for the most part. I walked in water only four days, which is very unusual. The Government has been and is still fighting with the Bulu, but I saw no evidence of violence or of ill will among the thousands of natives I saw, and in whose power I was from the day I left Elat. They came from all sides to see the white man and the pictures, and hear the organ, some coming as far as eight and ten miles. I held the principal meetings in the morning. My usual plan was to try to reach some large central town in the evening and get the chief to send messengers to all the near towns and tell the people to come early in the morning and hear God's words. The Bulu drum was made to do God service in calling the people up to hear His words. So the largest gatherings were in the early morning about 7 o'clock. We held one meeting at 6:15 A. M., at which 265 people gathered. The largest meeting was held at 7 A. M., at which there were about 427 natives. All classes of people came to these meetings. They

were all held out of doors, for the Bulu have no houses large enough for such gatherings. I placed the organ in the center of the street and hung the pictures illustrating bible scenes on small forks cut for the purpose, about as high as my head, then I made the people sit down on the ground in a semi-circle. We sang songs, showed pictures, and talked sometimes for two and sometimes for three hours and no one seemed to get tired or go away; on the contrary they always complained when we stopped—they wanted more. Oh, how hungry and destitute the people seem to be. The boys helped me very much. Some of them can preach like saints. If they would only put into practice all they tell others to do, how happy we all would be.

We were out twenty-one days, walked about 280 miles, passed through 93 towns, held 50 meetings, at which there was an aggregate attendance of about 6600, the greater part of whom had never seen a white man or heard anything about God.

Our general direction was southeast. We crossed the Nlobo river, which marks the eastern limit of Mr. Good's travels (See May in a "Life for Africa"). We came to a small river called Fom, crossed it and went on to the Mbua river, which is three days east of the Nlobo, or six hard days with loads, east of Elat. It took us eight days to get back, not counting our rest on the Sabbath. We were about as far east of Elat as Elat is east from Batanga. The country is fine and some of the towns large but I do not think it is as thickly settled as around Elat. I saw many elephant tracks, was close to a drove of gorilla, and saw many evidences of the presence of buffalo. Small game is abundant.

I would like to make the following notes, some of which are correct, others may not be.

The Mbua river at the point where I saw it is 1975 feet above the sea, and is about 275 feet lower than Elat.

The "Ja" river (see May) is much farther east than is indicated on the map. The Mbua is near the place where the Ja is indicated. I found only one Bulu who had seen the Ja, and he said it was about eight days from Eyem or thirteen days from Elat. This may or may not be true. They say the Ja is the eastern limit of the Bulu, and that it does not flow to the sea, which means that it flows to the Congo, no doubt.

The people east of the Ja are the Njem, not the Ntem as marked on the map, and their language differs very much from the Bulu. I saw a Njem woman and I could not understand her at all.

The Bulu country extends much farther south than is indicated on the map at the Nlobo river. I must have been as far south as

2 degrees North Latitude, and I was not near the southern limit of the Bulu.

The Nlobo river flows south to the Kom and the Kom to the Campo.

TO THE JUNIOR ENDEAVORERS.

August 22, 1900.

Dear Young Helpers in God's Work:—You are better to me than I am to you. I want to tell you how much you are helping me in my work, or rather our work. When I wrote suggesting that a few Testament and large Bible pictures would be of service to me here, you responded at once. The pictures and Bibles came in excellent condition. The Testaments and dictionaries got wet in the rough sea and were spoiled some, but can be used. Just a few days after receiving the Testaments, a black trader from Sierra Leone, an English colony, came to us. He says he is a Christian and when he left home he packed his Bible and hymn book with his other things, but when he reached Batanga they were stolen. So he came to the bush without any Bible. I gave him a Testament to use till he goes away. Just think of that man away off in the bush without anyone to tell him about God, or remind him of the things he has learned, and without any Bible. There has been one call for a dictionary, also. Now, for these books I want to thank you.

My dear young friends, if you could have been with me and seen the natives, as I showed them those large pictures you would need no thanks from me. Old men and women, young men and children, all huddled together, laughing, shouting and clapping their hands for joy—I could not help but laugh at them in their glee. Let me tell you how I fixed the pictures. I had the boys sew strips of cloth to the upper corners and nail these strips to a stick. When I want to show the pictures, I get a man to cut a forked stick about as high as my head, and stick it in the ground out in the street where there is good light. I hang the pictures on the fork, and turn them over one by one and explain. There are six pictures which attract especial attention. They are: Jesus standing in the midst of a few old men, Jesus feeding the five thousand, Jesus bearing his cross, Daniel in the lion's den, The animals and the child with his hand on the lion, and Isaiah called to service.

I have shown the pictures about sixty times, and about 8000 natives have seen them and heard them explained. Some of the Bulu boys who are trying to be followers of Christ have the pictures now and are on an evangelistic trip in the Bene country to the north-east of us. Now you see you are helping preach the gospel. Words

are often soon forgotten, but that which one sees with the eye is not so easily forgotten. These people cannot forget the impressions received from these pictures. People will come to see the pictures who will not come to hear us preach, and in this way we reach more people than we would otherwise.

I will not ask for more pictures now, but when these wear out I will want more, so please save up the best ones for future use. Please accept my thanks for all the things sent. It is very encouraging to me to know that you are so interested in this work.

AMONG THE MVAE PEOPLE.

Itinerating is to me very fascinating. The members of Elat station, for very good reasons, have been confined largely to work at the station ever since the station was founded. Itinerating has been neglected. Since June I have been able to get out among the towns some, and I have enjoyed it exceedingly. New faces, new scenes, new country, the curious people, the privilege and pleasure of telling the old, old story to those who have never heard it, all go together to make this work attractive. It has been like a health change to me.

I wrote you in a former letter about my trip interiorward on which I spent twenty-one days among the Bulu. Now I want to tell you about a thirteen days' trip among the people to the south of the Bulu, who call themselves the "Mvae." I think they are part of the Ntem people.

IN NEW TERRITORY AMONG NEW PEOPLE.

Mr. Dager accompanied me two days on this trip and then returned. We went almost due south and on the evening of the second day reached the south limit of the Bulu and spent the night in the first Mvae town. We were not well received at first, but they did not know us. Never having been visited by a white man, they did not know the difference between a missionary and the governor. At first they ran, one man even leaving his gun in his haste to get away. Later some came back, and a few wanted to appear to be brave. Two young men especially wanted to show their bravery, and came with their guns and made as though they would shoot the white skin. I did perhaps a hazardous thing in leaving my gun with Mr. Dager and the men in one end of the town, and walking down the street among the excited people. After I had gone about sixty yards, I heard a man shout to a boy who was near me, to get out of that, and looking around, saw a man with a gun making as though he would shoot.

A man with more sense, told him to put up his gun, and went toward him, trying to put him in his right mind. I returned up the street, passing near where the brave man was, but he could not stand so close a view and backed off behind the houses. Many of the people slept in the bush that night and only sixty-six came to the meeting in the morning, but one of the principal listeners was the young man who wanted to shoot the night before. After the meeting was over, we separated, Mr. Dager going to Elat, and I going on. I wanted to feel my way softly into this new country, so I went west along the border to a town by the name of Mefup. Here the people received me well and there were over two hundred at the meeting. From this place I turned south and east to a town by the name of Mendimoven (Rainwater) where I spent the Sabbath. I was surprised to see the change in customs and dress of the Mvae. They seemed to be lazier and poorer than the Bulu, and more given up to fetich worship. Their head-dress is peculiar. The first thing that struck me was that they all have holes punched through their noses. Some have a brass ring on which hangs a fetich, through this hole. Some stick a feather through, others a stick, while still others have a string or two of small beads running through the nose and to each ear. Most of the young men and women have long strings of beads tied to their hair, and dangling from each side of the head. In some cases these dangles are as much as two feet long. Some have false hair. One man surprised us. We were looking at his fancy head-dress and commenting on his well-arranged plaits of hair and beads and buttons, etc., when he suddenly lifted the whole apparition from his head and hung it on the wall.

FARTHER INLAND.

From Mendimoven I went southeast four days' journey. I had not intended to go so far east, but I heard of four white men being in that direction and I wanted to know who they were and what they were doing. I thought from what the natives said that they might be Catholic Missionaries. Moreover, I wanted to see the Ntem (native name of the Campo) river, and was told that I could see it in that direction. So I went on from town to town, calling the people together and talking to them whenever I could. I crossed the Mboto and Nsam rivers near where they flow together. On the fourth day I reached the Kom (or Komm) river, on the west bank of which I found a new temporary house and a French flag floating. The white men were not there, but there were five natives from the coast in charge, from whom I learned that the white men were Frenchmen—two traders and two Catholic missionaries. They were out exploring and looking up locations for trading posts and mission stations. They had gone on inland. If their plans mature there will be a

station at this point. Nkin is the name of the native town in which they have located. It is situated on the banks of the Kom river near where it empties into the Ntem. The Ntem here is either the Campo or the Benito. The natives call the Campo the Ntem and so they call the river that name, but on the German map the Kom flows into the Benito river. I am not prepared to say which is correct. To be safe I will call it the Ntem, as the natives do. It is quite a large river and so is the Kom. Then the Nlobo river empties into the Kom not far above Nkin. The location seems to be well chosen.

The men in charge kindly took me down the Kom in their large canoe, made by hollowing out a large log, to the Ntem and back, a very pleasant ride. I crossed the Kom that same evening and spent the night in the first village east of the Kom, which is known as Eson. There was not a decent house in the village, but the people were kind and asked me to stay. We held a meeting by torch-light in the street at which there were about seventy natives.

Next morning we turned to the north, recrossed the Kom and Nlobo rivers, and by night reached the first Bulu town. The next day we started at six and marched through forests and over mountains till 2:15 P. M. without seeing a village. We crossed the Ongongo mountain, reaching an elevation of 2750 feet. We saw fourteen droves of monkeys, out of which I managed to get four. The boys had monkey soup the next day to the full. We walked hard and late that day, for we wanted to spend the Sabbath in Mevus. We reached Mevus at 7 P. M. You may know that we were all tired, for we started at 6 in the morning and walked till 7 P. M., with only about one hour of rest during the march. I think I am safe in saying that we marched thirty miles that day.

Mevus is a beautiful location. The town is built on the top of a high hill, 2250 feet above sea level, and the view is sublime on all sides. We spent a beautiful Sabbath there. At the morning meeting there were about 215 natives present. After the meeting a man came to me and said he was glad to hear the words of God again. He said he once acted as guide for Mr. Good, and that he remembered what Mr. Good had told him, and was trying to follow out that teaching.

A HUGE ROCK.

Monday morning we were off at 5:30. We passed through several large towns and reached Akokas about 2 P. M. This is a huge rock, standing out almost perpendicular on all sides and reaching a height of probably 500 feet from the base. The base is about 300 feet above the stream at the bottom. We went up to the very side of that mass of rock. The base is covered with cacti and short grass. I ate lunch up there and spent nearly an hour enjoying this grand sight.

If one were to go around this rock I suspect he would find it fully a mile and perhaps more. In looking on such a sight one cannot but think of Him who "clave the rocks in the wilderness," and, having seen it, read with a better understanding the symbol, "The Lord is my rock and my fortress." What a symbol of strength, durability and firmness. What can shake our sure repose?

At 4:30 P. M. we reached Feyop and put up for the night. We had a meeting by torch-light, at which were about 100 people. We were off again at 5:30 the next morning and at 2 P. M. reached Elat. We had been out thirteen days, walked about 220 miles, and held 24 meetings, with an aggregate attendance of about 2000 people.

Besides the fact that some 2000 people heard the "message of love," the trip was fruitful in that it adds some to our knowledge of the country and its needs. As I suggested in a former letter, the Ntum people are parallel with the Bulu and extend as far inland perhaps as the Bulu do. Between the Bulu and the Ntum proper there is a strip of country occupied by a people who call themselves the Mvae. They are more like the Ntum than the Bulu, but differ very little from the Bulu. They differ some in customs, but their language is very nearly the same. A Bulu and a Mvae have no trouble in conversing with each other.

But perhaps the most important point is the fact that the Roman Catholic mission is going to locate at Nkin, which is only one day from our beloved Bulu, and is about two days' journey farther east than our frontier station. Shall we let the Catholic get in ahead of us and cut off our forward march? The African tribes are moving coastward and should the Catholics get a hold on the people before they reach us, our prospects are much darker. Virgin soil is easier worked than that which has been cultivated and planted with thistles, thorns and poison weeds. Now is the time for a new station east of Elat. Let us keep the Catholics out of Bululand. We can do so by striking now. Let us move forward. We need men, we need money. Who will go? Who will provide the means?

PALE HORSE AND RIDER.

October, 1900.

The pale horse and his rider have visited Ebolewo'e this month. The oldest man in this region died in his sins. He used to boast that he had killed twenty-two persons in cold blood. He never seemed to care anything about the gospel, and about a year ago he lost his mind. From that time it was useless to talk to him, for he could not understand anything. No one seemed to be sorry he died. On the other hand his people seemed to be glad to get him out of the way.

What a miserable end! No one to love him, no one to receive or love him yonder.

A few days later the call came nearer home. Our cook, a Bulu boy of seventeen years, took sick and died suddenly. He belonged to the class of inquirers and spent most of the last night in prayer. His death was peaceful and we have every reason to believe that he will receive the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." On his deathbed he was heard to say, "Oh, Holy Spirit, let us go home." When called by name he said his name was not Nso. "My name is Jesus," he said, "and my mother's name is Mary."

Four days later a white trader died and was buried on the Mission grounds. We had to make the coffin. At his grave was the largest gathering of white people ever held in Ebolewo'e. There were thirteen, and they were not all there that day. (There are now over twenty white people in Ebolewo'e). Mr. Dager had charge of the services. After he was through Lieutenant von Bulow made a few remarks.

Three days after the above a Bulu chief, a young man, was shot by hostile natives and died at the Mission the next day.

More touching still was our experience with a little boy about five years old. He was very sick, and one day was reported dead. The next day we heard that he was still alive, though hopeless. Mrs. Lippert went to see him and found them putting his grave clothes on him, with the intention of burying him, though he was not altogether dead. Their argument was, "He cannot get well, so why not bury him and be rid of the trouble of caring for him." Mrs. Lippert thought there was a possible chance of his being restored, and had him brought to the Mission. Dr. Lippert gave him stimulants and restored him a little and then began treating him. The boy was literally being eaten by worms. The Doctor removed fifty-three large ones, almost an incredible story. In one week the boy was walking around. We told his people that he was no longer their boy, and that he must stay at the Mission. They consented and the little fellow is now in my charge. (Later: I gave the child back to them.)

PERSONAL REPORT OF C. W. McCLEARY.

November 15, 1899, to November 15, 1900.

To the West Africa Mission and the Board of Foreign Missions:

Dear Brethren:—With a heart full of gratitude to our God for His goodness I report the labors of the year just closed as follows:

I have preached at the station twenty-seven times. Have superintended the Sunday school and taught the men's class when present at the station since May. Have had charge of the "Inquirers" since May 9th, meeting with them once a week. Have had charge of the boarding boys outside of school, and of the workmen since May. The principal part of this work has been looking after the men who sawed the boards, selecting trees, marking logs for the saw, etc. This work was begun on June 19th and finished the last of October, with one month's rest in August and September. A little time has been spent in trying to teach four or five school boys a little carpentering. They have planed one side of most of the 400 boards which have been sawed. Keeping track of station accounts has also taken up some time and energy.

Up to May 8th most of my time was spent at the work of translating the Acts, and revising the Gospels with Mr. Fraser, as assigned by the Mission.

On August 23d I started out for another itinerating trip, being accompanied two days by Mr. Dager. We went south two days, then I took south and southeast among the Mvae people five days and crossed the Kom river at the point where it empties into the Ntem (which is, perhaps, the Benito). From there I turned north, recrossed the Kom and Nlobo rivers, and went back to Elat. Was out thirteen days, traveled about 220 miles, visited 54 towns, held 24 meetings with an aggregate of about 2,000 in attendance.

Three other short itinerating trips were made, one of five, one of three, and one of two days. Besides these twelve trips of a day, or parts of days, were made to the near towns.

I took one tramp to Efulen to meet with the committee on church organization and to escort Mr. and Mrs. Dager to Elat, being gone nine days. Four other small trips were made in the interest of peace between the Government and the Bulu.

Summary of itinerating and other travel during the year:

I have been away from the station among the Bulu 62 days, have traveled about 1,000 miles, held 131 meetings at which were gathered

about 14,976 natives, and have visited, or passed through, 230 towns and villages.

Full of hope for the coming year that I may be given strength and opportunities to serve Him, whose we are, and whose glory we seek, I close this, my fifth annual report.

Efulen, November 27, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—I am now on my way to Batanga to attend Mission meeting. Rev. and Mrs. Dager are along, and from here Dr. and Mrs. Johnson and baby will join us. We left Elat November 21st and had a very good trip. The first night we built sheds of sticks and plantain leaves, and put our blankets on the ground. We had a jolly time. There are twenty in our caravan. We arrived here Saturday morning. Mr. Johnson has gone on to meet his brother, who is coming out.

We expect to leave here in the morning, six white people and lots of natives. We want to spend only three days on the way down. Jack, the mule, will go along. He is a clipper—a little larger than a billy goat. We left Mrs. Lippert sick and I suspect they will go home soon. This will leave Elat with three again if no new missionaries are sent up. How hard it is to keep this field supplied with workers. Some want to get away, others have to. I am glad I can stay as long as I have, and there is good hope for at least another year at present writing.

Batanga, December 4, 1900.

The first part of this letter was written at Efulen on our way down. We arrived at Batanga November 30. I was very well till just the day before we got in when I was almost laid up with a touch of fever or rather feverishness, but I managed to keep up till night where we put up. Then the day after our arrival I took to the bed with the same trouble and I am just getting around again. I had no high temperature and can hardly say I had a fever. However, the malaria is in my system.

Some of the missionaries here are well, and some are sick. Others have not arrived and we have to wait. It is two years and a half since I have been to the coast. I have a fine view of the sea from my room, and my ears are constantly filled with the never ceasing roar of the breakers on the beach. This house is only a few yards from the water's edge. A German steamship is in sight up the coast and will be here this evening or tomorrow. I want to go out to her if I can. Do not know when Mission meeting will begin. There will be some

weighty questions before us this year, among which Elat will take a prominent place on account of the action of the Government.

Batanga, December 15, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—It is Saturday night and mail may leave tomorrow if the steamer arrives, so I will add a note. This coast climate is too much for me. I have been laid up twice now with a little fever, but am out again and hope it will not get me again. I want to get back to my mountain home. Will probably be here two weeks yet. The dear brethren have inflicted misery upon themselves by electing me chairman of the Mission meetings and moderator of the Corisco Presbytery, but people will make mistakes, and they must pay the penalty. This is the first time I have been at their meeting since I came out five years ago. Mr. Johnston has been sick twice since coming down this time. Mrs. Knauer is sick and may have to go home. How hard it is to keep the field supplied with workers.

Batanga, December 31, 1900.

My Dear Parents:—The old year dies tonight. We expect to start for the interior tomorrow, and by we I mean eleven missionaries and one baby. Four will stay at Efulen a week and then come back to the coast, three will remain at Efulen and four will go on to Elat. We will have a fine trip, won't we?

MISSIONARY HEROISM.

I cannot write you much tonight, but must tell you something of my condition. I have been at the coast one month and have had four slight attacks of the fever in that time—never very much, but a warning as to my condition. I am free to say that were Elat better manned I would go home this year, and possibly you will see me anyway before another Christmas passes. I know I ought not to go against all advice, professional and otherwise, and stay till I break completely, but how can I go and leave Mr. and Mrs. Dager alone at Elat with all the work of that station, and at this time of strained relations with the Government? I cannot and if some help is not provided I will not till God puts His hand upon me. There are now eight members of this Mission who ought to go home for a rest, but who will take their places? Let more men be sent out. Let the church arouse and send recruits.

I should have told you that Mission meetings are over and also Presbytery. Quite a stir was made in our company this morning by the announcement of an engagement between Mr. Ford and Miss Siemar, two of our Gaboon missionaries—a surprise to everyone.

Hope you are all well and enjoying the winter. We worked hard all day Christmas and will start on our journey tomorrow—New Year. No holidays for the “crazy” missionaries here below, but wait—

Efulen, January 4, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—We reached Efulen last night at 6:20, having traveled the last day thirty miles, and I just got out of bed the day before we left the coast. But Dr. Johnson was very good to me and just made me ride the mule part of the way. We came up in three days. All the party, twelve in number, are well and happy. You will notice from the writing that I am quite nervous. I was not tired last night, but I was exhausted, my strength was just about gone. Dr. Johnson wants me to stay here and rest a week, but I think I will go on with our Elat party on Monday. We had a splendid trip up. The people from the south part of the field, who had never been in the bush, enjoyed it very much. I began to feel better as soon as I got on the road, and I feel sure that by the time I reach Elat I will be all right. Oh, it is so good to be among the Bulu again, and to breathe the pure mountain air. I would like to write you about the important questions which were before the Mission at its meeting this year, but it would take more writing than I feel like doing, now. We asked for eight more missionaries for the whole mission: two for Elat, one for Lolodorf, two for Batanga, one for Benito, and two for Gaboon. We need them all, and more, too. Pray that the laborers may be sent.

Efulen station will perhaps be made an out-station in two or three years, and then the missionaries who are here now can go farther inland, and either strengthen Elat or build a new station. It is the object of the Board and Mission to make Elat a strong station among the Bulu. It is central, and will be made a place where the Bulu can go for their higher education. We want to get about forty acres of land and raise all kinds of food, and make the school as nearly self-supporting as possible. We do not know yet what the government will do, but if they drive us away from that hill we can find another place which will serve our purpose just as well. One thing we fear, and that is, that they may delay about telling us what they will do, and so hinder our work.

BACK AT ELAT.

January 14, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—Oh, how good it is to be at home once more! I was away from Elat fifty days and they were nearly all long ones, for I wanted to get back home. I did not feel well at the coast, but as soon as I got back to the hill country I began to feel better, and although we walked hard coming up, I stood the trip all right. I wrote you from Efulen concerning the progress of our party that far. Now I will tell you about the rest of the journey. Mr. and Mrs. Dager, Mr. Salveter, and I had intended to leave Efulen for Elat on Tuesday morning, January 8th, and had our things all packed ready Monday night. But that night Mrs. Dager took sick and the Doctor said she could not go for some time. It seemed best that some one should hurry to Elat and see how the Lipperts were getting along alone, so Mr. Johnston said he would join Mr. Salveter and me. So we three started from Efulen at 9:30 on Tuesday morning and reached Elat on Thursday at 3 P. M. How is that for walking? Seventy miles in less than three days, and the men with their loads, right at our heels.

We found Dr. and Mrs. Lippert getting along all right. Mrs. L. was up and doing her work and seems much better. She wants to start home in April if possible, and get to America some time in June. If she is well enough at the time for starting, the Doctor may stay here, for he is badly needed, and I will accompany her and help take care of baby Nellie. This is only a possibility, so do not count on it. Should Mrs. L. get worse and the Doctor have to take her home, my going will be doubtful for some time yet.

Mr. Johnston preached last Sabbath and the crowd was so great that only about one-half could get in the house. Doctor tells us that on Christmas day there were about 1000 natives at the Mission. How hungry these people are! How can I go and leave them? I love them and want to stay and help feed them. Would that we had 500 missionaries here to help us. They could be used.

FIRST CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

February 10, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—Today the first Christian marriage in Ebolewo'e was celebrated in the church before some three hundred witnesses. The Bulu have neither a civil nor a religious ceremony in their marriages. It is very much the same as buying or stealing a cow. When the woman is paid for she is taken home, or very often a man will run off with a woman he likes, without paying. Today a

boy who has been at the Mission for over four years took to himself a wife. After having completed all arrangements as to dowry, he came and wanted to know how to proceed. I told him to come and have a Christian marriage. He came. The bride is a stranger here, but is quite modest and good looking. The ladies made her a dress—the first bit of cloth she ever had on—and she looked well. It was a good object lesson. It is the talk of the town now. All those who want to do right are very enthusiastic over it, and say that it is the only real marriage. It will have more effect than ten sermons on the subject. Others will soon follow.

The German government has come on us again and we are likely to lose our home. More work, more trouble. I will stay till after June, I think.

February 19, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—I suppose the people in America would be surprised if they knew the kinds of work we have to do at times. I have just finished a bedstead for Mr. and Mrs. Dager. They have been here since May of last year and have had their mattresses partly on an old single bedstead and partly on boxes to fill out in width. They have been living in one room all this time, also. Mrs. Dager was a happy woman today when the new bedstead was taken to their room. It is cheaper to make a bedstead here than to have one carried up, for transportation is so expensive, hence the missionary turns carpenter. Nor can he order the lumber from the yard already sawed and planed and any size he wishes. He must take the log, mark it and have men saw it with a pit-saw, very crooked of course, and then he must work to smooth it down to workable size. Neither has he sufficient tools to work with and what he has are very rusty from insufficient care and use. It is almost like making something out of nothing. I enjoy this kind of work for a change, but it seems that here, there is more of this kind of work to do than there ought to be. In fact the secular, material work takes most of the time, and the actual preaching of the Gospel is the change.

GOVERNMENT GETS MISSION SITE.

February 21, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—It is twenty days since the storm burst upon Elat station. We were getting along nicely and had great hopes for the season. School had opened with some sixty or more boys as boarders, besides many day scholars. A girl's school was started, a new thing for Elat. We were pitched up to working trim and were happy in the work. But it lasted only one week and all was shattered. It was not a storm from above; would that it had been. It was of the earth earthy, born of greed and vandalism. But I have not time to write in pictorial language. You will remember that we have had trouble with the German officials here in Ebolewo'e. They want our location. Last May they came with very harsh demands which we considered unjust in the extreme. They demanded our site on short notice, and said they would not pay for anything but the houses, and that only in part. We absolutely refused to consider the matter and referred it to the Board, and the Board took it to the Berlin authorities. We supposed that the affair would be settled by them, but we were mistaken, for on the first day of February an officer came to make arrangements for the transfer of our property to the German government. He came in a friendly spirit, so he said, and he acted gentlemanly. He said his Government considered it absolutely necessary that their station be located where our station now is, and that they were willing to pay for the property. He then asked us if we were willing to go under those conditions. We did not want to answer his question for it involves a great deal. In the first place the property is not ours; it belongs to the Board, and we did not feel like giving up what does not belong to us. Secondly, we did not want to give up our home and be turned out in the bush to hunt a new location and build a new station. But Dr. Brown told us that in dealing with the officers it must be our first object to keep on friendly terms with them. Otherwise they could easily injure our work. The German Government has absolute control of this territory, and we recognize that when a Government wants a certain piece of land it can take it, no matter who objects. So, taking all things into consideration, we finally decided, after nearly two hours' evasive answering to his persistent question, that we better give in than have a break with the Government. Our action was not final, however. It must have the approval of the Board and the Government at Kamerun. According to the arrangement, we are to give

possession on the first of June, and the price stipulated by us is \$5095.00. We cannot expect that the Government will give that sum, but we had to put it high enough to be free from criticism by the Board. The final terms will be arranged between the Government and the Board. By "we" I mean Dr. Lippert, Mr. Dager and myself, the male members of Elat station present.

NEW MISSION SITE.

We dismissed school at once and began hunting for a location. We were partly prepared for this action from the Government, for it was talked over at Mission meeting and we were given power, in case the Government came on us again, to select and purchase a new site. This action has not been approved by the Board yet, but on the strength of it if we acted on the emergency. We took about twenty-five men with cutlasses (cutlass is the English of the American corn-cutter or knife) and cut paths through the bush so that we could see the general lay of the land, starting as our central point at a town some thirty minutes walk east of Elat. We liked the location of this town and wanted to see what was off to the sides. We cut in all directions but did not find it as we thought. Moreover, if we built there, we would have to buy out the whole town and make them all move. The people were willing to do so, but we did not want to do that if we could find another location. We hunted on and found a place we liked better than the first one. I will describe it somewhat now, and will send a map showing the location later. It will be about two miles from the Government station when they build on our old location, and that is close enough to what the Bulu have well named "the house of Satan." We do not want to get out of the reach of the people of Ebolewo'e, and this location will put us only about one mile from the most of the old town. It is near another town by the name of Mekalat, and is a central point for all the tribes around. There are seven springs and one of them is fine. It is 150 feet lower than Elat, yet it is not low. There is a fine stretch of land sloping gently on all sides from the point on which we expect to build. Another important item is that the ground is exceedingly rich for this country. We have some trouble getting food for the boys, but when we get over there and get a start, we will have food "to throw away" as the people say. It is the object of the Board to make Elat a central point for all Bulu-land. In that case we need more land than we could well get in Ebolewo'e, and the land here is not very rich. Over there we can get all the good land we want, even up to 100 acres. So in the end the Mission may be benefited by these seemingly unjust demands of the Government. The only thing in which the new location does not excell the old, is in the view. Yet we feel very loath to leave our old home. It means another



Rev. C. W. McCleary's home at Elat.

long siege of hard work. We have now about sixty men at work clearing, and when we get to building, we will want more. At present we have it hard, for we have to walk the two miles every morning and evening. It will cost a great deal of money and physical strength but if it is the Lord's will, we are ready for our share.

Mr. Dager has been very sick with the fever. I had another touch of it.

February 28, 1901.

Dear Parents:—Your letter of December 28 reached me February 23. That is quick travelling. Would that my Christmas box would come as fast, but freight is sometimes very slow.

We are glad to say that Lieutenant von Bulow has gone home. We feel quite sure he has been censured for his conduct, by his Government. He needed it. We are still not very hopeful, however, for the man in charge now, though he is not so ambitious, is a meaner man than the other. His name is Larsh, and he is not a "von."

I think you have a misunderstanding about the "German soldiers" you speak of out here. There are no white soldiers here. There are white officers and under-officers, but the private soldiers are all black men from up the coast, who are still savages, at least in acts.

I am feeling quite well and will not think of leaving here before June, unless hastened by serious sickness. Mrs. Lippert is better and may not go home this year. After my last fever I was down to 127½ pounds, but am back to 134 now. Mrs. Knauer has been very sick and she has gone home. Mr. Knauer accompanied her.

April 1, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—Dr. and Mrs. Lippert expect to leave for home in two days. Doctor will go as far as the Canary Islands, at least, and perhaps all the way, so it is settled that I will not leave here before July, and it will take about two months to get home. You may expect me some time in September, if nothing happens.

PAY DAY AT MISSION.

We have been busy clearing for the new station, and we have made very good progress. We have had a force of about 100 men working for us. Some have been getting bark, some thatch, some sills, some bamboo and others have been cutting trees and grubbing stumps. Saturday was pay-day and I paid eighty men, not cash, but trade goods. Perhaps it would be of interest to you if I should tell just what the Bulu take on such occasions. I paid out as follows in:

one afternoon: Four hundred thirty-six yards of cloth, one shirt, three coats, seven pairs of trousers, twenty-two butcher knives, nineteen pocket knives, twenty-five leather belts, three cricket belts, two pairs suspenders, seven mouth organs, twenty-five long bars of soap, one hoe, twenty fish-hooks, twenty-five needles, six iron pots, eight blankets, eight candles, six tin boxes pomade, two axes, nine undershirts, seventeen hats, seventy-four spoons, eleven spools thread, two strings of gilt beads, twenty strings blue beads, three boxes matches, two plates, one keg powder, one cap, one comb, one saw, five neptunes—equal to about \$165 retail.

Mr. Salveter, from Lolodorf, is with us. He is an architect and has made beautiful plans for our new station. The grounds will be beautiful and the buildings well located. We are waiting on official word to proceed with the building.

April 25, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—I was made happy today by the arrival of my Christmas box. The jar of fruit was spoiled and in spoiling itself, it spoiled the pop-corn, but every thing else was fine. The jelly is excellent and it came just at the right time, for Mrs. Dager has been sick and not able to eat much, and she enjoyed the jelly. And the candy was toothsome. For all these things—towels, socks, handkerchiefs, soap, fruit, etc.—I wish to thank you with all my heart. And for the love which prompted the sending of these little tokens I thank our Father which is in Heaven. This last thought is worth more to me than the things—a thousand times. I know they were sent with prayers and blessings, which are sweeter than candy and more refreshing than home-made jelly. Those dried apples took me back in memory to the old orchard, and boyhood days, when I used to help mother pare apples for drying. They made me think, too, of the boy who ate, it is said, a small sack of dried apples and then drank a quart of water. In the night season he had visions of a long, thin clerk in the clothing store, vainly trying to find trousers of sufficient dimensions to enclose those (once) dried apples. It is said he now votes against "expansion."

DEPLETED FORCE.

Dr. and Mrs. Lippert and baby left here on the 3d of April. We were saddened by the news that Mrs. Dr. Johnson, of Efulen, has been sick and is in such bad condition that the Doctor started home with her on the same steamer with Dr. and Mrs. Lippert. As yet we have no definite word, but matters appear rather serious out here, looking at it from the human standpoint. Mr. Johnston is alone at Efulen. Dr. and Mrs. Johnston have been sick at Batanga, and they

have only been here one-half year. But to come nearer home: Mrs. Dager has been sick for a week, and she is not improving. It will be necessary for her to go to Lolodorf, that she may have the attention of a physician. Our plan is this: Mr. Salveter, of Lolodorf, will come to Elat and stay with me, while Mr. and Mrs. Dager go to Lolodorf. Mr. Salveter was here, but returned to Lolodorf last week to settle up accounts. This will give Mr. S. and me another taste of baching, which, I confess, is not very inspiring in my present condition.

We are still at sea, not knowing which way to turn next, in regard to building a new station. The Government is so slow. Affairs of State move slowly. But it is not all clouds. There are bright moments. The natives are still coming, confessing their sins and asking to be enrolled with those who are seeking the Light. In our new clearing we have planted corn, peanuts, plantains, etc. We are eating roasting ears, onions, beans and radishes. These things help out wonderfully.

If our depleted force keeps on getting smaller and sicker, I may not be able to get away when I had planned, i. e. July. I simply can not tell. May God bless you all.

PLANS FOR HOME-GOING.

May 23, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—Mail arrived yesterday—a good mail, except that there was no word from home. I am writing this note tonight to ask you to tell the editors of the Imprint and the Gazette that they need not send their papers to Africa any more for the present. I am not sure, but I think I will leave Batanga on the Royal Mail steamer Sobo, which will leave about the 5th of August. This will put me in Liverpool, England, about the 5th of September.

Possibly I may reach New York by the middle of September. Further than that I have no plans, but I will doubtless be delayed in New York and Montclair several days at least. Then, I have received a letter from one of the "host of cousins" in the Cumberland Valley, urging a visit, and I would like to visit them. Just when, I do not know. I would like to get to see you about as soon as the steamer arrives in New York. If you have any suggestions send them to Liverpool. I will very likely make a visit east during my year at home, for Montclair has a strong claim on me. Possibly I can visit the cousins then. Then the route from New York to Iowa is lined with friends whom I would like to see. I will inform you later of my plans. This was to be a note, but it is growing into a letter. No definite word about the transfer of Elat to the Government yet. We are still waiting. I have had a touch of bronchitis but am better.

June 1, 1901.

Dear Brother Reed, and Members of Trinity Church:—When I last wrote you I think it was my plan to be with you by this time, but we cannot always do as we plan. I am still here and it is just possible that the way will not be open for me to reach the home-land this year, and if the Lord thus shuts the way I am quite content to remain, for He knows what is best. Dr. and Mrs. Lippert left here on April 3rd, and it was not at all certain that the doctor would return. At this writing I do not know whether he will or not. In the mean time Mrs. Dager has been very sick and she was taken to Lolodorf for medical treatment, and reports so far are not at all encouraging. It is more than possible that she will need a change worse than I will. At present Mr. Salveter, of Lolodorf station, and I are keeping bachelor hall at Elat. Should Dr. Lippert not return it would not be best for me to go, even if Mrs. Dager should get well. And even if the Doctor returns to us, it is not yet clear to me that I should leave, at least till Mr. Fraser gets here, which will probably not be till sometime in September, and that would be so late that it would make my going home dangerous on account of the sudden change to cold weather. I cannot say anything definite at present. Before Mrs. Dager took sick I planned to leave here on the August steamer, and I sincerely hope that it will be possible for me to leave then, for I realize that I need a change. I have been warned by five physicians and nearly all my fellow workers that I ought to get out of here this year, and I have not unheeded the warning. I have wanted to go, but, it would be fleeing from duty because of apparent danger to my health, or life, which I cannot do. The fact that the force on this field is inadequate to the need is surely apparent. Miss Christenson has been nearly a year alone at Benito. Mr. Johnston is alone at Efulen. Mrs. Lehman and Mrs. Dager are both sick at Lolodorf. The missionaries are at their wits end to know how to distribute the remnants in order to keep the stations all open. Come over into Africa and help us fight the Lord's battles. Don't let the banners fall. Fill up the broken ranks and let us go forward and possess the land for our King.

I am greatly indebted to the members of Trinity for the many kind letters which they have written to me. Please accept my thanks and kindest greetings, one and all. I am always greatly encouraged by these letters, and am sorry that I cannot answer each one personally. I have not written much lately, thinking all the time that I would soon see you face to face.

We are still waiting for a reply from the German Government regarding our property here but expect it every day, so it has been a continual disappointment, day after day, for three months. We know by bitter experience that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. On the material side of the station work, our hands are tied at present,

but the German Government cannot stop the Spirit from working on the hearts of these people, and here is where we get great encouragement.

June 3, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—Fast mail will leave in the morning. A man has promised to get our mail to the coast in four days. If he does he will have to go about thirty-seven miles per day. This was done once and another young man wants to break the record. We now have a new mail bag. It is a regular canvas mail bag like some used at home, with a Yale lock on with six keys. This bag is put inside a rubber bag, and we now hope our mail will come in better condition.

Mr. Devor, our Mission treasurer, has been with us a week. Elat accounts are all right. Mrs. Dager still sick. Mr. Salveter and I still baching.

Although I may leave in August, I simply cannot tell yet. Don't expect me until you hear from me at Liverpool or New York.

For some reason, since I have gone to baching again I have gained six or seven pounds. This is encouraging should I have to stay until next spring.

HOME-GOING CERTAIN.

July 1, 1901

My Dear Parents:—Our "fast mail" is a success. A boy carried our new mail bag, weighing in all twenty pounds, from Batanga to Elat in four days, averaging thirty-seven miles a day. The same boy will leave this morning with mail.

You will be disappointed when I tell you that the chances of my getting home this year are slim. No re-inforcements have arrived and I simply cannot leave when there are so few workers on the field, especially if I do not feel worse than I do now. Should I get sick again before my twenty days are up, (for I have twenty days yet in which to decide), I might go on the August steamer. Otherwise I will perhaps stay over until next year. You will be rejoiced to know that I am gaining in flesh. I now weigh 145 pounds. This encourages me very much. Mrs. Dager is some better and Mr. Dager has left her at Lolodorf and has come over to help us out at Elat. The missionary spirit of these two workers is worthy of praise. They are here to stay unless something very serious happens, and are willing to endure a great deal for the sake of the work. Mr. Dager came away from his wife when she was still needing his care, in order to let me get away

as I had been planning. We have not yet received word as to what to do in regard to rebuilding our station. We are still waiting but we are getting ready for a rapid move in the meantime. I think you will understand my position. We are expecting word any day that we must move our station, and there are but three of us here. Should I leave, Mr. Salveter and Mr. Dager would be left with all that work, and Mr. Dager ought to be with his sick wife. So while you will be disappointed if I do not get home, yet you would not have me flee from my duty.

I went out to a town some ten miles away the other day and held three meetings and there were twenty who came to confess their sins, and say they wanted to be followers of Christ. I took their names as "inquirers" and they will be instructed with the class. The roll of "inquirers" has reached the number of 290, and their instruction and care adds no little burden to the work. Don't look for me till you hear of me in New York.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

Osom is a young man of the Ndong tribe who live about thirty minutes' walk east of Elat station. He used to be a faithful attendant at services at the station. That faithfulness has been the means of his imbibing the truths which have been preached, and on Christmas Day, 1899, he came out with about a dozen others and confessed faith in Jesus Christ. But long before this confession he had been trying to live the Christ life, and his people made great sport of him. He used to pray and they would throw things at him. When he would shut his eyes to ask the blessing before eating they would steal his food. When he tries to tell the people of his town about God they curse and swear at him. His brothers admit that he does not swear back at them or fight as he used to do. So, knowing that he will not get mad and abuse them, they take advantage of him. The chiefs of his town say that if anyone dies he must pay for that death because he brings this new kind of medicine into town to kill people. During the war the people were running to the bush to escape the soldiers. They stopped in their fight to consult as to the best place to go. One young man suggested a town near by, by the name of Ntyili. Osom said no, for he heard that the soldiers were to go to that place to fight. The first speaker cursed Osom for opposing his view, and when Osom did not curse back he picked up a stick and hit Osom over the head. The blow was very painful and the blood ran down on his coat from the wound, but he did not say or do anything. Those blood stains can still be seen on his little coat as a witness to his faithfulness.

But worse things were in store for him. The Bulu idea of a man,

a real man, is that he must marry many wives. Osom, of course, said he would marry but one. Some of his people said that by becoming a Christian he lost his manhood. He was no longer a real man and was not deserving of a wife at all, so they planned to take away the one wife he had, as well as his little baby boy. They called a meeting and talked it over and a big chief "cut" the palaver, saying Osom must give her back to the man who had her when Osom married her, for, they said, he had not paid enough goods on her. This palaver was talked about thirty minutes' walk east of where Osom lives. When he heard that they were going to take his wife away he broke away from the crowd and ran for his town with all his might to warn her about it. When within calling distance he called to her and told her to flee to the Mission. She picked up her baby and ran as fast as she could to the station and hid in one of our outhouses. After a while Osom came puffing up with tears in his eyes, and, as he tried to catch his breath, told his story. We showed them a house where they might stay unmolested, and then went and informed the officer in charge of the Government station. He told us to tell the young man to appear the next day, but in the meantime the chief who judged the matter, and another man came to the officer with the same trouble, wanting, of course, the officer to make Osom give the woman up. The trial was set for next day. Osom prayed much that night, and so did we for him. We also wrote a letter to the officer stating what we knew of the case. After hearing both sides the officer was quite indignant at the unjust way in which the affair was judged. He flogged the man who wanted the woman back, and the chief who judged the palaver against Osom. He told Osom to pay three more goats and the woman would be his under the protection of the government. Osom had already paid eight goats, one gun, eight neptunes, worth 50 cents each, and thirty-two yards of cloth for his wife. This is not as much as most men pay for their wives. The price varies according to the beauty of the woman. Sometimes four or five times the above amount is paid. Osom was the happiest man in Bululand when he returned to the Mission after the trial. He was given fourteen days in which to hunt the three goats, and he started out the next day. He found one and took it to the officer and went to hunt for more. He hunted and hunted. He tried to buy but no one would sell. Goats were scarce. Five days were left and no prospect of finding the two goats. The days were wearing and so was the smile on Osom's face. It was getting serious. One day was left and Osom came home with an anxious face and said he could not find the goats and he feared his wife would be taken away yet. We had a few goats at the station and we told him to put up enough goods to pay for two goats and leave them as a pledge and we would help him out. So he took the goats and paid the amount specified and the woman is his. Nearly two months

have passed and he is still hunting goats, but he is now in milder hands than before.

The days of persecution are not over. Neither are the days past in which God takes care of His own.

HOME-GOING DELAYED.

July 22, 1901

My Dear Parents:—Mail leaves today which will catch the steamer I had planned to go home on. I am sorry to disappoint you by not going myself, but I feel that it is my duty to stay a while longer. After a long wait of fourteen months can at last see the end near. We can now begin to work with something definite in view. Yesterday as I was going out to the town, I met Lieutenant Larsh coming to the Mission with papers from the Government in regard to the purchase of our property. If I understood his broken English he was coming to make the final agreement in regard to the transfer. I told him we do not do such work on the Sabbath day but would meet him any time after 6 o'clock Monday morning. He set the time at 8 o'clock and at that time we will know what we are to do. It is now 6 A. M. and I want to have this letter ready before going to the Government station. I will add a few words after we get back to tell you what was done.

I am glad now that I did not attempt to go on the August steamer for now will be the busiest time we have had. I am feeling quite well and think I can stand it until next March, perhaps. Mr. and Mrs. Dager returned last Thursday and Mrs. Dager is much improved. Dr. Lippert is expected to reach us within a week. Mr. Salveter is still here but will likely go back to Lolodorf to help there with the work soon. We are greatly rejoiced to know that we will not have to wait much longer. This wait has been galling, and yet it may be just the thing we needed. The new location has been worked one season and we do not know how much malaria has been burned out of the soil in that time. Had we gone over there last May as we thought at first, possibly the malaria would have given us much trouble. We do not know. But this we do know, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

We have nearly all the material ready for the new house and it will not take very long to build it and move over. We have been having our peanuts dug. So far they have turned out about forty bushels.

9:30 A. M. We have just returned from the Government station and have signed the agreement to sell Elat to the Government for the sum of \$5,095.00. We are to be off by the 15th of October.

STRENUOUS DAYS.

August 14, 1901.

Dear Bro. Reed:—Elat workers have never been more rushed with hard work than at the present time. At the founding of the station we had all the time we needed for building the necessary buildings, but now we must be through and move in a certain time. I think I wrote to one of your members that the long delay has been broken. The German Government has finally promised to pay the sum we asked for the old location and we are to be off by the 15th of October. At present our working force is as follows: Rev. and Mrs. Dager, Mr. Salveter, and myself. Dr. Lippert came back, but he was asked to go to Lolodorf for a time. Mr. Fraser is expected in a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Dager are both sick and I am very glad I did not go in August as I had planned. I am feeling as well as can be expected under the circumstances. I am frank to admit that it is not the best. But we are so taken up with the work that we do not have time to think about how we feel, or time to write, so please do not expect much for a time. We want to get settled in our new home. We are working under high pressure. There are on an average 100 men working every day and it takes some care and patience to direct them and look after and feed them. We have finished a kitchen, (which is built separate from the main house), and one of us will sleep in it till the house is built. The other two have to walk thirty minutes every morning and evening. The new place is rapidly taking on shape and beauty, and will make a fine station, we think.

August 19, 1901.

My Dear Father and Mother:—I am now writing at the new station. We have completed the kitchen, which is separate from the house, and Mr. Salveter and I are living in it so as to be handy to the work. We are getting along first rate. There are over a hundred men working at the station. One day there were 120, and others out getting material. We have the frame of the new home all up and expect to have the roof on in three days. We can finish a part of it and move over, we think, inside of three weeks from now. Mr. Dager has been sick and Dr. Lippert is over from Lolodorf. We expect Mr. Fraser in a few weeks, and we will be glad to see him. It is work, work, work, from daylight to dark six days in the week, and Sabbath services on Sunday.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Batanga, September 25, 1901.

Dear Bro. Reed:—I am at last about to start home. I left Elat September 12, and arrived at Batanga the 19th. Expect the steamer

any day now, but do not know on what date she is due in Liverpool. Will reach New York somewhere between the middle and last of November. I am feeling better than when I left Elat. The first day out from Elat I feared I would not reach the coast, but kept improving all the way, and now almost feel like returning and going to work again. Hoping to see you soon after you get this note will close.

S. S. Olenda, Near Plymouth, England, November 2, 1901.

My Dear Parents:—It will be five weeks tomorrow since I got on this vessel. We have had a long, tiresome voyage and a good deal of rough sea. Between Sierra Leone and the Canary Islands I had a fever, but am feeling quite well now. We expect to get to Liverpool Monday morning and I will take the Wednesday's boat for New York November 6th, arriving at New York about the 13th, I presume. Hoping this note will get across before I do, I say good-bye for a few days. Watch arrival of boats in the daily paper. "White Star" Line, either the Teutonic, Majestic, Oceanic, or Celtic. I do not know which boat leaves next Wednesday. I feel the cold very much.

AT HOME.

Crawfordsville, Iowa, November 25, 1901.

Dear Mr. Reed:—I am with my Father and Mother and have seen all my brothers and most of my relatives, and you may know that it has been a joyful meeting. I arrived here at 10 A. M. Saturday, feeling first rate but the excitement was too much for me. At 12, while we were meeting around our first table together, I took a chill and at 1:30 had a temperature of 103. The fever soon passed off, however, and I had a good night. Sabbath morning I was very sick again. I am feeling much better today and am very hopeful for a gradual recovery of my old time strength. I was very sick on the train Friday morning, also, and did not sleep that night, so I was just worn out when I reached home. I am under the care of a good physician and am in good hands in my own home—and there is no place like it. Have three or four calls to speak already, but I am going to refuse all for a while, and rest and get strong. I do not believe anyone knows how weak I am but myself, for my looks are deceiving.

I found my parents and friends all well, and the weather is delightful. I am going to have a good time resting and try to lead some young people into a deeper interest in missions while I am at it.

I hope you are free from the sickness which was wearing you all out while I was there. My regards to Mrs. Reed, and to each and all of your children, and to all the Trinity people. I would still like to

hear from you. Will not Elizabeth write to me, and tell me how her dolly behaves in her African chair.

Crawfordsville, Iowa, December 11, 1901.

Dear Mr. Reed:—I have been looking for my boxes every day, but they have not put in their appearance yet so I thought I better write you and see if they have been started or if they are lost. I am getting a little anxious lest something has happened to them. I want to know, also, how you are all getting along. Is the diphtheria still in your midst, or are you free from it and all out again?

We have been having beautiful weather out here in Iowa. There is snow on the ground now, but it has not been here long and we think it will not stay long for it is too warm. I am getting along well. Have had no trouble to speak of since the first few days at home. They say I am getting fat and am looking much better. I was tickled the other day when a lady told me a remark she heard the day I got off the train. It was this, "Well, it is easy seeing why that missionary came home. He is too poor for the Africans to eat." I have not done any speaking yet and do not intend to for some time, if I can help it. There is some hard pressure brought to bear upon me but I have not yielded yet. I am enjoying my home and friends, but I long to get back among the Africans and get to work. I am doing nothing here, it seems, although I am busy all the time.

Please remember me to all, and accept my best wishes for yourself and family.

Germantown, Pa., June 6, 1902.

Dear Mr. Reed:—Miss Kirby cannot come to the Conference, so I am going west soon unless you (or Dr. A. W. Halsey) have some good reason for my staying. If you wish me for any reason please write me not later than Monday (or send telegram) to Mr. Kerr's, 50 Southhampton Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. Will explain later. Please keep my secret yet awhile.

Crawfordsville, Iowa, July 7, 1902.

Dear Bro. Reed:—I am a guilty man for not writing you sooner. I am at home at last. Had a very fine visit but it was hard on me. Up early and up late, changing beds, food and water, and then being on "company manners" all the time were all hard on me, besides the constant speaking. "Well, now, Mr. McCleary, I think it quite providential that you happened along just at this time. I am not feeling very well. Won't you take the services tomorrow?" So it went. I

spoke twice every Sabbath save one. But it is all right. I am at home and feeling as good, if not better, than at any time since I came.

Miss Kirby is not very well just now. You know she was to attend the Conference, but had to give it up. She thinks she will be all right soon. Her parents are bitterly opposed to her going, which makes it so much harder for her.

Just received \$70.20 for a donkey. I have written the "Donkey Circle" thanking them. This was a surprise. They raised it so quickly. They beat the "Shot gun boys" badly. I hope it will do good in the school as well as in Africa.

I hope you are all having a good, restful time out on the farm. I send a few stamps for the boys and my love to all.

Winona Lake, Indiana, August 2, 1902.

Dear Bro. Reed:—I do not remember whether I owe you a letter or not. Anyway, I will write. Miss Kirby and I are attending a Bible Conference here and are having a royal feast of Spiritual things. You may announce the plan I have of taking some one back to Africa with me. It is in all the local papers around our home. If God will, we will sail November 15th, although we are not absolutely sure. We expect to be "tied up" about October 1st and start east about November 1st, so we can have time for a little visit, and some necessary shopping. We are neither of us as well as we would like to be, but hope that the remaining months and the journey out will suffice to make us well and ready for the work.

I have not been speaking much lately. Have attended a Chautauqua at Columbus Junction, Iowa, which I enjoyed very much. This Conference is a treat, indeed. Winona is a delightful place. There are something like 3,500 people here now. Someone says there are 1,500 ministers here. May God help us all to improve the advantages here given on this mount of privilege. I trust you are all well. Regards to all.



Mrs. C. W. McCleary.

BACK TO AFRICA WITH MRS. McCLEARY.

Liverpool, January 15, 1903.

Dear Mr. Amerman:—We are settled on terra firma once more and I am very glad. The first part of the voyage was quite pleasant. By Sabbath day we had our sea legs on and Monday morning we felt first class, but in the afternoon the sea began to get rough and Tuesday we were in a storm all day. Oh, my! We were both very sick, and were not up much that day. We thought of that song, "Oh, Mr. Captain, stop the ship; I want to get out and walk; I feel so fliperty floperty flip, I can never reach New York." How glad we were to see land on Wednesday. The Emerald Isle looked so green and fresh, (I like an Irishman) it made us think of "Irish stew." We arrived at Queenstown at about 5:00 P. M. Wednesday, and we reached Liverpool at 9:30 today. A man sent by our agent here, met us and took charge of our baggage, so not one trunk or package had to be opened for examination. We are stopping at a peculiar hotel. The prices are the only big things about it except the butler's feet. Tallow candles and open grates are still used, and oh, it is cold. But we are enjoying it and our stomachs are at peace. We did more shopping today than we did in two days in New York. We found a real live Englishman, who hustled like a Yank, and he had nearly everything we wanted.

When you get our cable message will you please "drop" a line to our parents, i. e., J. H. McCleary, Crawfordsville, Iowa, and Mrs. J. M. Kirby, Fairfield, Iowa. I hope you are all as happy as we are. With kindest regards to all from both of us.

S. S. Oron, Off Morocco Coast, January 23, 1903.

Dear Mr. Reed:—I wrote Mr. Amerman at Liverpool as to our journey that far. I will write you a note and mail it at Teneriffe.

We were landed at Liverpool at 9:30, January 15th, nearly a day late. It was very chilly—a penetrating cold, and we did not get warm while in Liverpool. There were no fires in any of the shops or stores, and nothing but small grates in our hotel. But we got through our shopping and onto the steamer all right on Saturday, at 10:30. The voyage has been very pleasant so far. We had a little rough sea for two days, but now it is smooth and we are enjoying it exceedingly. There are five other missionaries of other denominations on board. There are about sixty passengers and a good class, too, for the west coast. There are German and English officers going out to settle a

boundary dispute. We have all kinds of games, music and books, and good company. Everything is lovely.

January 24, 10:00 A. M. 1903.

Land in sight. We expect to reach Teneriffe this afternoon. We are in a little doubt just now as to whether the captain will stop at Batanga going out. Through an oversight our names were put on the list for Rio Del Ray, and so the order was given to the captain to sail from Kamerun direct to the southernmost port on their journey and to stop at Batanga returning. Our tickets call for Batanga, however. Just what will be done I cannot say now. We are planning to buy the donkey, and risk getting to Batanga somehow. The captain says, "Yes, get the donkey and we will see what we can do." Now, they may put us off at Kamerun and send us on by a German steamer, or they may put us off at night. This latter I do not like. But we do not want to go all the way south with the boat, for it will take three weeks extra. But we have faith that all will be well in the end and we are not worrying.

Regards to all and Christian love from both.

TEDDY.

S. S. Oron, January 28, 1903.

Dear Mr. Amerman:—Friday we expect to reach Sierra Leone and we will have another chance to send letters back. We are now in a warm country. It will soon be hot. We are having a very smooth sea and the vessel is moving on about as smoothly as a Hoboken ferry boat. We are feeling fairly well. I never am well on the ocean. But there is nothing to complain of. We went ashore on Teneriffe, and Mrs. McCleary went to see the sights while I created one. I spotted the first man I saw with a donkey and asked him if he wanted to sell it. He was a Spaniard and could not understand me. We made some great gestures at each other but gained nothing. Soon a crowd began to collect and I shifted to another place. They all followed. Other donkeys came up and more people. After some time a man came who could talk English, and so I had an interpreter. Donkeys and human beings sprang from the ground and in fifteen minutes there were at least seventy people around me. Men, women and children, soldiers, policemen and dogs, all wanting to see the fun.

It was hard to select a suitable one, and the owners were such liars that I was afraid to even trust myself. The purser of the ship and the agent of the company came to my assistance at last, and I succeeded in buying the much talked of donkey. They put the price

up, for they knew my time was limited. I paid about \$30.00. The freight is \$20.00, and counting feed and loading, etc., he has now cost me about \$60.00. It is outrageous the way they charge for such things. Human beings are the same everywhere. When a man is down they tramp him. When a man is in a corner advantage is taken of his necessity. The donkey stands the voyage splendidly. I hope he will go through all right, and that he will be useful. Mrs. McCleary thinks "Teddy" would be a good name for him because, she says, he looks like a "rough rider." He has the customary long ears and I suspect that he can bray, although I have not heard him yet. We are going to have a concert tonight. I tried to get him on the program, but they objected. Mrs. McCleary suggested that I sing instead.

The value of a donkey in our inland work among the Bulu has been demonstrated by the trial of two. They are especially adapted to the ladies. They save the expense of hammock men, for without the donkey, from four to six men are required to carry one lady.

The value of one of these faithful little animals to our work was suggested at Trinity church last summer, and the girls of the Sabbath school decided that they would like to furnish their foreign pastor with the necessary funds for securing one.

It was interesting to see Teddy come on board. He did not come up the ladder like other passengers, but must have an elevator suitable for gentlemen of his class. A canvass sling was put under him and the great iron crane was used in hoisting him up. How he did kick as he dangled in mid air, but to no advantage. He looked quite astonished as his feet struck the deck. A favored lad! How few of his brethren have the honor of a sea voyage. Mrs. McCleary named him "Teddy" because, she says, he looks like a "rough rider." Long live Teddy, and may he do credit to his tribe.

IN AFRICA AGAIN.

Lolodorf, February 27, 1903.

My Dear Parents:—We left Batanga on Monday morning, each riding a donkey. We had no rain on the journey. Part of the way it was very hot, but most of it was through the forest and very pleasant. We had a tent along and used it two nights. We traveled 81½ miles in four days. We were very tired when we reached Lolodorf, but were so warmly received by Rev. Dager, and Dr. and Mrs. Lehman, and baby Elizabeth, that we felt better soon. We expect to rest here till Monday and then go on to our station, fifty-five miles further. You will note that we have taken the northern route. You will notice, also, that the distance is shorter than it used to be. The road has been straightened and this much has been cut off. Dr. and Mrs. Lehman, Rev. Dager, and Dr. Lippert all go home in April. That will leave no one at Lolodorf, three at Elat, (after June, when Mr. Salveter leaves), and four at Efulen. You see how our interior force is dwindling down.

We have just heard from Elat that there are 371 boys at school. I do not see how we can care for them. Oh, but we need help. On the way up we met a caravan of 150 natives. Some of them knew me. When they knew that I was a missionary, and not a trader, or Government official, a crowd gathered around me and begged me to get off and talk to them about God. They followed at least a quarter of a mile, asking us to sing to them, which we did as we rode away. Myrtie sends her love with mine. Good wishes for all, and may God's blessing be upon you.

Elat, March 11, 1903.

My Dear Parents:—Our last letter home was from Lolodorf. At Lolodorf we left Dr. Lehman's donkey and came on with Teddy. We left there March 2d, slept two nights on the way and reached Elat March 4th at noon. Dr. Lippert met us some five miles away with two ponies, so I rode from there in. We had a splendid journey and got here all right. There was no rain on the trip. Roads are good for Africa.

RECEPTION AT ELAT.

I wish you could have seen the reception at Elat. Dr. Lippert took the lead on his pony, I came next on another pony borrowed for the occasion, and Myrtie came last on Teddy. About a quarter of a mile from the station the school boys met us. There were near

400 in the crowd, counting outsiders. They gathered around us like a swarm of bees, shouting and laughing. Mr. Salveter and Mr. Fraser came also, after having fired a salute, and we were all marched up together to the house. The three bachelors were getting along all right and the work was booming. Part of the house I helped to start just before I went home was vacated for us. Mr. Fraser and Dr. Lippert are in other parts of it yet, but Doctor will be starting home next week and when "bachelor's hall" is completed we will have the whole house of four rooms, three closets and a pantry all to ourselves. Just when that will be I cannot tell. But we are well situated as it is. The new site of Elat is beautiful. I wish you might have a walk over the place and see it. We are not bothered with little hills and rocks as at the other place. We have good soil and plenty of it. I will have charge of the work outside and after I get the run of it again I will write about it.

On the 10th I had a touch of fever, but was out in twenty hours. It was due to drinking water from streams on the journey, perhaps. Doctor gave me forty grains of quinine and I hope the fever will not appear soon. Dr. Lippert leaves for America on March 18th. That will leave us without a physician, but we trust that we will not need one after he leaves. Do you know that Myrtie is the only white woman within three days journey (about sixty miles)? She does not seem to notice it much yet.

We have taken charge of the culinary department. Messrs. Fraser and Salveter will eat with us. We took over all the live stock, and you will be surprised to know of the stock we own, viz: Sixty chickens, twelve goats, six sheep, two cats, a donkey, and I have bought Dr. Lippert's pony. She is a horse from the interior, raised by the Mohammedans. The stock was probably brought from the Soudan, and possibly in former years from Egypt or Arabia. The pony is a "goer," full of life, yet she is very gentle. The Doctor claims to have ridden her six miles in thirty-five minutes. I intend to use her in riding over the place directing the boys at work and in itinerating from town to town. We are talking of getting some cows from up near Lake Chad. The Germans are sending for some and we can get them quite cheap. If they will give milk what a boon it will be for us. I am willing to risk a little money on a test, at least.

McCLEARY AS A DOCTOR.

March 27, 1903.

Our mail has been delayed but will probably reach you as soon as it would had it left here earlier. Dr. Lippert is gone and I have the position of "doctor." I will write it "Q. D." instead of M. D. "Q. D." means "quack doctor." But the Bulu have about as much confidence in one man as another, even though one may know a great deal more than the other. They come to me with all sorts of diseases. I have had about forty patients in the ten days I have had charge of the work. The school is the largest we have ever had; something like 400 altogether, men, women, boys and girls all attending. The usual Sabbath congregation is about 500. The church or chapel is not completed. The roof is on and there are logs for seats, but it is as good as the Bulu are used to as it is. We expect to get it seated soon. Our pony stepped in a hole when Dr. Lippert rode her last, and fell, hurting her leg so I am not able to use her now. She will soon be well. Dr. Lippert took Teddy with him to the coast.

I have asked the officials to bring down ten cows from the interior when they bring their's down. They will not be here for five or six months. About 100 of the boys went on a strike day before yesterday, refusing to work. Result: Five of the leaders in the affair were whipped, and all who struck were given no food for a whole day. It was just a family jar. We have not yet heard from you since leaving Liverpool. Rev. Cotton's letter received, however, and in it he mentioned the fact that Mary's arm was broken. We were very sorry to hear this sad news. We know none of the particulars. I hope she is well ere this. We are well and very happy, as well as very busy. Love to all. Myrtie is writing also.

March 12, 1903.

Dear Mr. Amerman:—Teddy is all right. He carried Mrs. McCleary up to Elat in seven days, having a few days rest at Lolodorf. Then I gave him a good test the other day. I rode him twelve miles after 3:30 P. M. That is not very fast, but for a short legged donkey it will do.

Now for a little favor. The baby organ is here, but looks some the worse for not having anyone to play on it or look after it. We found one reed broken, and I send it to you asking you to get a new one if you can. The things provided by the good people of Trinity have come into good use. We are just beginning to get straightened out. Have not played ping pong yet, but we are planning to soon, a suitable table being the only thing wanted. Mrs. McCleary joins in sending kindest regards to all.

March 27, 1903.

Dear Mr. Reed:—Mail will be sent to the coast tomorrow and I will send you a note. Dr. Lippert, Dr. and Mrs. Lehman and Rev. W. M. Dager all sail for America April 5th. We thus have to close Lolodorf. Elat is without a physician. Mr. Salveter will be removed to the south part of the field about June. That will leave Elat with Mr. Fraser and Mrs. McCleary and me. I do not see how we will get along. We have a school of about 400. About 200 work in the afternoon and must be shown where and how. The buildings are not completed. The medical work has fallen on my shoulders. The Sabbath services are well attended, averaging about 500. We need help.

May 19, 1903.

Dear Mr. Amerman:—Your letter to me, and Mrs. Amerman's letter to Mrs. McCleary were received last mail. We were exceedingly rejoiced to get them. They were like water to a thirsty man in the desert. Do you know that Mrs. McCleary is the only white woman within sixty miles, or a three days' journey? A letter from a sympathetic friend is much appreciated. I have become hardened and do not miss society and civilization so much. Then, too, I know the language and can enter into conversation with the natives around me. You can hardly imagine Mrs. McCleary's position. She goes to church, but does not understand a word. She sees plenty of people, but cannot talk with them. You may know that her thoughts must turn inward and homeward. But she has been very brave hearted and she is entering into the work. I tell you these things to solicit letters on the part of the ladies, and also to let you know that she is getting along all right.

THE COLLECTION.

I must tell you about our last communion service. It was unique. The church was organized last October with six members. Two more were added the first Sabbath in May. You may wonder where all those inquirers I told you about are. Well, they are still in training. On communion day the eight members took a front seat and the chapel filled up to overflowing. The building is open on three sides, and when the seats are all taken, they can collect on the outside, and stand or sit on the clean ground as they like. On this particular day there were between 700 and 800 people out. After the sermon and distribution of the elements the collection was announced. It was then time to grab your hat and make sure of your footing for the stampede was on. These people do not as yet make much use of cash, so in the church collection we had to take such things as they had to give. The basket was not passed around, for it was too large. It

was placed on the platform and the donations were brought forward by the givers. Now, here they come. One old woman, covered with oil and redwood powder, has a chicken blind in one eye. In it goes. Next come two rolls of cassava, a boy with two white buttons, a little girl throws in a string of beads, more cassava, another chicken, two fish hooks, four yards of calico, a cutlass, a piece of brass wire, a china plate, a spool of thread, another button, a knife, a finger ring, etc., etc. We had to estimate the value of all these things and pay into the church treasury the cash equal to the goods brought. The collection amounted in cash to \$7.00. Now, this means more than \$7.00 in America. More than one person gave the wages of a whole week. This collection does not compare with the first one, in which there were forty chickens and other things in proportion. These collections are encouraging, in that they show the desire to give something, however small, to the Lord. The attendance has been near 500, sometimes more, hardly ever less, and I have had a class in Sunday school which has reached 235. This is too large a class to handle, but there is no one to divide with. School closed on May 8th. This was the largest school we have ever had—about 400. Mr. Fraser had charge of it. I have had the boys to look after during work hours, and it was no small task. Last week I had an attack of dysentery but I am about well again. I will write the boys and girls about Teddy and the shot gun. Both have done good service.

LETTERS CONCERNING DEATH OF McCLEARY.

Elat, June 26, 1903.

My Dear Mr. Reed:

"There are times when writing is a difficult task and this is one of them. But I know that the people of Trinity church will wish to hear of the facts concerning Mr. McCleary's death, so I will try to tell you of his last hours. First: he was never well after reaching Elat. Ten days after arriving he had the fever,, a few weeks after, an attack of dysentery, and lastly, inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The Doctor at this station left for America two weeks after we arrived, and Mr. McCleary assumed the medical work, which kept him busy night and day. In the month of May he treated more than one hundred cases, which would keep an amateur M. D. busy, as you know. He complained of being tired, but hardly ever stopped to rest. June the 7th, he had charge of the church services—singing, praying, teaching and preaching as usual, but the next morning he went to bed with fever. His temperature rose to 104 degrees and staid there till Wed-



Elat's first grave.

nesday morning. The usual remedies were applied, but all efforts to allay it were fruitless. Hematuria set in and we dispatched a messenger for the doctor at Efulen—he was at the beach and did not arrive until a week later. In the meantime the fever went down, the hematuria ceased and we hoped the worst was over, when he began to vomit his food. The medicine we gave him, even water, was rejected and he suffered from thirst and the inward fever until he was almost delirious with pain. Three times we changed the medicine and succeeded in allaying the pain for a short time, but as it came on again at each time it grew worse, and his suffering was so intense that his face assumed an unnatural appearance. He could not suppress his moans, but he uttered no word of complaint or anxiety. When the Doctor arrived we hoped he might restore him to us, but all he could do was to give him morphine to ease him, and on Saturday evening, June 20, at 8 o'clock, he breathed his last. When he realized that the end was near, he said he was very sorry, for he wished to do more for these people, but he was not afraid to go. Between the intervals of pain he bade us all good-bye and left messages for each one. As the last dose of morphine was administered, he said, "Dear Father, I am ready, come and take me," and the Father answered his prayer. His suffering was so intense that he prayed constantly for release, and the last of many verses of scripture which he quoted was the last half of II Timothy 1:12.

He passed away quietly into the land where there is no pain—neither sorrow nor crying. We folded his hands, placed flowers in them and ferns on his pillow, and he looked so sweet and peaceful as he slept among the flowers in his white lined coffin, that we could but rejoice that his suffering was over. The funeral was very pretty and impressive—six boys whom he loved, dressed in white suits and black sashes, lifted the coffin so lovingly on their shoulders, and bore it down the path where two Sundays before he and I had gone to the church. During his twelve days' illness, the natives stood in groups around the house, striving to suppress their sobs and begging to come in and see him. Now, they assembled in great numbers, to pay their respects to his memory. The Governor also called twice to see him, extended his sympathy to me, brought a large wreath of flowers and headed the procession on the way to the church. His under officers and the white traders came in a body and sat with us on the rostrum during the service. They sang the hymns he had written, talked in Bulu and English, and prayed. Then the great crowd passed silently around and looked for the last time at the face of him who had laid down his life for them. In a secluded but beautiful spot, the first grave in the new burying ground was made, lined with white cloth and ferns, and there we laid him to rest.

After the usual services at the grave, the Governor and his fol-

lowers came forward and after a few words in German, they distributed their three handfuls of earth upon the coffin according to the German custom. Slowly we retired and wended our way back to the lonely house—alone, and oh, so sad, but we felt that the beautiful palms which covered his coffin and grave were ‘palms of victory’ for Christ. My memory is still fresh with the last bright days spent in America at your home, and I hope you will not get discouraged nor shrink at this act of Providence. I know you will not. Pray more than ever and work harder if possible. I hope to go on in the work which he had begun. I am learning the language, and hope to be able ere long to teach these people. I have not been ill and our three and one-half months here have been very busy, but exceedingly happy ones. Hand in hand we worked, prayed, and trusted, and while my heart is very sad and lonely, I recognize the Lord’s hand in it all, and can say, ‘Not my will, O Father, but Thine be done.’ Everyone here has been so kind to me.

Mr. Salveter and Mr. Fraser both, were very helpful and insisted on watching by him nights. The latter was not well and the strain brought on fever, so, when the doctor arrived to see Mr. McCleary he found him in bed also. He had hematuria, also, and a hard struggle for life. He was in bed the day of the funeral and the doctor has ordered him home. He is preparing to start for America by next steamer. Mrs. Johnston of Efulen came up to see me and they have decided I had better go down there until a doctor comes, or a man and wife. Mr. Salveter will be left alone to ‘hold the fort,’ so I have packed our goods again and will leave next Tuesday for Efulen. You cannot know how sad a task it was to break up the household, nor how desolate it now seems—everything is full of silent language which speaks of his departure. At first I felt I could not do it, but grace and strength came and I hope it will not be long before I can return and work here, as I feel he would wish me to. O, pray for Africa and the people here—pray continually, and remember me, for I feel very weak and helpless. One who stood by his death bed said, ‘Sir, you have preached many sermons, but this is the greatest one you have ever preached to these people.’ And so, perhaps, his death may do more for the cause than his life would have, and we who knew him best will be better for the influence which his life has cast around us.

Some time I will write you more concerning the work here, and I hope I may still retain an interest in your prayers and your work. Will you please tell me how many members and how many families are represented in Trinity church? Please remember me to the many friends who made my stay there so pleasant. May God bless and keep you as He has me since I last saw you, is the prayer of your sorrowing charge.”

MRS. C. W. McCLEARY.

Elat, June 24, 1903.

Mr. Jas. H. McCleary, Crawfordsville, Iowa.

My Dear Mr. McCleary:—You doubtless have heard before this of your son's death at 8 P. M. June 20th. I realize that at such a time words fail to give comfort, yet we wish to express our deep and heartfelt sympathy to yourself and family. Especially do our hearts go out to his mother, whom Charles remembered to the last and to whom, although dying, he sent his last loving message. Never have I been so impressed by any death. Such implicit faith and trust in his Saviour, and willingness to go were expressed in his last words, "Come, dear Father, and take me home." His sickness was short and his pain not severe, although at times he was very uncomfortable and tired.

His sickness began with fever and hematuria, but when it left his stomach and intestines in such a condition that nothing, either medicine or food, could be retained. I left Efulen at noon on Monday, and reached Elat at noon Wednesday, and found Mr. McCleary then very weak, and vomiting frequently. I succeeded in allaying the vomiting for a time and got him to resting much easier, but soon realized that God was calling him to his reward. His only regret was that he was to go home so soon. He said, "I wanted to do so much." I think I never met anyone more thoughtful and considerate of others. Even to the last he would ask frequently for Mr. Fraser, who was sick in the next room. All the afternoon before he died he slept, his breath becoming shorter and shorter, until he passed away. Mr. Salveter made a very nice casket, trimmed with black outside and white inside.

For several days the natives sat on the porch and in the yard, quietly awaiting the end. The many tears and hushed sobs showed their love and respect for Mr. McCleary. They realized that a true and sincere friend was being called from them. No one who was present at that funeral could doubt the value of the work done for these people at Elat. The church was full and many were sitting outside, yet a more quiet and orderly congregation could not have been found in America. The seed has been sown and even now the harvest is ripening.

Mrs. McCleary has borne her grief bravely and nobly, always realizing that God doeth all things well. She will come to Efulen for a time, until a doctor and another woman can be sent here.

You have given a noble and brave son to the Lord's work, and may God's richest blessing rest upon you at this time of grief.

Sincerely, your friend,

R. M. JOHNSTON, M. D.

Elat, June 23, 1903.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCleary and family,

Dear Friends:—It is with a heavy heart that I try to write these few lines at this time. We all feel the calling home of our brother more than tongue or pen can tell. He loved all, and was loved by all who knew him, not only by his fellow missionaries, but also by all the natives. I have loved him from the time I first met him at our annual meeting in December, 1900. Ever since then we have been dear friends. At that time we returned from our annual meeting together, when I paid my first visit to Elat. The following Spring I was called over to help prepare for the new station, when we worked hard together from March to September. Part of the time we were alone, and I think he worked harder than he should have done for one who had already been over five years in the field. Even when the doctors said he must return he had a hard time to overcome his desire to remain, saying there was so much to be done and so few to do it.

While he was at home on furlough his letters always expressed that longing desire to be back. And even upon his deathbed he said, "Harry, I am so sorry; I wanted to stay for many years and work for my Master." But the Master said: "Your work is finished; come over with me and rest." Since his return from furlough his stay has indeed seemed very short, but certainly fruitful. I shall never forget the day that he and Mrs. McCleary rode into Elat, the day that they returned from his furlough. I never saw such rejoicing in all my stay in Africa; the people shouted and danced for joy.

And then during his sickness they tried to show their love and sympathy as best they knew how, there always being a number sitting quietly on the porch, ready to help in any way that they could. And at the funeral service, which was held at the hour of the Sabbath service, there were many broken hearts and wet eyes. It was my privilege to help wait on him, together with Mrs. McCleary, Mr. Fraser and Dr. Johnston, during his last sickness. I never in my life saw such thoughtfulness, kindness and patience in any patient. He was always trying to make things as easy as possible for those who were waiting on him, and never forgot to thank them. When Mr. Fraser was compelled to take to his bed because of fever, although he was very sick himself, he continually inquired as to Mr. Fraser's welfare, as he also did of some of the patients in the hospital.

Toward the last, as he realized that the end was drawing near, he called for a number of the natives and left them burning messages so well adapted to the needs of each individual, as I knew them. His love, his life and his death shall never be forgotten. He also thought of you all and left messages of love for all. His last words

to us who were at his bedside, will have an influence on our lives which shall not die.

It became my sad duty to prepare the casket, preach the funeral service and see to the burial. I think it might be said that he has preached to more in his death than in his life, and a sermon which shall not soon be forgotten.

Mrs. McCleary has our love and sympathy, and we shall try to help her in every way possible; she has proved herself such a loving woman and such a great help during her short stay here. You all have our prayers and sympathy in this, your great loss and ours. May the God of all Comfort comfort you with His Holy Spirit, that Great Comforter, and may He draw us all nearer to Himself and cause the work to be more dear to us than ever before.

If there is anything which I can do for you, I shall count it a privilege and a pleasure to render such service.

Yours in His service,

HARRY D. SALVETER.

FROM LETTER OF REV. W. C. JOHNSTON.

Efulen, June 26, 1903.

Again the Lord has visited us and called away another of our workers. Mr. McCleary passed away June 20th. No doubt you will have the particulars from others. There certainly was not a more valuable man in the Mission. He was an all round man, had the best command of the Bulu of any man on the field, could build a house or manage the farming to advantage, was known and loved by the Bulu far and near, was slow to speak, unassuming and of good judgment, was the kind of a man that we all valued and loved. Certainly not since Dr. Good was called away have we sustained a loss like this. But God, who called away Dr. Good at the very beginning of this interior work, has called another from the front. It is not for us to say that he cannot be spared. God is managing this work, and He can, and I have no doubt but He will cause this, our seeming loss, to redound to the furtherance of the work here.

Mr. McCleary was to me a very dear friend. We came out together in the Fall of '95. When my wife was so very low at Efulen in '98 he came to us, and a brother could not have done more during those days. He was not well himself but more thoughtful self-forgetfulness could scarcely have been found. * * * It seems to me that this ought not to discourage the church in sending men. Surely it is a loud call for more workers. We would be miserable cowards were we to take this as anything other than a call to push forward. Our soldiers at home would be censured were they to

retreat when a man falls at the front. Never was there a battle where victory was more certain. The Lord of Hosts is our leader and the victory will be ours. To me this comes as a note of warning. Perhaps we have been pushing forward too fast. Our force has not been strong and perhaps we have been undertaking too much. The work is of such a nature that it has been hard not to try to do it. People from towns one and two days from here have come to me and begged me to go to their towns and hold services. * * * We will pray that the Lord will use this, our bereavement, as a call to the church to strengthen our ranks.

FROM LETTER OF REV. F. D. P. HICKMAN.

Benito, W. Africa.

I feel the loss of Mr. McCleary very keenly. We were at Princeton Seminary together and we came to Africa at the same time. In fact, we expected that we would both be assigned to the same station. We bought our outfit with that expectation in mind.

Mr. McCleary has made a strong impression on the people where he was laboring. And he was held in high esteem by all his Missionary associates. He seemed to be the very man for the work that he had to do. He was cheerful, earnest, wise and skillful in whatever he undertook. Whatever he turned his hand to, and he turned his hand to many important things, he did well. To my mind, he represented an ideal Missionary for this Mission. I would not ask for a better type of Missionary to be sent to this Mission than that which Mr. McCleary exemplified. I am sure that his loss will be sorely felt at this station and also throughout the Mission, as he was a pillar of strength to these people and to his associates.

FROM "WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMEN."

For the second time within the month the cable brings a message of grief. McCleary of Africa, dead! How can McCleary, "the best loved man in the Mission," be spared? He "laid down his life," for it was for the sake of justice and peace and prudent settling of the German difficulties in 1900, that he postponed his overdue furlough. The church does not know all her sons, but when she counts out those true as steel, sacrificing and sane, manly and gentle, efficient and pious, there is where McCleary belongs. When he came home he was not strong enough to travel among the churches. They did not hear his voice, but the jungle knows it well; when he entered Heaven, Bulu boys were there to meet him with a shout. In October,

1902, a long attachment was consummated by marriage at Fairfield, Iowa, and January 7, Rev. and Mrs. Chas. W. McCleary sailed for Africa. This young wife, the parents at Crawfordsville, Iowa, and the mission are all the deepest mourners. Let the Church remember them.

It is a crumb of comfort to know that the manly and positive, yet conciliatory behaviour of "the beloved McCleary" towards his German neighbors at Elat, Africa, all through provocations and differences, wrought thereby peaceable fruits of righteousness. The German Governor went twice to see McCleary on his deathbed, and laid a beautiful wreath upon his coffin.

We are thankful to report from Africa that Rev. Melvin Fraser, who was dangerously ill with fever when his associate, Mr. McCleary, died, and Mr. Albert Adams of Batanga, who has also been down with fever, are both recovered and taking a rest.

RESOLUTION UPON DEATH OF REV. C. M. McCLEARY.

We of the West Africa Mission desire to pay our tribute of love to the late Rev. C. W. McCleary, in view of his eminent services and choice personal character, and to record our keen sense of loss and grief, yet recognition of God's own hand, in the death of our beloved co-laborer at Elat, June 20th, 1903.

We recognize in Mr. McCleary a man of sterling Christian character, genial, considerate, wise and efficient—much in favor with God and man. He was greatly loved and valued by both fellow missionaries and natives. He was a beloved disciple, and leaned much on Jesus' breast. He walked with God, like Enoch, and was an epistle read with ease, edification, and delight.

Mr. McCleary was deeply imbued with the missionary spirit. His consecration to the world-wide cause was shown by his expressing no choice of field when about to be appointed, and his intense devotion to the work on this field was illustrated, not only by a chosen prolonged stay during the first term of service, and marked fidelity while thus engaged, but by his earnestness and decision to return from furlough change, though further stay on the field, through illness, might be short. "Better one year in Africa than ten in America" were his words. If his years on the field were not many, yet, as it is said, "That life is long that answers life's great end." And they were full to overflowing of labors of love which will follow him as the years roll on.

His purity of life and character, his patience, his tender, winning preaching, his translations of hymns and portions of Scripture, his wise counsels will not cease to live and be cherished. While his

place is painfully vacant and we mourn our loss in the great work to which he was faithful unto death, yet we bow humbly to the providence of God which took him, and can rejoice in the tribulation and thank God for the record of toil and triumph that, by His grace, stands over against the name of our departed brother, and we rejoice in the "well done" which he has heard from the Master's lips, and for the joy of the Lord, into which he has entered.

Your committee recommends that copies of this minute be spread on the minutes of the Mission and placed in the hands of the stricken widow, and of the sorrowing parents in the home-land.

Respectfully,

MELVIN FRASER

FRANK D. P. HICKMAN,

Committee.

IN MEMORY OF REV. CHAS. W. McCLEARY.

"They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."—
Rev. xiv : 13.

Death comes not to God's own children,
But quietly, one by one,
We fold our hands in blessed rest,
When the last day's work is done.
And as tenderest, earthly father
Holds the little one in his arms,
Close pressed to his loving bosom
And no care or fear alarms,
So our loving, Heavenly Father
Folds us gently to His breast;
And we pass from earth's life of struggle
To Heaven's life of blessed rest.

Fairfield, Iowa.

V. H. F.

GENERAL ARTICLES.

EVOLUTION IN BULU LAND.

The Bulu people, in common with all African tribes, are very weak in character. They are easily influenced. They are really overgrown children. They have well formed bodies but their minds are sadly neglected. They gladly let others do their thinking for them, and take the result as a matter of fact. They are much like their hairy neighbors, the monkeys, in imitating. Unlike many Oriental peoples they quickly forsake their own manners and customs, and vie with each other in acquiring the new. They are also very avaricious. They love goods, and they are not at all particular in what way they acquire them. They love show. They love to dress in gaudy colors. But their weakness soon appears. They are easily overbalanced. A little goods, or learning, or a position in the white man's service, soon turns their heads. In many cases their conceit becomes almost unbearable. Self is ever uppermost.

This is all outward, of course. The effect on the heart and soul we cannot judge. We have not been here long enough to see any great changes on the inner man. It is of the outward evolution I wish to speak. And this change is not due to the efforts of the missionary. We may have had some little influence on those who live near here and have made it easier for them to take on the new ways so rapidly. But the real cause is the German Government. We have been here for over two years laboring patiently. Our message was peace. We warned against evil doing and pleaded with them to do the right. But all our teaching is so foreign to their way of thinking and so opposed to their way of doing that our progress, while plainly apparent, is not so marked. On the other hand, the Government officials have been working a little over two months and the revolution effected is so marked that we scarce can believe it. We could not have hoped for so much in a year.

The first rumors we heard of any disturbance among the Bulu came to Elat about the middle of January. The tribes had been going on in the evil tenor of their ways, fighting, killing and devouring one another until their cup was full, and vengeance was being meted out by the German Government. Suddenly the sky darkened, the clouds gathered, and the voice of thunder was heard. The white man was coming to kill all the Bulu was the first report. Other reports fol-

lowed confirming the first, and in a short time the whole country was excited. The head men came to know what these reports meant. But we were ignorant, hearing them only as they came through the Bulu. Again and again the chiefs came and when we kept telling them that we knew nothing about it and that we were not in it, they got mad at us and said we were a party to it and that we had called the white man to come and kill them all. We were in a delicate position for a while. How easy it would have been for them to take revenge on us, when they heard that some of their people had been killed by the white man near the beach. All white men are the same to them, and it is white against black. But for the most part they have trusted us, and have come for advice. Some wanted to flee into the interior. Old Mvondo took a very philosophical view of it. He laid down three sticks, one representing his father, one his children, and the center one himself. He picked up the first one. His father had died. He took up the one representing his children, and opening his prophetic mouth said, "My children will all die." Then he took up the third, saying, "And will I, contrary to the common lot of mankind, live always? It cannot be. I, too, must die." As much as to say, "I must die sometime. Bring on your white brother and let him kill me." The innocent lamb! For about a month this state of excitement lasted. We knew nothing definite at the time but have learned somewhat as the time has passed. The commander of the "Imperial troops" offered the Bulu war or peace, just as they preferred. If they were willing to lay down their guns and do as he said they would not fight, but if they would not obey he would fight. Very little fighting was done. They were not long in convincing the Bulu that the white man knew how to fight. Those who preferred peace were given hats—crowned. The head men were put up as petty "governors." It was an attempt at self government. These head men were held responsible for the district where they lived. The Governor gave each a little certificate showing that he had authority from headquarters. They were told to go and fix up all the old palavers, lay down their guns and spears, cut roads, correct the people, etc. If anyone disobeyed them they were to tie and whip such an one.

It is now the last of March, about two and one-half months since the first rumors reached us. Let me sum up the result as we see it, and compare it with previous days to show what rapid changes have been made. Every man used to carry either a gun, spear, or large knife. Now none of these men can be seen. One man was flogged because a small knife was found in his cloth. Everybody carries a stick or cane instead of a gun. Cords and horse whips are carried by the petty governors with which to punish offenders. Formerly the men as well as the women plaited their hair, putting on beads and buttons, and grease which ran down on the body like the ointment on Aaron's

beard. Now we cannot see a man with plaited hair. The change in looks is wonderful and pleasing to the eye. Combs are sold now instead of beads and buttons. Roads are being cut in all directions, and streams and swamps are being bridged. We will soon have a good road to the beach, praise God. Everyone wants to wear clothes like the white men. We have many calls for shirts, trousers, shoes, etc., things formerly not worn by the Bulu. One of these new governors came with a goat to buy a shirt, a pair of shoes, candles, soap, etc. We were glad to see the change and tried to fit him out. He said he had a new heart, he was no longer a Bulu but one of the white men. He had a certificate from the Governor showing that he had been given the authority which he claimed. He was a new man in outward appearance but we were inclined to doubt the new heart part. He had been at the Government station and there had seen some of the ways of the white man. His imitations were quite like the original. He was very profuse in his gestures and little courtesies, all of which were amusing to us. He had with him a retinue of what they termed "soldiers." These were his brothers, cousins, uncles, and even some of his aunts—in fact all the people of his town. They were going about fixing up old troubles. Their only weapons were cords, and the horse whip. Each one wore a bright red cap and a red sash with bells tied in the tassels. These bright colors made a striking contrast with their shaggy black bodies. They were a gay looking crowd. So each head man who has been set up as "governor" has his retinue. Every day we can see some of them pass—sometimes as many as a hundred in a string. It is so entirely different from anything we have seen here, that we can scarce believe our own eyes, the transformation is so sudden.

But, as might be expected, they are overdoing it. They are quite delighted with their new work. Nothing could suit them better. Every one wants to be a soldier and with the soldiers stand. We are beginning to wonder where the private citizen will come from. But they are abusing their authority and making capital out of their position. They take on conceit as rapidly as they do clothes. They are proud as peacocks, and are very easily insulted. They demand attention and punish those who refuse it. When they salute a person, if the salutation is not returned, that person is caught and whipped, or fined. When they pass every one must remove his hat. Two or three examples will suffice to show the lengths to which they have gone. One young man, anxious to see the new dress of the would-be soldiers, poked his head in at the door of a public house where they were eating other peoples' fowls and quietly gazed at them. He was caught and fined five strings of beads. Once a soldier, having finished eating a piece of meat, threw the bone on the ground. A dog came along and picked up the bone. This was disrespect on the part of the dog.

so he caught the dog and carried him off for his evening stew. A worthy and his retinue were standing in the street as a man passed by on his way to his garden. This man did not salute them, so they caught him, and made him pay two goats for his disrespect. And this is all the more strange when we remember that the Bulu had no word of salutation before we came.

These acts of oppression are not having good effect on the people, and many of them are resenting it. One chief has forbidden any soldier to enter his town, on penalty of death, and everyone knows him well enough to stay away. There has been some trouble among some of the tribes and more may be expected, but for the present the change is very marked and a great improvement. Traders are beginning to pass going into the interior. The tribes are beginning to mingle as they never did before. There is a certain awe of the white man in the air that seems to be catching. If the conceit of the new governors does not get the upper hand and cause a reaction against the new form of government it will be a pleasing change, indeed. They have sunk very low. The struggle upward will be hard and fraught with many difficulties. They need the prayers of God's people especially at this time, and so do we, as we try to teach them. This is a formation period. May God bless the Bulu people.

MARKET DAY AT ELAT.

Before the advent of the white man to Bulu land the buying and selling of food was an unknown thing. The Bulu have no stores or markets among themselves. They trade and barter, but not at any set places. They have a peculiar system. They never buy and sell outright as we do. One man gives to another today, and then expects that man to give him in return tomorrow, or when it suits his convenience in days to come. For example: A man from the interior has an ivory which he brings down towards the coast. One or two days' journey is as far as he can come usually, the ivory thus passing through many hands before it reaches the coast. He gives it to some head man, nothing being said about the price. He sits down in town and waits for the other man to give him goods in return. Sometimes he has to wait a month, or two, or three. Thus the trading is done. Of course he is given his food while he waits on his goods, and on the road he gets food wherever he happens to stop. Hence there are no general trading posts and no market places for produce of the gardens. Each man has his own garden and does not need to buy or sell food.

But when the Mission was established at Ebolewo'e, and we had gathered around us a number of workmen and school boys, food was needed, having no gardens we were compelled to buy food of the

natives. Thus the market was established as soon as we came, and it has been kept up ever since. I well remember the first day food was bought. We gave out that we would buy food. The crowd which came was something astounding. Men, women, and children, chiefs, common people, and dogs—all in a mass, each one talking, laughing, or howling, as the case suited. When the buying began, they crowded and pressed the buyer so that it was almost impossible to turn around. Great exclamations were made at the small amount given but when by themselves they chuckled at the fine bargain they had made. Of course all the food that was brought could not be bought, and this fact made the press worse in the following days, each one trying to get in first. This crowding on the buyer necessitated the building of a narrow shoot through which the people might pass one by one and sell what they had. Even then it was necessary for one to stand at the entrance with a stick to keep them from crowding in and breaking down the shelves. Later on a shed was put up with a high fence all around and a pen in which the buyer stands with his box of goods and a tin of salt. It looks not unlike a cattle pen. Certain days, Wednesdays and Saturdays, were set for buying and have been followed in the main. The first one up to the stand gets first sale, so sometimes they come very early. I have seen women come at day break, perhaps a woman with a child on her back and a big basket on her arm, and wait three hours and not get to sell more than the value of a small spoon of salt. But they have had a taste of the white man's salt and have such a craving for it that they almost fight for a place at the stand. This is the only market within seventy miles and if they miss here they must eat their food without salt. There is always a great noise on market day. Sometimes as many as a hundred people will come, each with something in the hand. All are loud talkers and they are not afraid to express their feelings if they think they do not get the lion's share. During these vacation days when the boys are nearly all home and the workmen have been dismissed very little food is needed, but still the crowd comes. It is hard to see them stand and beg to sell. "Only one little pinch of salt," they say, as they hold up a "kank" with one hand while the other is stretched out in an imploring way. But we cannot buy food to throw away, so we get the names of hard, stingy, mean, etc. Almost every buying day some orator makes it his, or her (for the women can talk here, too), duty to liquidate some of his pent up, or manufactured, feelings, the white man being the object at which his phillippics are hurled. We have many of the Bryan type. And I have often thought of commencement orations as some of these dusky fellows were gesticulating. It is sad, yet so ridiculous, that one cannot help but laugh. We soon get used to it, and take it as we do our daily food.

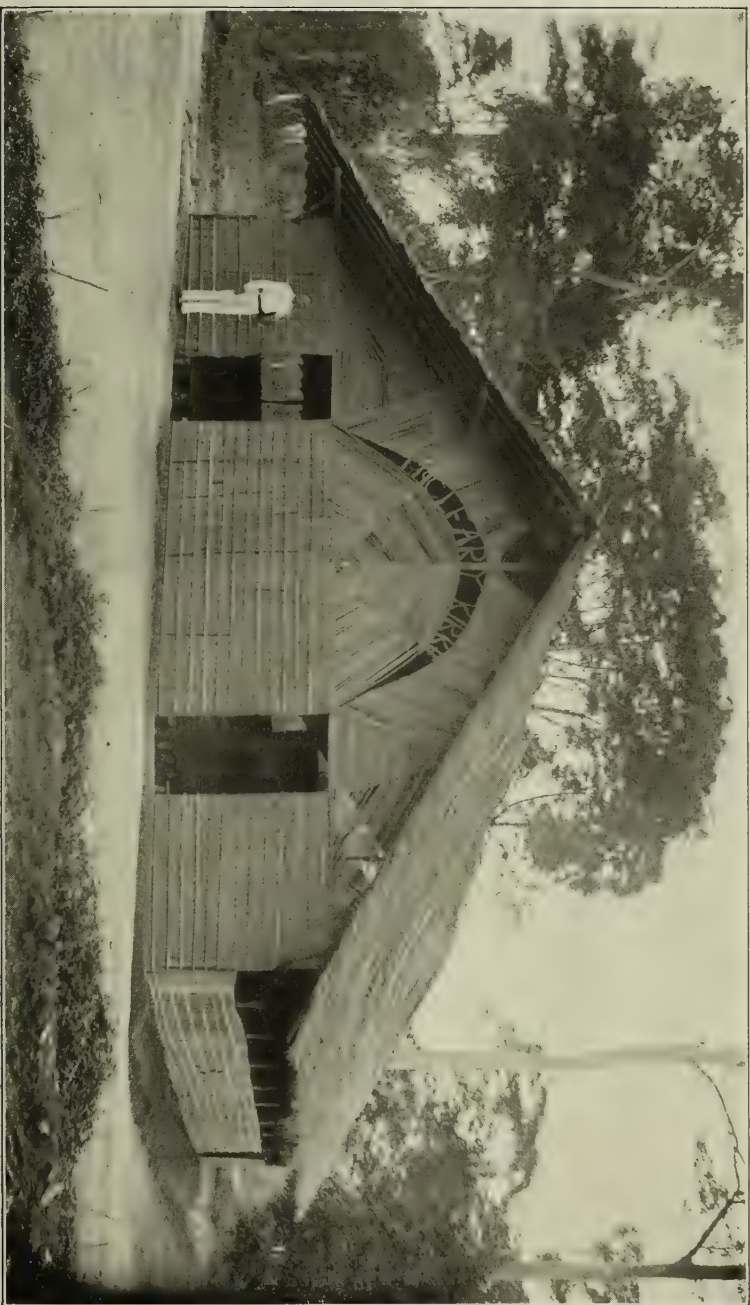
Besides the mere fact of getting the necessary food on market day,

there are advantages in it that will be far reaching. First, the buyer is brought in close contact with the people. He learns much of their ways, for in no place does the real man come out so much as in a trade. He learns how to take them. He also learns many things about the language. He must talk and he must understand, so he learns many of their idioms which he might never get in other ways. Then there is the constant example to the people. They are so used to cheating and being cheated, that they cannot understand how a man can be honest in all his dealings. One has a good opportunity of giving an object lesson in a crowd of people twice a week. Neither can they understand why old and young, men and women, rich and poor, are all treated alike. The example in this cannot help but impress itself upon them. Actions speak louder than words. Many a good sermon is thus preached yet not a word spoken. May God help us to make good use of these opportunities.

OUR EXPERIENCE WITH A LEOPARD.

We have often seen leopard tracks in the bush and even in our garden, and have heard their cries at night. We often hear of them killing sheep and goats for the natives. We see the Bulu with parts of leopard skins, and leopard teeth as ornaments, but a real live leopard is hard to see and I never saw one here till the other day, when we missionaries had a lively time with one. Let me tell you about it. It was a little out of the ordinary for missionaries, but all the more interesting for that.

When I returned from my inland trip my associates told me that a leopard had made a call at the Mission and helped himself to a fine goat and a sheep. A few days after I returned he came again and killed a kid. We laid a trap for him and he got his foot in it. There is at the station a large bear trap. We made an enclosure just in front of the sheep house and left a hole in one side. At this hole we set the trap and covered it with grass. Dr. Lippert set up to watch in the small house near by for we feared the animal might get at the sheep and not the trap. We were to take turns. The Doctor was to call me at 12:00 and I was to keep guard until morning. About 11:30 I was awakened by the Doctor calling and the report of a rifle. It did not take me long to get out with my rifle. As I dressed I could hear the animal growl and roar. It was a different noise from what I had expected. It was more like a big hog than anything I can think of—such a deep guttural rolling noise. It was frightful and the night was so dark that we could not see to shoot. There was a big rock between us and the animal and we did not have a fair chance. To go around the rock or to get up on it was getting into too close quar-



McCleary Memorial Chapel.

ters for comfort. A mad leopard would be a hard enemy on a dark night and we were a little cautious about getting too near. We were aware that he might break the rope that held the trap or that he might get loose in some way and make for us. We thought we saw his form once and shot four times but to no effect. He roared and plunged and tore the fence and house till finally he broke the rope holding the trap and away he went, trap and all, growling and plunging through the plantains. We went to bed feeling sure of a good hunt in the morning for we felt that he could not get far with the trap in the bush and we could easily track him. You should have seen our party next morning at daylight starting out on the trail. Doctor and I each had a 44-40 Winchester rifle, 15 shot. Mr. Dager had a new Winchester U. S. army rifle, five shot. A Bulu man had an old gun left by Dr. Good—a 45-90 Winchester—and two other Bulu men had shot guns loaded with buckshot. Poor Mr. Leopard—had he only known.

The trail was easy to follow. We tracked him through the plantains and into the bush. Now, let me tell you it was scary work. Sometimes we had to crawl on our hands and knees. It was my lot to take the lead most of the way, and I must confess that at times I felt like turning back, for we did not know at what point he might leap out upon us. We followed him down to a small stream and then down the stream. Our progress was slow for we felt our way softly. We had been gone about forty minutes when we suddenly heard the clinking of a chain just about thirty feet ahead of us. We knew that we were close to the animal and we all prepared to meet him should he come our way. He did not come, but seemed to be trying to get away. We could see nothing for the thick brush and undergrowth and were not in a good position. We were just above the bridge on the road leading from the Government station to the rifle range, and I ran around with one native to the left and onto the bridge, while the rest of the party stayed behind. I was just ahead and a little above the place where the animal was making the noise, and should he attempt to run would have a good chance at him. Doctor and Mr. Dager fired into the bush with the effect that the animal came direct toward me, but not very fast on account of the trap catching in the brush. When he emerged from the bush about twelve feet from me, I fired. The ball entered his neck near the head and passed through to the left shoulder. He fell, but kicked along on the ground, passed under the bridge, and fell down among the rocks on the opposite side, still kicking. Not knowing at the time the effect of my first shot, we shot several times. The rest of the party came up and the Doctor shot him in the ribs. The Bulu men each gave him the contents of their guns and the animal quit kicking. We went down and brought him up. The trap had done excellent work, catching him by the paw in such a way that it was impossible to get it out until the trap was

opened. The men carried him back to the station and he was put on exhibition for several hours. Hundreds of natives came to see him. He was a beautiful animal with his unchangeable spots and well proportioned body and bushy tail. His body measured four feet and his tail two feet and seven inches, and he weighs 112 pounds. Dr. Lippert took care of the skin and I have the skull with its monstrous teeth. We made a big supper for the natives and dished out leopard soup to more than a hundred people. It was a day of great rejoicing among the natives for their old enemy lay dead. They said this leopard had been killing their goats for years and they could not kill him. They seemed to take great satisfaction in eating his liver. Revenge is sweet to a Bulu.

A STATEMENT OF RELATIONS WITH GOVERNMENT.

Elat hill was occupied by the Mission on January 31, 1896. The first white trader appeared in Ebolewo'e in May, 1898. The first Government official came on October 24, 1899, and the next day the fight with the Bulu commenced. The missionaries were taken into the camp for protection and on October 28 were sent to Lolodorf, escorted by soldiers. Messrs. Fraser and McCleary returned to Elat on November 9 and here is what they found:

About eighty yards of fence torn down and appropriated by the Government.

About twenty-five fowls stolen.

The store room had been opened (a key was left with the officer) and the large door in the back part left unfastened. Two tin trunks had been broken into and many things were missing. Tools were taken and used, and no account made. The dwelling house, under a guard of black soldiers, had been broken open in two places (a key was left with the officer). One place was at the east end of the dispensary and one at the northeast corner of the house where in each case a bark door had been opened from the inside and left open.

The house had been ransacked and many things destroyed and taken.

Many medicines were taken and perhaps more destroyed. The officers said the little monkey destroyed the medicines. This may be true but the monkey could get in only where a door had been left open.

Some of the things were paid for, and the officer told me to make out our bill but we could not make out a complete list in the time given, for it took a long time to find out just what was missing.

On December 2d Mr. von Dannenberg and Mr. von Bulow came, with Mr. Hornemann as interpreter, to talk about a location for the Government station. They wanted to put it on the Mission grounds

just east of the dwelling house. We objected and gave as our reason that it would be impossible to do our work so close to the Government station.

The Government refused to register Elat grounds.

On January 18, 1900, the Government started cutting a road through Mission grounds without saying a word to the missionaries about it. This road would have passed near the house and between the house and the spring. This would have made the now private spring a public one, and would have endangered the water supply. We objected on health grounds.

The officers in charge refused to let the ladies come to Elat for four months after the time when they wanted to come, putting the missionaries to much inconvenience and some extra expense.

About March 1st a rifle range was completed just back of our grounds, and they built their house on top of our line instead of just beyond it. Very often they shoot on Sabbath. We requested that this be prohibited but were refused.

Our old trouble with the Biyen tribe was never settled, though it has been brought before the officials many times.

On May 15, 1900, a demand was made that the missionaries turn Elat hill over to the Government and it was stated that nothing would be allowed for any improvements except the houses, and that not in full, and that nothing would be paid for the land which was bought from the natives. The officer said all arrangements must be made by the last day of May.

Our answer was that we could make no arrangements, and would not go till we had our instructions from our Board or from the Mission.

On September 13th, soldiers were sent to take a workman away from his work without any note or word to us. We objected and took the workman away from the one soldier who had him at the time we saw him. Two other soldiers had been there but had gone away and we did not see them. In taking the man from the soldier I had to use force for he did not want to let the man go. He said he would go and get his gun, and called for help. I gave him a shove and in doing so put my hand on his shoulder and made use of the inside of my foot on which was a rubber shoe. In this latter I made a mistake for it gave them ground for talk of mistreatment of a soldier. The soldier went and said that I had flogged and kicked him. This made the lieutenant very angry and he wrote a note demanding the man at once. Dr. Lippert and Mr. Dager went down and received a loud welcome. The officer talked in a "roaring" voice and said many hard things about the Mission and brought many charges against the missionaries. He would not hear to an explanation that day. The next day a note was sent to him requesting a conference and stating that we wished to explain what we were sure were misunderstandings

and that we did not want these strained relations between the Mission and the Government. The request was not refused so on the 18th of September Messrs. Lippert, Dager and McCleary went to the station and had a conference with the officer. In regard to the affair with the soldier we said: We saw but one soldier taking our man, and since we see and hear of soldiers taking Bulu men and women in this way on their private accounts every few days, we did not know and had no reason to believe that this one was sent by the officers. Other things were brought up and explained away without exception. After a long talk the officer said he was willing to bury the past if we were. We expressed our willingness and left. Hot coals buried in ashes sometimes keep a long time. We do not feel that affairs are as smooth as they appear even now.

EDITOR'S CLOSING WORD.

At last, after much labor and some unforeseen delays, "The Beloved" is ready for the binder. It will not be surprising if the reader finds some mistakes. There are several typographical errors. The wonder is that there are not more. Had the editor had the whole of the book before him at one time he might have been more felicitous in making captions. But these small matters will not, he trusts, in any way detract from the merits of the subject matter.

The editor wishes to acknowledge much help from the Messrs. Junkin, who have done the work of printing. He is under especial obligation to Miss Emily Edwards, who has borne the brunt of getting the manuscript ready for the press and who has done most of the proof reading.

April 10th, 1909.

INDEX.

Amerman, Mr.....	81
Angoin	110, 156
Ant Eaters.....	59, 61, 65
Axtell, Dr. and Mrs.....	236
Babe, Miss.....	40, 41, 78, 162
Bananas	51, 75
Batanga.....	38, 76, 78, 139, 159, 160, 161
Bates, Mr.....	162
Bean Box, The.....	163
Benito.....	42, 159, 160, 170
Bennett, Dr.....	132, 141, 143, 145, 152, 156, 159
Bethel	40, 160
Bipindi	78, 164, 167
Bitombi	64, 68, 89, 90, 153
Boocock, Rev.....	39
Bulow, Lieutenant von.....	176, 257
Bulu People, The.....	54, 59, 99, 100,
101, 102, 103, 134, 145, 168, 174, 184, 196, 198, 204, 208, 209, 285	
Camera, The.....	172, 173, 203
Carpet, The.....	110, 117, 132, 133, 140, 141, 153
Cats	56, 69, 81, 102, 157
Chain, The.....	39, 42
Christenson, Miss.....	260
Cox, Dr.....	163
Country, Description of.....	46, 47, 104
Culinary Troubles.....	121, 153
Curiosity of Natives.....	69, 81, 82, 85
Collection, A.....	275
Dager, Rev. and Mrs.....	176, 227, 228, 231, 236,
240, 244, 245, 248, 250, 253, 254, 256, 257, 260, 262, 264, 265, 272, 275	
Dannenberg, Herr von.....	224
Devor	261
Drum, The.....	3, 45, 241
Dwarfs, The.....	114
Efulen.....	45, 132, 158, 159, 237
Elat.....	67, 119, 132, 256
Engels, Miss.....	42

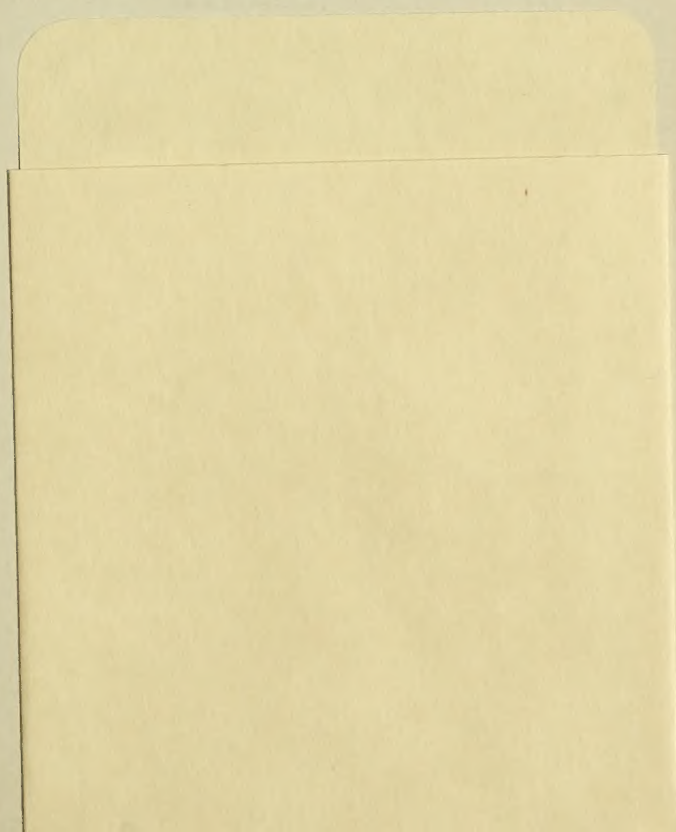
Esakoi.....	117, 223
Evina.....	225, 236
Ezom.....	64, 68, 85, 87
Experience With a Leopard.....	290
Farm, Our.....	52, 81, 93, 119, 129, 132, 157
Feast, Mutton.....	154
Fernando Po.....	39
Ferns	46
Fetiches.....	120, 204
Fever.....	48, 150, 152
Flowers.....	65, 81, 99, 121
Food.....	52, 57, 58, 64
Ford, Mr.....	39, 48, 70-73, 76, 78, 89, 257
Fraser, Rev.	39, 42, 48, 49, 57, 58, 62, 67, 70, 72, 73, 76, 77, 82, 83, 97, 106 110, 115, 119, 121, 141, 144, 150, 154, 156, 159, 162, 164, 169, 170-173, 176, 181, 195, 209, 219, 226, 229, 231, 235, 237, 249, 265, 273, 275, 276, 278, 280, 283
Freetown	35
Friend, Dr. and Mrs.....	156
Funeral	127
Gaboon.....	78, 160
Gardening.....	73, 96
Gault, Rev. and Mrs.....	40, 42, 78, 139, 159, 163, 211
Good, Dr.....	20, 41, 80, 173, 196, 199, 213, 214, 242, 246, 281
Guitar, The.....	87, 111, 115, 122, 152
Hickman, Mr.....	22, 38, 42, 78, 79, 160, 170, 228
Home described.....	56
House Building.....	53, 265
Hunting.....	65, 97, 129-132, 151, 196, 203, 290, 291
Johnson, Dr. and Mrs.....	45, 46, 48, 80, 81, 111, 112, 132, 134, 135, 141, 142, 158, 159, 218, 219, 222, 232, 250, 252, 258
Johnston, Rev. and Mrs...42, 80, 88, 113, 115, 117, 135, 142, 147, 153, 158, 159, 218, 219, 222, 232, 238, 251, 253, 258, 260, 278, 280	
Journey, A Perilous.....	76, 77, 159
Kamerun.....	38, 39
Kerr, Mr.....	40-43, 45, 49, 50, 53, 60, 65, 69, 70-73, 80-82, 85, 87, 95, 97, 106, 107, 109, 111-2, 114, 117, 119-22, 127, 131-32, 141, 144, 175, 178, 181
Knauer, Rev.....	159, 236, 241, 251, 258
Kirby, Miss	23, 24, 27, 267, 268
Kribi	76, 78, 166, 167, 218
Lange, Mr.	158, 162, 164, 169, 173, 178, 236, 241
Laffin, Mrs.	79
Language, Study of	113, 121, 148
Larsh, Mr.	257, 264
Lehman, Dr.	178, 181, 218, 222, 230, 231, 232, 235, 260, 272, 275

Lippert, Dr. and Mrs.....	176, 178, 181, 182, 195, 197, 211, 226
228, 231, 232, 236, 241, 248, 249, 253, 256, 258, 260, 264, 265, 273, 275	
Lolodorf	76, 78, 114, 162, 164, 166, 168, 169, 171, 177
Letters Concerning Death: Mrs. McCleary.....	276
Letter: R. M. Johnston, M. D.....	279
Letter: Harry D. Salveter	280
Letter: Rev. W. C. Johnson	281
Letter: Rev. F. D. Hickman	282
Maderia	30
Marling, Mr.	106, 110
Market Day	
Mebae, The	166, 167
Medical Work	151, 240, 274
Merkel, Mr.	162
Monkeys	129, 151 246
McLain, Miss	114
Mvondo.....	51, 52, 54, 60
61, 66, 71, 73, 74, 81, 84, 102, 112, 119, 175, 205, 208, 214, 218, 221	
McCleary, Mr.	
Tribute to:	
Dr. A. W. Halsey	3
Rev. Melvin Fraser	4
Dr. Orville Reed	9
In Parsons	17
In Princeton	18
Offers Himself	19
Accepted by Board	19
Successor of Dr. Good	20
Getting Ready	22
Sails from New York	23
In Liverpool	25
Out from England	28
In Maderia	30
In Teneriffe	33
Assigned to New Field	42
Goes Inland	44
Glories in His Work	63
A Perilous Journey	76
Back to Elat	79
Teaching School	91
A Short Trip	95
Prizes Prayer	105
Near Death	107
First Sermon in Bulu	113
Report, 1897	147
Many Tribulations	156

A Trying Journey	159
Home Again	164
Evangelistic Tour	173
To Lolodorf	177
Report for 1898	178
In Labors Many	196
Translating Gospels	199
"A Day Off"	203
On Police Duty	220
Trouble with Government	223, 225
An Answer to Prayer	229
Two Days Among the People	232
Ordered to Leave Elat	239
Twenty Nights on Bulu Beds	241
Among the Mvae People	244
Report for 1900	249
Journey to Batanga	250
Missionary Heroism	251
Back at Elat	253
Government Gets Elat	255
Plans for Home-Going	259
Home-Going Certain	261
Home-Going Delayed	264
Homeward Bound	265
At Home	266
Back to Africa with Mrs. McCleary	269
In Africa Again	272
Overworked	274
Death	276-284
Nassau, Miss	40, 41, 78, 79, 160
New York, African	161
Ngumba	167
Niger, The	28, 35, 39, 40, 159
Nloze	117, 119, 55, 85, 222, 223
Oba	175
Organ	117, 143, 146, 152, 165, 173, 241, 274
Palaver House	55, 83
Parrot	99, 117, 104
Pay Day	257
Paton, John G.	25
Picture, A Dark	68
Prayer	105
Presbytery	41, 251
Presset, Mr.	200, 202
Proposal, A Leap Year	73
Radtcke, Gustave	236
Relations with German Government	292

Resolutions of Mission on Death	283
Reutlinger, Mrs.	162, 159
Roberts, Rev.	39, 78, 79, 97, 114, 143, 144, 168
Santa Cruz	33
Salveter, Mr.	253, 258, 259, 261, 262, 272, 273, 278, 279
School	47, 48,
146, 154, 123, 125, 138, 139, 191, 146, 178, 194, 235, 240, 274, 276	
Schnatz, Rev.	39, 42, 78
Secret Society	71, 203
Seeds	49, 81, 93
Sermon, First in Bulu	113
Sierra Leone	35, 36, 38, 243, 270
Smart, Rev.	30-32
Spelling of Station's Name	119
Stein, Herr von	164, 168, 171
Steamers	23, 29, 28, 35, 39, 40
Supposition, A	135-138
Surgery, African	123
Teneriffe	33, 270
Traders	78, 183, 197, 198, 199, 201, 210, 240, 248
Trees, Big	44, 46, 57, 66, 240
Trip, A Hard	134
War	48, 108, 112, 128, 150, 155, 195, 222, 224, 230, 234
Wedding, A	42, 253
Wrestling Match	96







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